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## THE SPEAKER'S NOTEBOOK

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*Books by William G. Hoffman*



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THE SPEAKER'S NOTEBOOK

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WRITE AND SPEAK BETTER



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EFFECTIVE RADIO SPEAKING

# *The* Speaker's Notebook

*by William G. Hoffman*

Professor of English and Public Speaking  
Boston University, College of  
Business Administration



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**THE SPEAKER'S NOTEBOOK**

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*To*  
*Mabelle Corinne Hoffman*

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and literature required their immature minds to grapple with mature books. What should have been an enjoyable extending of their horizons became a disagreeable task and left only an aversion to the genuinely inspiring and enlightening.

This little book will remind you of some of the things you still have time to read. You can do better than the public speaker who is satisfied if he acquires enough information for the substance of his talks but who neglects to improve his style, his way of putting things. He plods along too heavily with stereotyped treatments. Oliver Wendell Holmes gives an illuminating picture of him in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*:

If you ever saw a crow with a king-bird after him, you will get an image of a dull speaker and a lively listener. The bird in sable plumage flaps heavily along his straightforward course, while the other sails around him, over him, under him, leaves him, comes back again, tweaks out a black feather, shoots away once more, never losing sight of him, and finally reaches the crow's perch at the same time the crow does, having cut a perfect labyrinth of loops and knots and spirals while the slow fowl was painfully working from one end of his straight line to the other.

Well, most of us have sensed this problem of keeping pace with the lively listener. We don't want him to fly off with his own capering thoughts, so we have to cut a few loops and spirals of our own to hold his attention. We have to toss him a few surprises—stories, anecdotes, striking quotations, bits of humor—anything that will challenge his complaint, "Same old line in the same old way."

The author hopes that you will find in this book the cues and illustrations for this more refreshing and stimulating style of public speaking.

WILLIAM G. HOFFMAN.

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## PART ONE

*How to Improve Your Skill and Effectiveness*

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## CHAPTER I

### A Note to the Diffident



My mind is clouded with a doubt.

TENNYSON.



You have doubtless discovered that public speaking is no longer the nightmare of oratory or declamation. It is just talk—heightened conversation, the teachers call it. All sorts of persons are ambling across the platform to make a few remarks—not few enough, in most cases. The easy, disarming nature of their appearance and manner might encourage you to get up there yourself, but the thought of it still tightens up your chest and sends shivers down your spine and legs.

Well, that is mostly your own good sense warning you to have something pretty definite to say before you take a chance. Even experienced speakers must observe that caution. If they talk at a moment's notice, they confine themselves to a pattern they have used at other meetings.

The fact is that, though public speaking is easier because its style has become more practical, most beginners are not practical enough—that is why they're scared. They don't find the proper thing to say, and they lack conviction about what they intend to do. Having no definite theme or having

unhappily selected something that they cannot manage with assurance, they naturally go to the platform with considerable misgiving.

It is a common confession of adult students that they have suffered humiliating failure before audiences and that their self-respect demands another trial under more favorable circumstances. When questioned, they always begin with the remark, "I guess I'm not the type—haven't the right temperament for public speaking. I can speak well enough with two or three persons but a public audience gives me such a case of jitters I can't recall my ideas or even find words for some little thought that may pop up."

Further probing reveals that they have memorized something and made a botch of it or that they have tried to talk on "Courage," "Fellowship," "What Democracy Means to Me," or on some other subject that required a degree of literary skill and experience they simply did not have. They were not on familiar ground and could not write down a definite list of points that they could make before an audience. Their minds were beclouded with vague generalities that had no order and no specific instances or illustrations to give a solid grip or support. They just hoped desperately to flounder through the fog, and of course they got lost.

In class, these bemused persons soon find themselves again. They see that everyone else is much like themselves, eager for a disarming ease and cooperation. They chat, ask questions, make a few comments, and soon go to the platform with little more self-consciousness than they had in their seats. Indeed, you would be surprised to learn how often they prefer the platform. They want to talk about their business or about the war or rising prices or about a book or a movie, and they don't want to be inter-

rupted or sidetracked. It's really nice to have a little place all for yourself where you can take your time and spin a yarn or give advice or just let yourself go without having to fight off your impatient friends.

You see, we miss the old debating societies where the members had a lot of fun arguing about anything that promised a good row and where they used to fight for their turn on the platform. But you can still join a lodge, fraternity, or other social group and get plenty of valuable exercise in public speaking. There are never enough active participants in club activities. You can easily get on a committee and make reports. You can serve as secretary or chairman and soon find yourself pretty nonchalant before an audience. It's like getting skill in anything else. You get confidence by tackling the smaller, less important jobs first. After you have made a few speeches before twenty-five or fifty persons you can just as easily face five hundred.

Talk about what you like to talk about, the things and ideas you work with, the subjects you like to read about. In presenting your material take the practical methods of the salesman. He has been given a good deal of printed matter, let us say, about his article. He may have a planned canvass. He doesn't memorize it. He notices the approach to the customer, the important arguments, the significant words of the persuasive patter, the trick of closing the interview or clinching the sale, but he doesn't memorize the stuff word for word. He knows he can't sell anything by delivering a lecture. He wants his "prospect" to talk and show signs of interest. He wants him to ask questions and he will have to keep the arrangement of his selling points flexible.

But in talking about his goods so much the salesman develops a routine pattern of phraseology that still seems

fresh and spontaneous. The public speaker does not have to worry about serious changes in his plan of presentation but he will acquire the salesman's easy fluency when he has talked his subject over with others or, lacking opportunity for that, has written out at least part of his own canvass and thought out his selling points carefully.

To make sure that he will not forget, the speaker should write four or five words, legibly, on a small card. The words are merely cues for points he intends to make. He will take the card with him to the platform and leave it on the table or stand until it is needed. If he suddenly goes blank, he may coolly pick up the card and remind himself of the next topic. There is no humiliation in forgetting. We all do it in conversation and think nothing of it. An audience knows that any speaker may lose the thread of his thought, and it wants him to take it as just another of those things.

Suppose, for instance, that the speaker finds nothing on the card to help him. He may have discussed every point listed there. He can still look up, smile, and say, "Well, I thought there was more, but it's got away from me. You see what I mean, however. The question to be asked in all this business is——, and I think the answer is no."

If you have no question, you might say, "There is a French proverb which says that any old place in a speech is a good place to stop. If as far as you have gone, you have made a good speech, it is a good place to stop; and if as far as you have gone, you have made a bad speech, it is a still better place to stop. I hope you have a clearer picture of the Diesel engine in its significance for our machine age." Or, "Take that trip to Mexico. It's inexpensive and it will give you rich dividends in gorgeous memories."

Nowadays public speaking is mostly another chore.

Scarcely any business executive can escape it, and he would make a mistake if he tried to. He could scarcely do worse than many of the dull, perfunctory performers who are accepted by beaten and resigned audiences, and he might easily do well enough to get useful publicity for himself and his employer.

Of course temperament makes a difference but not always in the way you might suppose. The placid, objective, unimaginative type may not have stage fright, but he may not have much else, either. The worrier often sublimates his fears into a more thoughtful study of his subject and his audience. Whatever the disposition, one danger to real achievement is always present. It is the temptation to be satisfied with a lazy, indifferent job. Public speaking, of a sort, is easy, after a little experience, and the man who once feared he could never overcome his dread of the platform may come to have a complacent vanity in his mastery of it. He has lost the will and the incentive to grow in thought and power.



## CHAPTER II

### What It Takes



Few men make themselves masters of  
the things they write or speak.

JOHN SELDEN.



Getting confidence is only one step, and a rather minor one, in the training of the effective speaker. It is no more important than grammar, and a command of grammar commands less distinction today than ever. It is true, nevertheless, that the correct use of one's language is still the most obvious test of one's education. It is part of one's manners. Sloppy diction will ruin a speech quicker than sloppy clothes or clumsy deportment. But propriety alone never gets any one very far. We know that energy and enterprise are the roots of most success.

A man may be short, fat, and bald, he may have a face to scare strong men, but if he has vitality, he may push through most obstacles. Good health, though important, is not enough. Some speakers are affected with a chronic ill health, but they summon a force within them to give their talks an air of conviction and dynamism that is lacking in the stodgy healthiness of others. There is something in the eye, the bearing, and the vocal attack that constitutes the

authority of the speaker. It grows with experience as the speaker learns that good public speaking, though suggesting the extemporaneous, spontaneous quality of conversation, has the heightened, intensified quality of leadership and control.

This force may be quiet (mere loudness is always empty) but it is always reaching consciously to the outer fringes of the audience as if trying to surround the whole group and pull it closer. Audiences are friendly but seated and soon go to sleep if the speaker gets casual and indifferent. The cool and alert performer is as watchful as a lion tamer. If he can't be heard he is lost. If he looks at part of the audience and neglects the rest, if he talks too long and too glibly, makes too many feeble, meaningless movements of hands and feet, he loses that grip and that tension which keep the audience up and awake.

Of course this commanding spirit has got to be supported by something fairly substantial in the way of interesting ideas. They need not be very exciting or very deep. Sometimes they merely express for the audience its own desires or fears—just the right thing, perhaps, at the time. Again, they may interpret facts everybody knows, give them a significant meaning or principle, clarify puzzling or contradictory matters, and give them a recognizable pattern. The speaker won't command long unless he has a commanding idea. He had better write it out and make it the focus and spearhead of his attack, something like "I want this audience to know the story of priorities," or "I want this audience to have a firmer will to win the war," or "I want this audience to give money to the China Relief Fund," or "The party calls for amusement. I'll try to give them a few laughs." It is the unifying purpose that suggests the right topic for a talk.

If vitality includes a number of things, imagination is so comprehensive a term that it may seem too general. It is, indeed, the creative vision and, in a sense, orders everything. It is not to be confused with the merely romantic or fanciful. It is the faculty that sees and foresees, the disciplined mind that observes in advance the nature of the audience, the situation, the setting, the mood, and that selects with precision the right purpose, the subject, and the ideas that will be most effective for the occasion. It is practical and penetrating, gets beyond the superficial and conventional, and gives the touch of assurance and distinction to the speech.

The imagination, like everything else, is cultivated by exercise. This exercise consists of wide and thoughtful reading, in learning to enjoy all kinds of people, in being a good "mixer," in doing things that keep one down to earth, and in working at some form of manual labor that teaches one, as Thoreau said, to cut out the palaver.

One should be abreast of the thought of his day. He should know what people are thinking in politics, business, education, science, and art. He should be familiar with right- and left-wing thought. He shouldn't be a contemptuous radical nor a pious conservative. He should read the newspapers but realize that it isn't the business of the newspapers to go deeply into the meaning of things they report. There are books and magazines that can do that better, but they should not be read without a certain amount of challenge and suspended judgment. Opinions should not be formed by one book. Intellectuals, as well as others, often go haywire. They may be arguing from premises that require more proof. The wisest men hold "qualified" opinions about controversial subjects; that is, they are not dogmatic or sure. They know that there are

important factors in the problem that time alone will disclose, and that the best we can do is to form as intelligent opinion as we can on the incomplete data.

Though we try to keep our minds flexible, ready to alter opinions as new discoveries appear to make necessary, none of us is wholly unprejudiced. Our jobs, our families, our politics, our religion, our country mean so much to us that it isn't easy to make judgments with the impartiality of a disinterested judge. Years ago Gladstone said, "In almost every one, if not in every one, of the greatest political controversies of the last fifty years, whether they affected the franchise, whether they affected commerce, whether they affected religion, whether they affected the bad and abominable institution of slavery, or what subject they touched, these leisured classes, these educated classes, these titled classes have been in the wrong."

There are at least two sides in every important issue, and there are two attitudes that lead to discovery. They seem to be contradictory but are actually complementary. Epigrams, some one has said, are only half-truths and should come in pairs. Orient yourself with these two:

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.

LOWELL.

Scepticism is slow suicide.

EMERSON.

Another pair may add something to the same general idea that the reflective analytical judgment must accompany the affirmative creative spirit:

Who knows most, doubts most.

BROWNING.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

EMERSON.

It is by a thoughtful, searching appraisal of what you read plus a faith and an interested purpose in what you are doing that you arrive at self-reliance, and it is that quality which impresses audiences. Book learning is important but character and wisdom bespeak the whole man. Nothing less can give the final stamp of authority to the speaker.

"Character," said Goethe, "is formed in the rush of the world." The common sense that develops out of the day's work and contacts with many people should leaven and guide the intellectual sense. To experience the community life in talk and activity with a variety of persons and organizations is to grow in practicality, in sympathy, and in understanding. The best speakers are usually those in whom audiences recognize some sort of affinity, an unnamed, almost secret sign which reveals him as belonging to the same group or family. He greets them with an air of familiarity not sweet or labored but as one who has met them often enough. He may be hearty or severe, he may rebuke, praise, drive, be sentimental or comical—keeping a certain reticence that prevents his slopping over—and his earthiness, the common touch, will be his solid support.

A bold, unaffected geniality is the thing. "Speak with the vulgar, think with the wise," said Emerson, and the colossal Daniel Webster gave this advice: "Converse, *converse*, CONVERSE, with living men, face to face, mind to mind—that is one of the best sources of knowledge."

None of these elements of successful speaking is beyond the powers of an ordinary intelligence. Skill in their use varies, of course, but preparation and practice will produce very respectable performances.

Season all with a sense of humor and you will make a good showing anywhere. Humor is not necessarily a talent for wisecracks or a gift for clowning. It is fundamentally a

sense of proportion. The humorous person does not take himself too seriously. He does not talk an hour when ten minutes will serve. He will be pleasantly cheerful instead of solemnly profound. He gets to the point briskly and avoids the trite commonplaces everybody has heard until he is sick of them. He may not get many laughs but he refuses to interlard his talk with a lot of irrelevant "chest-nuts" to get reluctant "he-he's." They seldom swell to "hah-hah's." Best of all, he has the audacity to be himself—to say the direct thing and often the unexpected. He can be playful as well as earnest, and he knows when to stop. The audience blesses him because he isn't a bore.

## CHAPTER III

### Having to Say Something



We can say nothing but what hath been  
said.

ROBERT BURTON.



The other evening I heard a man who might be the envy of all public speakers. He is a vice-president of a large metropolitan bank and spends most of his time going about the country to deliver his one speech. It is a vaudeville act by this time—full of amusing and sentimental stories to illustrate his general theme, "Friendship." The speech is a great success everywhere. The speaker has a friendly tone and manner, and a relaxed and effortless delivery that makes one forget that he has rehearsed this same speech many times before other audiences. His purpose is not information, exposition, or even inspiration. It is entertainment, built around the stock formula of tears and laughs. It still takes a good speaker to put the mixture over effectively, but it is a comparatively easy job for one of experience.

In other words, we have been considering an ideal speech situation. Speaking is not difficult if one has a specialty, a subject that is everywhere attractive, a talk with pictures, or information that may be desired by the specific audience. But a good many speech situations call for something beside

knowledge or accumulation of facts. In such cases, learning or serious interpretation of public matters may not be appropriate. What would you say at a dinner of employees, at a football rally, at a fraternity meeting, a church social, or a high-school assembly? How would you introduce a speaker, present a gift, make a reply, welcome a visiting convention, act as a toastmaster, or manage any other of the many situations that require only "a few remarks"? You have to say something when there doesn't seem much to say. Well, there is one cue for most of these occasions: don't say much. Make it short.

But these are the speeches that summon your imagination and your self-reliance. Think of a speech situation as a triangle. The three sides are the speaker, the audience, and the occasion. The speaker should not select the materials of his talk until he has carefully considered the nature of his audience and why they intend to be present. He should know how long he is to speak, what other speakers will be heard, and what they are likely to talk about. The setting and the attending circumstances should be so clear and accurate in his imagination that when he gets to the meeting he will seem to be in a familiar place, in harmony with the mood and the purpose of the gathering.

In the hurly-burly of a football rally where many speakers are likely to appear, three or four minutes are plenty for everyone but the coach, the principal, or the president. The bluff and hearty manner or the genial and incisive are most effective. The confident attack climaxed by the demand for support or the will to win will serve. Better still, if you can, get a good laugh for your exit line.

A dinner of fellow employees is naturally a time for joviality, sentiment, and a little reminiscence. Perhaps a bit of praise may be given certain members, a bit of good-



natured "ribbing" tossed to others. A sincere statement of some of the advantages of their occupation and a little tactful comment on how they may advance the business and themselves are in order. The prospect of salary increases, unless this is a union meeting, had better not be mentioned.

In presenting a speaker, remember that an audience would like to know his name, his office or occupation, and what he has done or is doing to give him special distinction. Has he any unusual qualifications for treating the subject he has chosen?

Avoid trite phrases, such as, "We have with us tonight," or "We are indeed fortunate in having with us." Give the speaker an unmistakable cue for getting up and coming forward. It embarrasses both speaker and audience to have him bobbing up and down, wondering whether the chairman has finished or is just pausing for a fresh attack. Call him by name, "Mr. Smith!" and remain where you are until he has come forward and said, "Mr. Chairman." Then bow slightly to him and take your seat. If he overlooks this bit of politeness, wait not on the order of your going but be seated anyway, not directly behind the speaker but to one side.

Your job isn't over yet. You have still to say something when the speaker is through. You have to thank him. You will be more personal and convincing if you can give a sentence or two of interested reference to something he has said. Be brief. Take warning from the chairman who makes the fearful blunder of explaining the whole thing in words of one syllable.

If the speaker was poor it isn't necessary, in order to be courteous, to make a liar of yourself. You may say something like this: "I wish to thank Mr. Smith for this talk on a subject that concerns us all. Certainly any information

that we can get about this complicated tax law will help us to prepare our budgets or, if we don't make any, to get ready to meet Uncle Sam's demands. It was very kind of you, Mr. Smith, to give us so generously of your time and effort."

If the speaker was clearly enjoyable, you can, of course, let yourself go. "I don't need to tell you, Mr. Smith, how much we enjoyed your talk. You have heard for yourself. It only remains for me to thank you, in behalf of the Club, for this wonderful treat. We appreciate the service you have rendered us and hope we may have the pleasure of hearing you again."

So your sense of self-reliance and your study of the situation will guide you everywhere. You will get over the habit of worrying about what a speaker should say at this sort of thing. The direct, sensible, and courteous approach is always in order. A touch of humor often disarms criticism and makes unnecessary the heavy platitudes you thought you must have. Read the published proceedings of conventions for practical suggestions and illustrations. There you will see how meetings are opened, how speakers are introduced, how gifts are presented, how neatly and simply many things are done that seem troublesome because they don't disclose at once a sequence of ideas that are familiar to you.

I happen to have at hand a volume that records what went on at the annual meeting of the Academy of Political Science, November 15, 1939. Anything that happened before December 7, 1941, now appears to belong to another era, but Mr. Thomas W. Lamont's ease and humor as the presiding officer are still refreshingly modern. I wish to quote part of his opening remarks and his introduction of General Hugh Johnson:

It is a strange world that we are facing in this fifty-ninth year of the Academy of Political Science. I may have mentioned to many of my friends here, the conversation I had some months ago with H. G. Wells in London. I said to him, "Where do you expect to be ten years from now?" And he replied, "Either dead, or in an asylum for the sane." (*Laughter and applause.*)

Everything seems to have gone topsy-turvy, everything awry. Hitler has turned into Stalin, Stalin into Hitler, and what not.

Well, here we are, in November; the World's Fair for the time being is over. The football season has begun. I really introduced the topic of the World's Fair in order to tell my experience at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 which is, again, not particularly new. But you recall that in the spring of that year Chicago made a great to-do over being able to secure the loan of Whistler's Portrait of His Mother. The Middle-Western papers had a great deal to say about that, and it was very considerably exploited.

The first day I visited the Fair I went to the Museum of Art where all the pictures were, and I said to the doorman as I went in, "What picture is it that people are asking most to see as they come in?"

"Oh," he said, "they all want to see Hitler's picture of his mother." (*Laughter.*)

And that, as I say, leads us to the football season. (*Laughter.*) President Conant was telling me this morning about a football game that he heard of last week. The eleven of the University of California went down to Southern California to play a team there, and to their surprise, although not consternation in any way, they found seven of their eleven opponents were Negroes—very nice fellows.

On the first play for the University of California the half-back tried to run around the right end, but he was thrown for a loss. He struggled to his feet through this dark Erabus-like line, and then he tried to run around the left end. The same thing occurred, and again he was unearthed from a great lot of dusky warriors.

Then he tried the center, and got through a couple of yards. And when he got up he was so surprised to find that it was a white center who had tackled him that he eagerly grasped his opponent by the hand and said, "Dr. Livingston, I presume?" (*Laughter and applause.*)

And so, you see, by natural stages we come to General Johnson! General Johnson, frantic messages were coming to the head table all the evening about your failure to appear. There were no less frantic messages concerning Miss Thompson, for a while, but she relieved our anxiety earlier in the game.

I do not have to tell you of the extraordinary career that General Johnson has had, and how varied that career has been: a lawyer, a soldier, an industrialist, a commentator, and I don't know what else besides—a very extraordinary, all-round training.

I do not agree with everything the General says at all times, but I must acknowledge that he speaks with a voice of honesty and candor, and with true conviction. And I want to say this, that when ten thousand years from now they are unearthing here on this earth the vestiges of the New Deal (*Laughter*), just as our Museum of Natural History has been unearthing vestiges of the ancient creatures in Mongolia, one of the archeologists will come along and find Hugh Johnson's thigh bone, and they will reconstruct Hugh Johnson. And in that reconstruction they will find not that he was one of the lesser animals, but that he was a real mammoth, or a dinosaur! (*Laughter.*)

With that brief introduction, I present to you, General Hugh Johnson! (*Applause.*)

At the conclusion of General Johnson's address Mr. Lamont spoke as follows:

We thank you heartily for this stirring, this vigorous, this illuminating and appealing address, General Johnson. We are grateful to you for coming over to us from Washington, taking this journey and letting us have your words at first hand, face to face, in your own vigorous way. My own disappointment,

General, is that you did not indulge in a little rougher language. (*Laughter.*)

When you can do this sort of thing with confidence and resourcefulness, you have disclosed real personality. You will be liked for what you are, as well as for what you know. Anybody can ladle out facts. That is the trouble with public speaking. Audiences have to suffer too many facts they already know or too many facts they wish had been left in the encyclopedias, histories, or almanacs.

Nevertheless, there are times when the speaker really has something to say instead of merely having to say something. It is this definite, driving idea that is the root of all genuine force and eloquence. But lack of plan may spoil everything. "Let all things," said Saint Paul, "be done decently and in order." There are such matters as unity, clearness, emphasis, and harmony. Every good talk has been guided by a sense of strategy and drama. The next chapter and Chap. XIII may answer your questions about the ways of putting a speech together more effectively.

.

## CHAPTER IV

### Having Something to Say



Keep the golden mean between saying  
too much and too little.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.



People who have plenty to say about accounting, merchandising, advertising, economics, or the war are likely to rest on the assurance that they can talk for hours without running short of material. And they too often do. They forget that others read the papers, and that there are many facts and details that are unimportant and uninteresting to the listener.

Rigid selection is the answer. Suppose you were conversing with an acquaintance. You know that if you started to explain your subject from *A* to *Z* he would soon be saying, "Just a minute. I know all that." Or, "What I want to know is . . . ." That is why the round table is often more provocative and illuminating than a speech. It gets down to business sooner, answers the questions, and considers the issues most interesting to the audience. Not always. The round table is often dull, too, but you see what I mean. Give your audience credit for knowing a lot of things and not caring a hoot for a lot of others.

Next, remember that abstractions and generalities are, as a rule, too vague and pale to hold attention. Not that listeners won't understand but they won't continue to look and listen unless there is some specific picture or image to attract them. Your statement of a principle or an issue should be followed by "For instance," "Here is a case," "This is what I mean." Anecdote, illustration, comparison and contrast, proof, example, detail, cause and effect are the forms of support that make an idea impressive.

Subjects of a technical nature, explanations of mechanical processes, need the help of photographs, drawings, and charts. A diagram may show instantly, with no effort at all on the part of the audience, something that language alone would make tedious and confusing. A speech must be clearer and easier to follow than a book. A reader can concentrate on a difficult page. He can go back over it and give it further study, but the listener to a speech, after one or two obscure or windy sentences, may just give up. If he can't get a little excitement or entertainment, he may stay but he'll wish he were near the exit.

It is true that an audience often wants to hear something it already knows, but that something has to do with the heart, the desires, and passions. That audience wants a clear and eloquent statement of its own articulate faith in its country, its party, its religion. "Speak for us and justify us!" It believes what it wants to believe. It will hear unpleasant reasoning but only to have it demolished by the superior logic of its own side. That is why Republicans speak to Republicans and Democrats to Democrats. You can imagine what would happen if a speaker got into the wrong hall.

Nevertheless, in spite of its well-known predilection for purse and personal prejudice every audience wants to be

fair and generous. Everybody has his self-respect and wants to preserve it. He would rather be loyal, courageous, and open-handed than treacherous, cowardly, and mean. He wants to do the right thing and will often do it to his disadvantage. In other words, the speaker can appeal to his higher motives as well as his lower. But the better way to go about it is to show that the right thing is not a disagreeable duty but actually, in the not too long run, a good investment. Duty cannot, as a rule, compete with desire.

When you have decided on your point of view, your subject, the headings under which you will develop your talk, and the filler and detail that will complete your speech, you have still to think of the beginning and the end of your address. First impressions and last impressions affect listeners more than they should. You've noted the same thing in your meetings with strangers, in reading advertisements, in the opening and closing words of a story.

The beginning of a speech, however, should have none of the strain and calculated effect so evident in some writing. The speaker implies a "How do you do?" in his opening words. His greeting is personal. When others have preceded him on the same general theme, it may be better to come directly to the subject. A reference to something that has been said by a previous speaker may be the most natural approach.

Whatever the beginning, it should not have the bald, impersonal quality of an article in the encyclopedia. Something may be said about the occasion, or the importance of the subject, or the strange lack of interest in a significant matter that has apparently been overlooked. Perhaps the speaker has a very urgent reason for wanting to speak. He naturally should not hesitate to give it at once. At another time he may see the need for defining or clarifying



ings, I asked him if he knew what status quo meant "Yes suh," he said, "I sho' does. It means de mess we is in."

GEORGE V. DENNY, JR.

Seven years ago tonight I was in London. In the lofty, ornate room just off the Horse Guards Parade—the same room from which Sir Edward Grey looked out that August evening in 1914 to watch "the lights go out all over the world!"—in that same room I listened to one of the finest minds of Europe. He predicted with terrifying accuracy all that has since come to pass. Largely through his insight, when I arrived in Germany two weeks later, I was on the watch for the coming revolution.

PHILIP LAFOLETTE.

Examine the variety of approaches in the beginnings that follow:

Let me begin this morning by making clear that neither the Temporary National Economic Committee nor any other agency connected with it has ever recommended or suggested any legislation providing for federal regulation of insurance, and that in participating, at the invitation of the officers of the Section of Insurance Law, in this symposium, I do not appear in any sense whatsoever as an advocate of federal regulation.

JOSEPH C. MAHONEY.

I am glad to appear here with those who are paying tribute to this institution upon its 200 years of contribution to the intellectual and spiritual life of our country and the world. Our time is short. Those of us who are contributing some tribute to this institution, if we make contributions, do so in some subject with which we have some little familiarity.

HERBERT HOOVER.

My fellow Americans: In 1776, on the Fourth day of July, the representatives of the several States in Congress assembled,

declaring our independence, asserted that a decent respect for the opinion of mankind required that they should declare the reasons for their action. In this new crisis we have a like duty.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies, and Gentlemen of the Mortgage Bankers' Association:

Notwithstanding the gracious and complimentary words which have just been spoken concerning me by your kindly and discriminating toastmaster—words which, had they been spoken about anyone else, would have sounded almost flattering—I say, notwithstanding his laudatory words, it's my intention at this hour to assume toward everyone of you a democratic attitude. I'm going to talk to you and treat you just as if you were my equals. I don't look down on you just because you happen to be bankers, and mortgaged bankers at that! Since when have there been any other kind of bankers?

You know, there is no word in our language more aptly descriptive of the idea it represents than the good old word "mortgage." It comes down to us through the old Norman French and is made up of two words: "mort," meaning dead; and "gage," meaning pledge. Mortgage—a dead pledge.

. . . . .

Now it might strike you as being in poor taste for me to take advantage of this occasion to boost my own real property. But I can't overlook this opportunity to proclaim that I have on my home one of the best and biggest mortgages in my town. That is to say, the biggest for the size of the property. I'd like to call attention, also, to its durability. Although that mortgage has been on my home for many years, exposed to all sorts of weather and changes of fortune, it's just as good and just as big today as it was the day I put it on. I have holes come and holes go in the roof of my house, but never the tiniest loophole in the mortgage.

HARVEY T. HARRISON.

Compared to the solid granite cliffs upon which our attention is centred today, even the most enduring human institutions are as fleeting as a cloud that drifts across the sky. This rock bore the heat of the same blazing sun, and faced the wind and rain that beat against the face of Alexander, when he lamented that there were no more worlds to conquer. The stars that looked down upon the glory of ancient Greece saw the mountain-side full-shaped and formed as it is today. Rome, eternal Rome, came into being, spread its vast empire and passed into obscurity, while the scene before us remained practically unchanged. In working out the plans of the Almighty, time is but a minor factor, as the Psalmist sang:

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

We meet here today to commemorate one hundred and fifty years of life under the American Constitution. Long as that seems to us in retrospect, it is but a moment as history is written. The story of the struggle to establish a government of the people in this New World is now permanently carved in this everlasting granite. Through the genius of one great man, and the co-operation of many others, that which for countless centuries was but inanimate rock has been imbued with life. Washington has become, and will forever remain, a living part of this mountain. Through all the ages that stretch into the future, Jefferson and Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt will look down upon whosoever comes within the range of their vision. Will it come to pass that a thousand years hence savage tribes of men will roam these hills and gaze in bewilderment upon those features carved in rock and silently wonder who they were, and how they came to be there? Or will this be a shrine forever more to which pilgrims will humbly come, unnumbered hosts of free men, to pay tribute to these four great Americans who established and clarified, preserved and gave vigor to a civilization as enduring as this granite cliff which rises before us?

EDWARD R. BURKE.

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The Navy used to have some lines of doggerel which began

When in danger, when in doubt,  
Run in circles, yell and shout.

That is about what we are doing in America today on the problem of crime. A thousand after-luncheon speakers, myself included, are trying to talk crime to death, and there is a great deal of yelling and shouting. We hold conferences and organize commissions and end by running in the same old circles. The public gets vastly excited over the current murder or kidnapping and runs a fever of 105 degrees for weeks on end. Then the case ends—Dillinger is killed or Hauptmann is sentenced to death—and we all shrug our shoulders and say, "There, that's over," as though the crime problem were settled for the time being, as though you could shut crime off as you turn out an electric light.

A. H. McCORMICK.

Mr. Lloyd George once said that the first duty of a statesman is to hold his job, otherwise he cannot be a statesman. I have a feeling, and have always had, that among the first duties of an officer of the General Electric Company is to preserve and maintain an intimate contact with Boston and New England, for it was here in the town of Boston, approximately half a century ago, that the new electrical art and industry received most encouraging support. Here it was that Professor Elihu Thomson received the backing of Charles A. Coffin and his associates, and the great plant at Lynn began. A few years later, as a result of the combination of the Thomson-Houston Company with the Edison Company at Schenectady, the present General Electric Company was born. During all these years it has been privileged to call as its directors the men most distinguished in Boston's business. Many of them who have served us have also acted for the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston. Whatever innuendoes may have been cast in recent years on interlocking

directorates, I mention here with pride this interrelationship with this old and honorable company whose one hundredth birthday we celebrate tonight.

OWEN D. YOUNG.

To respond to the toast of "Forefathers Day" before this gathering and on this traditional anniversary of the first landing of the settlers of Plymouth is a high honor, not only a high honor but a very special privilege. For here a New Englander may with a clear conscience dwell on the local history of his homeland, here unblushingly he may extol the austere virtues of the Puritan, here without danger of being branded a provincial he can view with satisfaction the panorama of American history as seen from the crest of Bunker Hill! In all seriousness, an occasion such as this would under normal circumstances be for me unique. For it would permit me as the President of Harvard University to delve into the records of the past and by recounting certain episodes in the history of our College join with you in paying homage to the wisdom, the courage, and the fortitude of ten generations of New England men and women.

But tonight we are in no mood for such a localized excursion into former times. These are days of war. We are here as citizens of one united country—a united country engaged in a grim struggle against half the world. Not as New Englanders, nor as Southerners, nor as Midwesterners, nor dwellers on the Pacific coast did the inhabitants of this land respond to the first news of Japan's treachery at Pearl Harbor. Our first rush of hot anger came to us as Americans—as citizens of a country which had been wantonly attacked. As members of a free society which had flourished on this continent for more than a hundred and fifty years, we closed our ranks. Without thought of sectionalism, with unparalleled unanimity, we plunged into the midst of war. We now stand undivided. We are all Americans. We are pledged to outbuild, to outproduce, to outfight, and finally to overthrow the tyranny of the Axis powers.

JAMES BRYANT CONANT.

Members of the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States, I feel gratefully honored that you should thus have invited me to enter the United States Senate chamber and address the Representatives of both branches of Congress.

The fact that my American forebears have for so many generations played their part in the life of the United States and that here I am, an Englishman, welcomed in your midst makes this experience one of the most moving and thrilling in my life, which is already long and has not been entirely uneventful.

I wish indeed that my mother, whose memory I cherish across the veil of years, could have been here to see me. By the way, I cannot help reflecting that if my father had been American and my mother British, instead of the other way around, I might have got here on my own.

In that case, this would not have been the first time you would have heard my voice. In that case I would not have needed any invitation, but if I had it is hardly likely that it would have been unanimous. So, perhaps, things are better as they are. I may confess, however, that I do not feel quite like a fish out of water in a legislative assembly where English is spoken.

I am a child of the House of Commons. I was brought up in my father's house to believe in democracy; trust the people, that was his message. I used to see him cheered at meetings and in the streets by crowds of working men way back in those aristocratic Victorian days when Disraeli said the world was for the few and for the very few. Therefore, I have been in full harmony with the tides which have flowed on both sides of the Atlantic against privileges and monopoly and I have steered confidently toward the Gettysburg ideal of government of the people, by the people, for the people.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

If special thought for the beginning of a speech is helpful in establishing a mood, a point of view, or in just not disappointing the active curiosity that awaits the first words of every speaker, it is even more important to plan the ending,

to make up one's mind in advance as to when and how to conclude. You know how often you have heard a speaker who impressed you as good until you suddenly realized he was through and didn't know it. You recall another who wavered and stalled self-consciously while groping for the end. This sentence didn't seem quite right, the next appeared a bit lame, a third didn't have the proper closing snap. Or there was that telltale series—"One thing more," "I forgot to say," "Before I conclude," "To get back to my first point for a moment." Another good speech spoiled for lack of a suitable parking place.

You can't always plan an opening precisely because your most effective beginning may be a reference to something the chairman or some other speaker has said, but you can select a definite idea to close with and stick to it. The ending should not be too abrupt, but it is better to make it before the audience expects it than while they are waiting for it. The end should be both satisfying and swift.

You know how it is with a play. It will fail if the third act just ambles along, with no new complication or climax, to its obvious end. There must be a continued variety of situations, a maintaining of the suspense until the conflicts and troubles are surprisingly but not improbably brought to the end of the sequence. A neat sentence, a quick embrace, or a silent figure glancing through a doorway, is the cue for the curtain and the final stab at audience attention. Verbose dawdling at this point would ruin everything.

The speaker is not so dramatic but he must use the dramatic technique to keep his audience from speculating about his poor last act. Endings have many forms. The summary is common in matters of information. It restates the whole thing in a nutshell for the audience to remember conveniently. The summary, however, has the weakness

of all repetition. It lacks the sharp, dramatic impact of a story, or an appeal for action. It is flat compared with the demanding question or the impressive quotation. And yet some form of the summary may be the most natural and satisfying way of closing a practical talk. We like things simplified. We like to be sure we are not so tangled in conflicting detail that we miss the big point. We want an answer to "So what?"

The endings that follow will show you that speakers don't leave their final words to chance or accident. Studying one example after another will give you all the hints you may need for an ample variety of closing remarks.

In case you get discouraged by what looks like literary formality, remember that these tags are the concluding lines of speeches that were probably written out and read. In your intimate and informal talks the last sentence of your explanation or argument may serve very well for your conclusion. You don't need an obvious good-by, but you should have a spot marked "Stop!"

We of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, of course, are directly concerned in this whole matter because of the effect which this proposed Federal chain-store tax would have upon commercial property use in practically every business area of the country, and because dislocation of any one big fraction of real estate use in any city would mean loss in many another direction. But we are also aware that the welfare of all citizens is threatened by this measure. It is the stimulation of merchandising efficiency and of trade volume in your city which has enhanced the value of the home you own and of your business or job. It is this heightening of business tempo which has enlarged the number of jobs open to you in your community. To cut off a large element of that business energy by punitive discriminatory taxation will hurt home values and your own



business prospects. It is for you to let your congressman know what you believe should be done in this matter.

NEWTON C. FARR.

The letter V is our emblem today. Do you know *all* that it stands for? It expresses the *vileness* of the treachery of Nazi, Fascist, and Japanese. It stands for the *victims* of their brutal cruelty. It stands for the *vampires* who suck the blood of others. It stands for the *violators* of every pledge and every treaty. It stands for the *voiceless* of their own lands and the lands they have overthrown. It stands for the *vassalage* into which they seek to reduce mankind. But above all it stands for the *Victory* over the Swastika, the fasces and the rising sun that will surely come. And in that song of victory will be joined the voices of British and Chinese, Russians and Americans, French and Dutch, Greeks and Danes, Czechs and Belgians, Norwegians and Poles and Jugo-Slavs.

On that victory let us together build a world resting on justice, not force; truth, not treachery; mercy, not cruelty. But all such aspirations and hopes are futile and empty unless we all summon every ounce of strength, muster all our courage, submit to any sacrifice, toil till we can toil no more, to the end that the dark shadow may be removed from the earth. Then in the hour of victory shall our hearts be full of gratitude to those who suffered and died in heat and in snow, to bring to mankind Victory.

MONROE E. DEUTSCH.

What has this accent upon individualism to do with world peace? If the individual is the center of political gravity, there can be no chosen people, no favored nation, no elite class. Each individual is entitled to the same rights, such as the basic freedoms guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, and the right to pursue happiness promised in the Declaration of Independence. These rights are not affected or influenced in any way by boundaries. They are the rights of man. They belong to all men everywhere.

On no other political philosophy whatever is peace credible, even as a dream. For no principle save individualism breaks

the hard shells of groups with rival and antithetical interests. Awareness of that fact, explicitly or implicitly, is the explanation of the historical zeal and enthusiasm of the American people for the rights of man around the world, for freedom—everywhere. So great an act of faith demands patience and persistence. Only if we never falter can we realize the “new order of the ages” promised in the inscription on the Great Seal of the United States. That is the only new order worth fighting for.

HENRY M. WRISTON.

I believe that the best way to promote the welfare of democracy, both at home and abroad, is to preserve, protect, and defend the country that guarantees you and me the privilege of living as free men in a free land. Do that, and the rest will follow. The Chinese know that this is true. During their magnificent struggle, they have not been fighting for democracy, but for the good earth that is theirs, for the country which their ancestors handed on to them. The English have no delusions. When they won the battle of England they were not fighting for some pallid goddess of international democracy, but for “This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.” And we, too, know the truth.

How hard it would be, how impossible it would be today, to ask any group of Americans to rededicate themselves to the cause of world-wide democracy! Noble as the concept is, it leaves me relatively unmoved. I cannot see it or touch it; it has done nothing for me. But how easy it is, how natural it is, to dedicate ourselves again to the service of our country. For we know what we mean when we say “our country.”

We mean the red clay of Virginia and the granite hillsides of Vermont, the dust that blows from Oklahoma and the fog that drifts in on an east wind from the lake; we mean the lumber camp in the Minnesota woods and the white-pillared mansion in South Carolina; we mean the banker on Wall Street and the cowboy in Wyoming; Grant’s tomb on the Hudson, and Lee’s grave in Lexington; a log cabin at Hodgenville and a White

House by the Potomac; we mean Jamestown and Plymouth and the unsolved riddle of Roanoke; the Alamo and Appomattox Court House and the mast of the battleship *Maine* in the Academy grounds at Annapolis; we mean warriors in tattered buckskin or faded continentals, in gray and blue and khaki, fighting to preserve what their fathers had given them, and what you and I have enjoyed; we mean men and women with plough and broad-axe and musket pushing back the frontiers and bringing civilization into the wilderness; we mean the Mayflower Compact and the Declaration of Independence and the letter to Mrs. Bixby; we mean Lincoln with his deathless sorrow, and the clear-eyed lad who last year in the uniform of our Navy stood beside me at University functions, and died the other day in the *Arizona*. All these I know—and these I have in mind and in my heart when I say “My Country.”

James Russell Lowell, who was once a guest of this Club, put it all in the lines with which he brought his “Commemoration Ode” to a close:

O Beautiful! my country! ours once more!  
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair  
 O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,

. . . . .

What words divine of lover or of poet  
 Could tell our love and make thee know it,  
 Among the Nations bright beyond compare?

What were our lives without thee?

What all our lives to save thee?

We reckon not that we gave thee,

We will not dare to doubt thee,

But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

FRANKLIN BLISS SNYDER.

We are engaged, in some fashion, in widening the horizons of men's thinking. There is surely something humanly progressive, eternally purposeful, in this effort. May we editors—

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indeed may we all—write over our doors, over our minds, over our hearts, those words of Thomas Jefferson, carved in stone, above the entrance to the University of Virginia: “Enter by this gateway to seek the light of truth, the way of honor, and the will to work for men.”

GROVE PATTERSON.

## CHAPTER V

### On the Platform



I am no orator, as Brutus is.

SHAKESPEARE.



When you have made your speech plan and reduced it to a few headings on a card, you have the assurance of knowing what you are likely to say—and that is a great comfort and support.

With the disarming, conversational manner toward your audience, the delivery of the speech should not be difficult. Yet it is surprising how often a carefully prepared speech will be ruined by inaudibility, overeagerness, or monotony.

For one thing, the word *conversational* is deceiving. You *should* sound as though you were conversing, but remember that your bearing, manner, and voice must have an intensified and heightened quality to reach effectively everyone in your audience. You are observed and heard more intently than in ordinary conversation. You can't move about as slouchily or indifferently as you might in talk with a few intimates. You can't relax in voice and manner to the same extent. You are not at home but before a public assembly.

Actors on the stage appear to be engaged in casual, infor-

mal pleasantries among themselves but they never forget that out there in the dark is a large audience—if they are lucky—watching and listening. The players' words, inflections, attitudes, and stage "business" must deliver their complete meanings and implications not only to the plutocrats in the \$2.20 seats but to the schoolteachers and students in the 55-cent seats somewhere in the remote reaches of the second balcony. And the actors lack one great advantage of the public speaker—they cannot look frequently and directly at the last rows to measure distance and lift the voice to some interested person in a back seat. They see only with the mind's eye and try to make their voices loud enough without violating the illusion of chat, and make their subtleties obvious enough without suggesting overacting.

The public speaker doesn't need to be an actor but he must acquire some of this awareness. He cannot really forget himself or his audience. He will, of course, throw off stiffness, self-consciousness, as he acquires the habits and manners that are more pleasing to his listeners.

Let us examine a typical situation. The speaker goes to the platform with the chairman. The speech has already begun as far as the audience is concerned. They are "sizing up" their man. Does he look experienced and intelligent? Is he modest, pleasant, and businesslike? Does he look bored or conceited? You see that a little thoughtfulness on the speaker's part, while he is waiting, means a great deal in collecting the necessary good will. He should not sit too sprawled or too erect. Neither should he talk much to the chairman or make faces at the audience. When someone else is speaking he should listen attentively, not only because it is the courteous thing to do but because he may get some useful cues for reference and

comment. The chairman may provide him with a hint for a pleasant opening. He should not, of course, needlessly correct or rebuke the chairman.

When the speaker comes forward to begin his talk, a slight pause will induce quiet and attention and give an impression of poise. A look to the rear of the room will remind the speaker to lift his voice enough for all to hear. A somewhat slow attack, not too loud or abrupt, will suggest coolness and confidence. Later, the tone may be raised a bit and the pace quickened. The thing to keep in mind is variety—variety in mood, modulation, force, and rate of speaking. The mood may be lively and intimate at one moment, serious and more formal at another. There is force in all good speaking. It may range from the lightest touch to the hammer blow. It is the stress of vitality alert to the value of shading and accuracy. You have noticed that nothing is more tiresome than the steady pounding and uniform speed of certain earnest but unimaginative speakers.

True emphasis is largely a matter of skillful timing. Fast speaking taxes the attention too much and creates uncomfortable muscular tensions in the listeners. One of the characteristic elements of effective speaking is the use of the pause. There is nothing like a good stop. It implies the significance of what has just been said and induces curiosity for what is to follow. It permits a natural and welcome change of pitch. Young speakers are sometimes afraid that a pause will be mistaken for hesitation. Audiences instinctively know the difference, but a little clumsy or dubious hesitation is better than an unvarying, breathless hurry. "Take your time and keep your thought well ahead of your language," is sound advice. Silence is an important part of speech.

Students often ask "How should I stand?" and "Where should I put my hands?" There are, of course, no specific rules to be observed. Audiences give the answers by telling what they like or dislike. They like speakers who suggest ease and vigor. They dislike speakers who stand too rigidly and look past them with a frozen stare. They don't like to see a speaker stand too far away or so close to the edge of the platform that he looks as if he might fall off. Legs too far apart or feet too close together are equally displeasing.

We have to admit that the hands can be troublesome. Held too steadily at the sides, where teachers tell us they belong, they give an unpleasant tintype effect. Clasped too long behind the speaker or thrust into the pockets, they suggest uneasiness, a lack of poise. Arms folded across the chest are obtrusive and offensive. Whatever we do with the hands, we can't conceal them or hide self-consciousness. The hand is not quicker than the eye.

But the eye is quicker than the hand, quicker, too in the Biblical sense of having life. It can restore life to the dead hand. Just looking objectively at the audience and around it does vital things to the speaker's whole body. At first his face moves and shows interest. Then his body turns. His shoulders come into play. The chest and trunk now feel the action and become the center of energy. The legs and feet find their natural flexible position in response to the movements of the head and shoulders.

So with the hands. The shoulders give them life and flexibility. It is then that the speaker and the audience forget them. It is the eye, the head, and the shoulders that are noticed, not the hands. When the speaker is actually looking at his audience, he is seldom concerned with his extremities.

In walking, a man does not think of his feet. The hips



and thighs do the work, and his feet fall where they will. So, while he glances here and there at his audience, his shoulders move to take care of his hands.

Not altogether, of course. But hands have more latitude than the self-conscious speaker knows. They may take on random movement that is scarcely noticed. The point is that they should not remain fixed in any position that presently seems unnatural, or that looks as though the speaker were getting tied up with embarrassment. Picking up a book or a paper, walking to a blackboard, or engaging in any other deliberate action breaks up frozen or diffident appearance.

Speakers who gesture freely and instinctively have little trouble with their hands. They are more likely to need the discipline of restraint and warnings to avoid making some meaningless motion over and over again. All speakers can profit, however, by a little practice with gesture. Many speakers want to make the same gestures that characterize their conversation, but they confine themselves to nervous, niggardly thrusts of the wrists and fingers. They don't dare to let go freely from the shoulders, and what they do only further reveals their mental cramp.

Gestures are a matter of temperament and personality. Furthermore, some situations and subjects encourage gesture—politics, big crowds, inspirational and emotional talk. Some speakers never seem to make a gesture and still do very well. But physical action gives release and induces further expansiveness. And audiences often need more display of vigor. Teachers in urban universities that have both day and evening classes soon learn that they must put more action into their evening teaching. They must stand up, keep an interested eye on everybody, speak up with more animation, pound the desk occasionally to keep

some well-meaning young chap who has had a long day's work in the open from falling asleep. They become better teachers and better speakers, all because they have to fight for attention and win the respect of older students who are more critical and more practical in wanting their money's worth.

We cannot overlook, even in so short a chapter, the importance of clear and cultivated articulation—diction, the actors like to call it, although the word actually refers to vocabulary. Good will in speaking is largely a matter of suggestion, the suggestion of honesty, modesty, courtesy, and good manners. Every audience is disappointed, to say the least, with obvious crudities of expression. The “gotta’s,” the “gonna’s,” and the “gimme’s” are much more glaring when given from the platform than in conversation. Even those who are guilty of the same indifferent lapses will scarcely excuse them in others. It is impossible to go far with a speaker who habitually says *jis’* for *just*, *lib’ry* for *library*, *recunize* for *recognize*, *reelly* for *really*, *I sawrim* for *I saw him*, *athuletics* for *athletics*, *fillum*, for *film*, *queshon* for *question*, *pitcher* for *picture*, *tuhday* for *today*, *hadduh* for *had to*, *o’course* for *of course*, and other mangled words and phrases that you can readily suggest. There is something sloppy and childish about that diction which audiences will not tolerate. These trivialities are characterized in the language of two young fellows leaving the office for lunch:

“J’eat?”

“No, joo?”

Americans, for a variety of reasons, indulge in this sort of talk more than other peoples. It is a bad habit and, because it is a bad habit, it is difficult to overcome. One may stop a student—without avail—in the middle of his speech to remind him of these things his fellows are secretly laughing

at. He knows better but the habit of a lifetime cannot be remedied on the platform. The speaker is too occupied with the sequence of the thought and language. His articulation has an automatic quality that can only be remedied by care in conversation and by private drill to correct the errors that have been pointed out to him. He has to form new habits, and that takes time, especially when the correct forms of words sound strange and affected to him.

When the speaker's ear is trained to be sensitive and alert to good manners in speech, he will soon improve. He will hear with more awareness the speech of well-educated persons whose articulation is effortless and pleasing. He will notice that many words are pronounced somewhat differently than the printed forms might indicate, that some elision and clipping are allowable for the sake of ease. Nothing sounds well that is labored. In addressing an audience, one may say "Ladies'n gentlemen." Centuries of use has made the expression practically one word. "He earns his bread'n butter" is allowable for the same reason.

There is a limit, of course, to this process, and it is the limit set by the generality of cultivated speakers. The standard of good usage is not something that is fixed by the dictionary or by teachers of English but by the more flexible code of manners or fashion that prevails among the educated.

As for better voice, learn to speak from the diaphragm instead of from the throat. You make tone on the outgoing, the exhalation, of breath. Voice is round, full, forward-placed when it seems to ride out on the breath stream. Learn to let go—"give out"—with a relaxed sighing and chanting quality. Don't think of the throat. There is so much thin, squeaky, harsh, metallic utterance because people make tone by contracting the muscles

around the vocal chords. This practice irritates the throat and develops a rasping, back-throated tone.

Think the tone forward to the lips, teeth, and hard palate. Aim all tone to the upper front teeth, where they join the hard palate. Raise the pitch level just a little, if necessary, to keep the voice from gargling and scraping in the back of the throat.

There should always be a little hum and ring in tone, even in the most casual or rapid conversation. Practice sentences with plenty of *l*'s, *m*'s, *n*'s, and *ng*'s.

Chant these exercises off the lips:

1. Home, home, home on the range.
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new!
3. The rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore
4. When my beagle bit the kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan.
5. Hark! the herald angels sing!
6. Nome is the name of a town in Alaska.

Get the tone up and out on dramatic questions:

1. Have you ever heard the wind go *yoo-oo-oo-oo*?
2. Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?
3. Is this a dagger which I see before me?

Your voice and speech manners will be no better on the platform than they are in conversation. You can improve rapidly by drill upon the correct forms of words which you have been abusing, by speaking slowly, by persistent thought and care, in all conversation, for that better diction and voice. You may have to be on your guard, perhaps self-consciously, for a long time before your steady drill produces

the correct habits. You cannot afford to relax until you do the right things without thinking about them.

To conclude, be yourself before an audience. Look pleasantly at the listeners farthest away, speak up loudly enough for them to hear, and continue comfortably and cheerfully along the route you have planned.

## CHAPTER VI

### Reading a Speech



Learn to read slow: all other graces  
Will follow in their proper places.

WILLIAM WALKER.



He was a fine-looking elderly speaker of marked distinction in voice and bearing. He chatted pleasantly with his audience and told a couple of good stories. The seventy-five members who attended the dinner meeting settled down to a delightful half-hour.

Suddenly the speaker picked up a formidable sheaf of papers. "I've been worried about this speech," he said. "I knew I had to address an intellectual audience, so I decided to write the speech out carefully and read it to you. I hope you won't mind."

Well, they did mind. They felt cheated. The old chap read vigorously and industriously. But he soon felt that he was in a lost cause, and read more rapidly and desperately in the enfolding gloom. He wound up with a bitter attack on the New Deal. He didn't know, in spite of his desire to please, that he was in the midst of Roosevelt Democrats. Nobody cared. By that time everyone felt so flattened by the steady barrage that no explosion of words could pull them up again.

It was the old story. The written word will not serve for the spoken, and reading is seldom speaking. It can be done, but it requires a stylist, one who is aware of the differences in language and who can read well enough to imitate talk.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was not only a great orator but a great dramatist. He knew the pains of bringing ideas to life, of putting them into the sharp focus of attention. "Easy writing," he said, "is cursed hard reading." The writer has not only to write but to rewrite, to edit, to cut down, and to throw away.

Very few speakers have the will or the skill to go through this laborious process. The businessman dictates loosely and profusely. He wants to fill up enough pages for his allotted half-hour. The speech becomes a catchall for his miscellaneous knowledge. When it is neatly typed he admires the elegant language, the rolling platitudes, the old familiar expressions that he thinks are good because he has heard them so often. Unfortunately, so has everybody else, and that troublesome fact is something the writer will not face frankly. Even the more careful writer sometimes gets intoxicated by his exuberant verbosity. He is drunk with the glory of his marching sentences. What he could say directly in half a dozen extemporized sentences now becomes a theme for dignified rhetorical elaboration. The pen is mightier than the sword. It certainly slays its thousands, knocks 'em dead, even if it doesn't roll them in the aisles.

It is true that we can often write things better than we can say them. That is why we have books and magazines. On the other hand, we don't like to hear a man talk like a book. Actors often reprove their playwrights because their dialogue doesn't sound natural. At other times they accuse

the playwrights of being "talky," of saying too much, of failing to recognize the eloquence of brevity, silence, and pause, and the need of getting on with a new idea to keep up the suspense.

The business-letter writer is urged to write as he talks. It would often be better if he didn't, but the principle is still sound. If you wish to talk with people, talk and don't write an essay. Save it for the *Atlantic* or *Fortune*.

For obvious reasons, we can't abolish the written speech. And it can be effective. Assuming that the written composition has been put into its final shape, there remains the business of reading it satisfactorily. Most speakers read a speech as if they were not very well acquainted with it. Some weeks may have elapsed since they last saw it. At any rate, they bury themselves in the script and look up only occasionally with a fleeting glance as if to assure themselves that the audience is still there.

How can a speaker succeed if he won't look at his audience? The eyes are eloquent. They hold the audience. They are personal and friendly and win immediate response. But they are demanding, too. They search the room for the interested and the uninterested. They rest with pleasure on an eager face here, but know they must pursue an indifferent one there. They weave about to create a web of interest. They will scarcely take the time to look at that card of notes for fear the spell will be broken. Reading is just a necessary evil.

Now the reader can do a good deal about this. He can look at his audience, not as a stunt, but with the same deliberate, searching, and inclusive look of the speaker. He simply must know his material so well that a glance takes in a line of script so quickly and easily that he can look up comfortably and talk it to his listeners. It requires prac-



tice. He may lose his place. But that is nothing. The audience see he is trying to stay with them, still wants to talk with them.

In practice the script should be read aloud often, not only to make everything easy and familiar but to master the best rhythm, rate of speaking, stresses, inflections, and pauses—especially the pauses. Nothing is so discouraging as the monotonous regularity of reading. The rhythm must be broken up by the starts and stops of real talk. The rate should be deliberate, almost slow. Fast speakers are usually tiresome because they lack the variety of pause and modulation. The reader with the effective slow rate has also the great advantage of being able to look up from his script more easily and more often. And consider how few pages of this sort of reading will make a substantial speech. It is the obvious bulk of a manuscript that instantly depresses observers and eventually rattles the reader.

With care and study and practice the handicaps of reading can be largely overcome. I would certainly rather hear some speakers read a paper than listen to certain others making a speech without a paper. It is a matter of individual cases. Technical papers will always be necessary, conventions will always expect most of the speeches to be read, and the radio still requires more reading than extemporaneous speaking. You will read your speech well when you realize what you are up against and take the necessary precautions.

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## CHAPTER VII

### On the Radio



I'll charm the air. SHAKESPEARE.



Talking on the radio is easier for most speakers than talking on the platform. It requires less energy, less force, less of that robust vitality needed before a large audience. There is little tax on the memory, slight worry about being fluent and exact in extemporaneous talk. Although there is such a thing as "mike" fright, it is more noticeable in speakers who have already had success on the platform and who fear they will be disappointing with the strange medium.

The fact is that, if you speak well in conversation, if you sound reasonably well educated in your mother tongue, if your voice and diction are agreeable, you should be a respectable performer with radio. The trouble with many public speakers is that they have acquired a loudness, a manner, a strut, and an impressiveness that "go over" with certain audiences but are utterly unsuitable for the studio talk. Other speakers depend somewhat on good looks, on a friendly smile, on a disarming delivery that pleases in spite of obvious deficiencies in speech—on tricks and traits of personality that cannot affect the listener in the home.

You see, it is the quality of your private speech that is severely tested on the air. Bad grammar, mistakes in pronunciation, crude expressions, sloppy articulation, the lack of imagination and humor are noted and not overlooked. And the stuffed shirt who is precise enough in his way and whose heavy platitudes pass muster on the platform is at once discovered as a bore.

There is one great source of assurance about radio speaking. You can write out your remarks and read them. You know you can manage that much and do no worse than hundreds of others who have tried it. That may be a comfort but it is deceiving.

The competition on the air is ruthless. You have to compete with speakers on other stations, with comedians, singers, and jazz bands. You are liable to be tuned out before you get through your first sentence. People want entertainment and excitement. They regard education on the air as, for the most part, pretty tiresome stuff. It was a long time, indeed, before the public would tolerate any kind of speechmaking through their sets.

Mr. Credo Fitch Harris writes amusingly and instructively about this in his book, *Microphone Memoirs*. He says it used to remind him of stalking wild game as he tried to sneak in tiny speeches of thirty-five or forty words. Talk about digests! He got an educator who was delivering a remarkable lecture on a tour across the country—a lecture that took an hour and a quarter—to cut down that lecture, for radio, from seventy-five minutes to four minutes and forty seconds. And it was a better lecture, concludes Mr. Harris, because of its greater concentration and more dramatic treatment of essentials.

“Make it short” is still a good rule. You know the classic warning of the preachers: “You don’t save any souls after

the first fifteen minutes." On the radio, that time might profitably be reduced to five minutes. Conciseness is, of course, a relative term. Some ideas may need more explanation, argument, and proof to make them convincing, but most speeches, as Mr. Harris says, could be drastically blue-penciled to great advantage. It is easier to write a long-winded address. Verbosity seems to be a natural human failing. It is hard for the speaker or writer to remember that most people either know a great deal already about his subject or don't want to know a great deal about it.

The struggle for conciseness teaches one to dramatize his material, to high-light the significant and omit unnecessary detail, to hint instead of explain, to find the word or phrase that tells more than the padded page. The short story and the short play can teach one how to sharpen the style and to stick to the main issue.

Generalities should be pointed by concrete, specific instances. Anecdote and story should illustrate, clarify, and emphasize. Apt but not too familiar quotation adds to the sense of drama. Avoid, however, the frequent use of "And I quote" and omit altogether the barbarous "unquote." You can meet radio's demand for showmanship by some thought for the sprightly narrative that will entertain as well as inform.

When you have edited and completed your speech, type-write it in double space. Read it aloud at an unhurried, conversational rate of speed to discover just how many minutes it will require on the air. If you are the only speaker on a 15-minute program, you must still allow time for station announcements, for time to introduce you, and for the remarks of the announcer at the close of the broadcast. All this consumes about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  minutes, so your speech

should take about 11½ minutes. Check one or two paragraphs near the end of your speech—paragraphs that you could leave out if necessary without seriously affecting the coherence and continuity of your talk. In the studio, look up from your script when you come to these paragraphs to see if the director is signaling you to cut. If he is, just skip to your last paragraph and close promptly.

There is still the problem of reading your speech to your audience, and this matter, in most cases, requires plenty of practice. You begin with the idea that it must sound like talk in which you just chat informally with your listeners. You know how you resent the placid, droning, too regular, and rhythmic delivery of some speakers. They simply sound like what they are doing, reeling off line after line of laboriously written stuff. It's dead—a canned speech with no spark of life.

Well, break up that telltale fatal regularity. Imitate the broken rhythm of conversation. In public speaking you are advised to cut out the "well's" and "why's" and "uh's," the dawdling and the stumbling. In radio put some of them back. They give the characteristic slightly fumbling note of talk. In addition, study the bends, the inflections of voice in realistic speech. Underline words you wish to emphasize. Place vertical lines after words or phrases where pauses would be effective.

Read your speech to someone, cheerfully, with possibly a slightly higher pitch level than you may ordinarily use, to keep the tone well forward on the lips. Take your time but keep your tone bright and alert. Read the speech aloud often so that you will get used to a certain gait, certain pauses, stresses, and inflections. You remember what Mark Twain once said to his wife Olivia. She spent a good deal of time rebuking him for his profanity. On one

occasion Mark was trying to get a collar button into a dress shirt. It dropped on the floor and rolled under the bureau. Mark greeted this annoyance with an unusually rich assortment of oaths. Olivia, in exasperation and with some hope of shaming him out of his vulgar practice, mocked him and repeated his language word for word. Mark looked and listened, and then said with a resigned air, "You've got the words all right, Livy, but the tune's all wrong."

You've got to practice until the tune is familiar. And then, even if you are a bit nervous behind the mike, you will still carry the tune with assurance and conviction. You will be like the actor who, though pretty scared on the opening night of the new play, still speaks his lines with a deceiving sound and air of ease and spontaneity. His careful rehearsals have fixed his tune of first-time utterance. He can still give the illusion of impromptu talk. Reading a speech well requires a bit of acting.

There is, of course, considerable extemporizing on the radio. Round tables, quiz programs, reporting of athletic events, and other broadcasts cannot be written out and rehearsed. And for this reason they sound more human. They risk mistakes, blunders, and crudities, but their language is colloquial and full of the dramatic impact of actual, spirited conversation. It is the flavorless, flat, pseudoliterary material of people who 'can't write as they talk which defeats so many earnest efforts on the radio.

At the other extreme, it is the insincere, overdramatic writing of advertising men that spoils much of their work. A good actor, on the stage, will often tone down this sort of stuff and make it sound reasonable but the reader of the "commercial" is usually too heavy, sonorous, and emphatic. As Hamlet said to his mother, "The lady doth protest too much." You can't do these things to soap, candy bars,

face powder, and chewing gum and get much beside a laugh.

Radio is, of course, dramatic in its great variety of moods and temperaments, and the good announcer or master of ceremonies should reflect the nature of his sponsor's broadcast. But the occasional speaker on the radio should reflect himself. A little thought and practice will develop the self-reliance and good judgment that distinguish the radio personality.

## CHAPTER VIII

### The Round Table



Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.

SHAKESPEARE.



The round table is a recent and popular extension in the field of public speaking. On the air the experts discuss, explain, argue—and leave us where they started. In the convention hall the seasoned leaders sit round the table and talk over the problems which the audience would like to have solved or forgotten before they go home.

The round table does have its obvious attractions. In the first place it is the give and take of two or more persons, and that is the essence of drama. Notice how the dialogue has displaced the monologue in radio advertising.

In the second place, the drama becomes melodrama. It shouldn't but tempers don't always remain suave and polite. They flare up in challenge, contradiction, and contention. Fun for the audience if not for the speakers.

Third, the talk gets down to brass tacks. There are no evasive speeches to side-step embarrassing or difficult questions. Instead, there are head-on collisions over vital issues.

Fourth, the round table promotes creative thinking by



its searching methods with baffling problems. Tentative solutions are tested, bypaths are explored, and even though no satisfactory answers or suitable compromises are discovered, the pursuit of truth and accuracy has expanded the horizons of both speakers and audience, has broken the barriers of prejudice and intolerance, and has converted ignorance into understanding.

These are the advantages of the round table at its best, but too often the talk is dull and uninspiring. There is hemming and hawing, backing and filling, hanging on to one point too long and apparently getting nowhere. In such cases the audience would be glad to hear an old-fashioned speech that might state the problem neatly, present the issues concisely, and point out the solutions available. It wants progress and action instead of so much rehashing of the obvious.

The moral is that the round table needs a leader and a plan, and competent speakers for conflicting points of view. Not that debate is necessary. The outstanding virtue of the round table should be its cooperative attitude, not the will to win. It is true that speakers often represent groups of capital or labor or other powerful associations and pressure groups but they do not have to conceal or deny difficulties in their positions. They are not like debaters who aim at a yes or no verdict without amendment or modification. Indeed, they should seek compromise and practical adjustment when it is necessary or possible.

Round tables are disappointing when they disclose a lack of plan and when none of the speakers assumes the responsibility of conducting the discussion into the most profitable or interesting phases of the question. Before the actual public performance the speakers should get together and agree upon a plan of procedure. They should draw up a

list of the things they intend to discuss and decide upon the number of minutes they should give to each item.

One of the speakers should be chosen to act as the leader of the round table. He is to introduce the speakers and make a few preliminary remarks, if it is considered advisable. He takes just as active a part in the discussion as the others but he keeps his eye on his watch and tactfully diverts the discussion into a fresh direction when his program requires it or when he notices that interest is flagging. Like a good host he tries to get all his guests to speak, tactfully discourages them from long-winded lecturing or personal argument, and keeps the talk on the plane of spirited, amiable conversation. He takes care to have a moment or two at the conclusion of the round table to point out what has been accomplished and what questions must wait on time and further study for their answers.

The round table is excellent practice for developing poise and personality. It requires patience, coolness, resourcefulness. It compels courtesy. How quickly an audience resents the impatient speaker who interrupts and is over-eager to make his point. He suggests weakness, a lack of confidence, an inability to wait, to bide his time and shoot with deliberate accuracy.

The round table is for many speakers not so pleasant an assignment as the speech. It is comparatively easy to make the more specific plan for oneself and to speak without interruption, competition, or challenge. Discussion brings up unexpected turns that may demand quick adjustment. The ready answer is not always on the tongue, nor that telling bit of wit or humor that one thinks of when the meeting is over.

But you can see how exercise in discussion sharpens the thought and the phraseology. It is the practice that has

always been recommended for speakers. It develops remarkable improvement in fluency and precision. It disciplines the mind and speech. It is the kind of training that will soon make you look upon a platform as a privilege and a luxury where you can escape the battle royal and have an audience all to yourself.

## CHAPTER IX

### How to Pronounce It



Syllables govern the world. JOHN SELDEN.



The English language is so arbitrary in its pronunciation that the best educated make mistakes often enough. There is no rule to indicate whether the accent is on the first or the second syllable, whether the vowel is long or short, whether certain letters are sounded or silent. "Ah!" says Leo Carillo in one of his comic Italian parts, "I have put ze emPHAHsis on ze wrong sylLAHble," and nobody blames him much.

The foreigner looks for some system or order, but seldom comes out of his bewilderment at the capricious conduct of English letters. Take *ou*, for instance. He sees and hears it in *loud*. "Very good," he says, "I understand." And he does until he discovers that *ou* has several quite different sounds, as in *rough*, *through*, *soul*, *grievous*, *journey*, *hough*, and *cough*. Just trying to follow the maze of differences through which the innocent-looking letter *a* takes him gives him a headache. What's in a name, he asks, when he studies *a* in *ale*, *compare*, *all*, *at*, *ask*, and *father*. And when he comes out of his dizzy spell, he may discover that *a* is even more elusive. It becomes *i* in *senate*, *e* in *village*, *o* in *what*, and *u* in *abound* and *sofa*.

The consonants, too, exchange functions unexpectedly. *S* becomes *z*, *c* is *s* or *k* or *sh*(*ocean*); *ch* becomes *k*(*chorus*) and *sh*(*machine*) and *j* as in *spinach*; *g* may be *j*; *gh* may be nothing at all, as in *eight* or *dough*; it may be *f* as in *laugh*, *g* as in *ghosts*, and *k* as in *hough*. *X* is *ks* in *wax*, *gz* in *exist*, *z* in *Xanthic* or *Xavier*. Just to make it harder, consonants usually assertive enough sometimes become dumb. They sulk silently and cannot be ejected from words. A few of the many common cases are *debt*, *victuals*, *indict*, *yacht*, *handkerchief*, *sign*, *honest*, *shepherd*, *knees*, *kiln*, *pneumonia*, *receipt*, *mortgage*, *listen*, *asthma*, *wrote*, *answer*, *two*.

There is not space here to consider the vagaries and tendencies of English pronunciation. The most practical way to help yourself to greater assurance with words is to own a good abridged dictionary, like *Webster's Collegiate* or *Webster's Secondary School Dictionary*. Study the diacritical marks as illustrated at the foot of each page, and note where the accents fall on words. You will notice that some words have two or more correct pronunciations. Use the one more common in your locality; *either* instead of *eyether*, for instance.

The chief purpose of this chapter is to indicate the correct pronunciation of a list of words commonly mispronounced. As the dictionary markings are not familiar to many readers, sounds are represented by simplified phonetic spelling. Accented syllables are emphasized by capitals; for instance, "ARK ayn jel," "ahr TIF i ser."

#### TRoublesome Words

abattoir (ab a TWAR).	acumen (a KYU mcn, <i>not</i>
accompanist (a KUM pa nist, <i>not</i>	AK yu men).
a KUM pa ny ist).	adagio (a DAH jo).
acoustics (a KOOS tiks <i>or</i>	adieu (a DYU <i>or</i> a DYUR).
a COW sticks).	

- admiralty (AD mir al ty, *not*  
 ad MY ral ty).  
 adult (a DULT).  
 adversary (AD ver sa ry).  
 aesthete (ES theet).  
 agenda (a JEN duh).  
 aggrandizement  
 (a GRAN diz ment, *not*  
 a gran DIZE ment).  
 agile (AJ il or AJ ile).  
 ague (AY gyu).  
 alma mater (AL ma MAY ter or  
 AL ma MAH ter).  
 amateur (AM a ter or  
 AM a tyur).  
 amenable (a MEE na b'l or  
 a MEN a b'l).  
 amour-propre  
 (AM moor PROH p'r).  
 applicable (AP plī ka b'l, *not*  
 ap PLIK a b'l).  
 architect (AHR ki tect).  
 aspirant (as PIRE ant or  
 AS pir ant).  
 atrophied (AT roh fid).  
 attorney (at TURN y).  
 Augean (aw JEE an).  
 austere (aws TEER, *not* aws TAIR).  
 aviary (AY vī e ry).  
 aviator (AY vī ay ter).  
 awry (uh RYE).  
 aye, always (ay).  
 aye, yes (eye).  
 bade (bad).  
 bestial (BEST yal, *not*  
 BEEST yal).  
 betrothed (be TROTHT or  
 be TROHTHED).  
 binocle (BIN oh k'l).  
 biography (bye OG ra fi).  
 bitumen (bī TYU men or  
 BIT yu men).  
 blasé (blah ZAY or BLAH zay).  
 blatant (BLAY tant).  
 bona fide (BOH na FYE dee).  
 bouquet (boo KAY or  
 boh KAY).  
 bourgeois (boor ZHWAH or  
 BOOR zhwah).  
 braggadocio  
 (brag a DOH she oh).  
 bravado (bra VAH doh).  
 breeches (BRICH ez or  
 BRICH iz).  
 bronchial (BRONG ki al, *not*  
 BRON i cal).  
 brooch (brooch or brohch).  
 brusque (brusk or broosk).  
 buccaneer (buck a NEER).  
 bulwark (BULL work).  
 bureaucracy (byu ROCK ra sy  
 or byu ROKE ra sy).  
 cabal (ka BAL, *as in* AL).  
 cache (kash).  
 cadaver (ka DAV er or  
 ka DAY ver).  
 caffeine (KAF ee in or KAF een).  
 calliope (ka LYE o pye or  
 KAL i ope).  
 cantaloupe (KAN ta lope or  
 KAN ta loop).  
 Celt (selt or kelt).  
 centenary (SEN ti ner y or  
 sen TEN e ry).  
 chagrin (shuh GRIN).

- chameleon (ka MEE lee un *or* ka MEEL yun).  
 chassis (SHAS ee *or* SHAS iss).  
 chastisement (CHAS tiz ment, *not* chas TIZE ment).  
 chef-d'oeuvre (shed DER vr').  
 cherubic (chee ROO bik).  
 chevalier (shev a LEER).  
 chic (sheek *or* shik).  
 chimera (kye MEE ra *or* ki MEE ra).  
 chiropractor (KYE roh prak ter).  
 circuit (SIR kit).  
 clientele (klye en TELL).  
 clique (kleek).  
 coiffure (kwah FYUR).  
 column (KOL um).  
 comely (KUM ly).  
 comptroller (kun TROHL er).  
 condign (kon DINE).  
 condolence (kon DOH lence).  
 conduit (KON dit *or* KON doo it).  
 conjure, implore (kon JOOR).  
 conjure, evoke as by magic (KUN jer *or* KON jer).  
 connoisseur (kon i SIR *or* kon i SYUR).  
 couchant (COWCH ant).  
 cougar (KOO ger).  
 coupon (KOO pon, *not* KYU pon).  
 covert (KUV ert).  
 covey (KUV i).  
 coyote (KYE oht *or* kye OH ti).  
 culinary (KYU li ner y).  
 curator (kyu RAY ter).  
 decathlon (dee KATH lon).  
 derisive (dee RYE siv).  
 despicable (DES pik a b'l).  
 dilettante (dil e TAN ty).  
 disciplinary (DIS i pli na ry).  
 dishabille (dis a BEEL).  
 dishevel (di SHEV'l).  
 divorcé (di vor SAY).  
 docile (DOSS ill).  
 dolorous (DOLL er us *or* DOHL er us).  
 doughty (DOW ty).  
 drama (DRAH ma *or* DRAM a).  
 duce (DOO chay).  
 eczema (EK zeh ma, *not* ek ZEEM a).  
 epitome (e PIT oh mee).  
 equitable (EK wi ta b'l).  
 era (EE ra).  
 err (*er* as in *fern*, *not* as in *there*).  
 errata (e RAY ta).  
 extempore (eks TEM po ry).  
 extraordinary (eks TROR di na ry).  
 façade (fuh SAHD).  
 facile (FASS ill).  
 Fascism (FASH iz'm *or* FASS iz'm).  
 fetish (FEE tish *or* FET ish).  
 fiancé, *mas.* (fee ahn SAY *or* fee AHN say).  
 fiancée, *fem.* (fee ahn SAY).  
 finale (fi NAH lee).  
 finis (FINE is).  
 fjord (fyord).  
 flaccid (FLAK sid).  
 forehead (FOR ed).  
 forte, *n.* (fort).  
 forte, *adj.* (FOR tay).

- gala (GAY la *or* GAH la).  
 gaol (jail).  
 gape (gayp *or* gap *or* gahp).  
 gauge (gayj).  
 genii (JEE ni eye).  
 genuine (JEN yu in, *not*  
     JEN yu wine).  
 gesture (JES tyur).  
 ghoul (gool).  
 gibberish (JIB er ish *or*  
     GIB er ish).  
 gigantean (jye gan TEE an).  
 Gila monster (HEE la, *not*  
     GEE la).  
 gnome (nome).  
 gondola (GON do la).  
 granary (GRAN a ry, *not*  
     GRAIN a ry).  
 gratis (GRAY tıs).  
 grievous (GREEV us, *not*  
     GREEV e us).  
 gyroscope (JYE roh scope).  
 habitué (ha bit yu AY) *or*  
     (ha BIT yu ay).  
 halibut (HAL i but *or* HOL i but).  
 hearth (harth).  
 heinous (HAY nus).  
 herb (urb *or* hurb).  
 heroine (HEH roh in, *not*  
     HEH roh wine).  
 hiccough (HIK up).  
 homage (HOMM ij).  
 horizon (ho RIZE'n).  
 hospitable (HOS pit a b'l, *not*  
     ' hos PIT a b'l).  
 hypocrisy (hi POK ri sy, *not*  
     high POK ri sy).  
 ignoramus (ig noh RAY mus).  
 imagery (IM ij ry).  
 imbroglia (im BROHL yoh).  
 impious (IM pi us, *not*  
     im PIE us).  
 importune (im por TYUNE).  
 incognito (in KOG ni toh).  
 incomparable (in KOM pa ra b'l,  
     *not* in kum PAIR a b'l).  
 indefatigable (in dee FAT i ga b'l).  
 indictment (in DITE ment).  
 inexorable (in EK so ra b'l).  
 infinitesimal (in fin i TES i mal).  
 inquiry (in KWIRE y *or*  
     IN kwi ry).  
 irrelevant (ir REL e vant, *not*  
     ir REV e lant).  
 Italian (i TAL yan, *not*  
     eye TAL yan).  
 kilometer (KIL oh me ter, *not*  
     ki LOM e ter).  
 Ku Klux Klan (KYU kluks klan,  
     *not* KLOO kluks klan).  
 larynx (LAR ingks, *not* LAR nix).  
 livelong (LIV long, *not* LIVE  
     long).  
 magi (MAY jye, *not* MAG gy *or*  
     MAJ jy).  
 maintenance (MAIN teh nance).  
 maniacal (ma NYE i cal).  
 memoir (MEM wor).  
 menu (MEN yu).  
 messieurs (MESS erz *or*  
     MESS yerz).  
 mischievous (MIS chi vus, *not*  
     mis CHEEV us).  
 municipal (myu NIS i pal).



naïve (nah EEV).  
 necromancer (NEK roh man ser).  
 noblesse oblige (noh BLES  
 oh BLEEZH).  
 nonpareil (non pa REL).

oasis (oh AY sis or OH a sis).  
 often (OF'n or OF ten).  
 ominous (OM i nus).  
 omnipotent (om NIP oh tent, *not*  
 om ni POH tent).  
 onerous (ON er us, *not*  
 OHN er us).  
 onus (OH nus).  
 orgies (OR jeez).  
 oust (owst).

pachyderm (PAK i derm).  
 padrone (pah DROH nay).  
 par excellence (pahR EK se lahns).  
 parliament (PAHR li ment).  
 pathos (PAY thos).  
 patriotic (pay tri OT ik).  
 penalize (PEE nal ize).  
 peony (PEE oh ny).  
 pharmaceutical (fahR ma SYU tik).  
 plague (playg).  
 plebeian (pleh BEE yan).  
 plebiscite (PLEB i site or  
 PLEB i sit).  
 poignant (POIN yant or  
 POIN ant).  
 posse (POS ee).  
 posthumous (POS tyu mus).  
 precedence (pre SEED ence).  
 precedent (PRESS i dent).  
 précis (pray SEE or PRAY see).  
 preferable (PREF er a b'l).

premier (PREE mi er or  
 prem MEER).  
 prestige (pres TEEZH or  
 PRESS tij).  
 preventive (prev VEN tiv, *not*  
 pre VEN ta tiv).  
 prima facie (PRIME a FAY shi ce).  
 primarily (PRIME er il y, *not*  
 pri MARE i ly).  
 pronunciation (proh nun si AY  
 shun), *note spelling*.  
 puerile (PYU er il).  
 pumpkin (PUMP kin).  
 pyramidal (pi RAM i dal).

quadrupedal (kwod ROO ped al).  
 quay (kee).  
 quietus (kwi EE tus).  
 qui vive (kee VEEV).

rabies (RAY bi eez or RAY beez).  
 raconteur (rak on TER).  
 rapine (RAP in).  
 ration (RAY shun or RASH un).  
 recipe (RES i pee).  
 regina (re JINE a).  
 remediable (re MEE di a b'l).  
 remonstrate (re MON strate).  
 renaissance (rcn c SAHNS).  
 revocable (REV oh ca b'l).  
 rodomontade (rod o mon TADE).  
 romance (ro MANS).  
 route, way, road (root).  
 route, defeat (rout, *ou* as in *loud*).

sacerdotal (SAS er doh tal).  
 sachem (SAY chem).  
 sacrifice (SAK ri fice, *i* as in *ice*).

sacrilegious (sak ri LEE jus).	tarpaulin (tar PAW hn).
salutary (SAL yu ter y).	terpsichorean (turp si ko REE an).
sang-froid (sahng FRWA).	theater (THEE a ter, <i>not</i> the ET er, <i>or</i> the AYT er).
satiety (sa TIE e ty).	tribunal (try BYU nal).
scallop (SKOL up <i>or</i> SKAL up).	tribune (TRIB yune).
scherzo (SKER tsoh).	
schism (SIZ'm).	
seismic (SIZE mik <i>or</i> SISE mik).	ultimatum (ul ti MAY tum).
semester (si MES ter).	unanimity (yu na NIM i ty).
sepulcher (SEP ul ker).	usurp (yu ZURP).
sepulchral (se PUL kral).	
seraphic (see RAF ik).	vagary (va GAY ry).
sesame (SES a mee).	valet (VAL et <i>or</i> VAL ay).
sine die (SIGH nee DIE ec).	vehement (VEE e ment).
sinew (SIN yu).	vehicle (VEE i k'l).
solace (SOL is).	victuals (VIT'ls).
sonorous (soh NOH rus)	virago (vi RAY goh).
spontaneity (spon ta NEE i ty).	vis-a-vis (vee za VEE).
squalor (SKWOL er)	vox populi (voks POP yu lie).
status (STAY tus).	
strategic (stra TEE jik).	zealot (ZEL ut).
succinct (suk SINKT).	zoology (zoh OL o jy).
syringe (SIR inj).	zwieback (TSVEE bahk <i>or</i> TSWEE bahk).

#### NAMES OF PLACES FREQUENTLY MISPRONOUNCED

Addis Ababa (AH dis AH ba ba).	Cadiz (KAY diz).
Aegean Sea (ee JEE an).	Copenhagen (kohp'n HAY gen).
Albuquerque (al byu KER kee).	Croat (KROH at).
Aleutian Islands (a LYU shan).	
Antarctic (ant ARK tik).	Erin (AIR in, <i>or</i> EER in).
Antipodes (an TIP o decz).	
Arkansas (AHR kan saw).	Jungfrau (YOONG frow).
Boise (BOI si).	Lourdes (loord).
Buenos Aires	
(BWAY nohs EYE rays, <i>or</i> BOH nos AIR iz).	Miami (my AM i).
	Mojave (mo HAHV y).

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Moscow (MOS koh, <i>not</i> MOS cow).	Salonika (sah loh NEE ka).
Nice (Nees).	San Joaquin (san wah KEEN).
Oahu (oh AH hoo).	San Jose (san hoh SAY <i>or</i> san hoh ZAY).
Osaka (OH sa ka).	San Juan (san HWAHN).
Pago Pago (PAHNG oh PAHNG oh).	Shamokin (sha MOH kin).
Port Said (port sah EED).	Shantung (shahn DOONG).
Prague (prayg).	Smolensk (smo LYENSK).
Rainier (ray NEER).	Stalingrad (sta lin GRAHD)
Rheims (reemz).	Terre Haute (ter e HOTE)
Rio de Janeiro (REE oh day zha NAY roh).	Tientsin (TIN TSIN).
Riviera (ri VYAIR rah).	Vladivostok (vla di vos TOK).
	Wilkes-Barre (WILKS bar ry).

#### NAMES OF PERSONS FREQUENTLY MISPRONOUNCED

Abruzzi (ah BROOT sy).	Dewar (DYU cr).
Adonis (a DOH nis).	Diaz (DEE ahz <i>or</i> DEE ahth).
Aeschines (ES ki neez).	Dumas (dyu MAH).
Agassiz (AG a sy).	Dusc (DOO zay).
Archimedes (ahr ki MEE deez).	Gautama (GAW ta ma).
Bagehot (BAJ ut).	Genghis Khan (JEN giz KAHN).
Bartholdi (bar tall DEE).	Goethals (GO thalz).
Boccaccio (bohk KAHT choh).	Goethe (GER te).
Boleyn (BOOL in).	Grouchy (groo SHEE).
Borgia (BOR ja).	Juarez (HWAH rays).
Charlemagne (SHAHR le mayn).	Jung (yoong).
Cheops (KEE ops).	La Follette (lah FOL et).
Cibber (SIB er).	Macleod (mak LOUD).
Corneille (kor NAY y).	Masaryk (MAH sa reek).
Cortes (KOR tez).	Mascagni (mahs KAHN yee).
De Valera (day va LAY rah).	Maugham (mawm).

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Mercator (mer KAY ter).	Synge (sing).
Molière (moh LYAIR).	
Morgenthau (MOR gen tou).	Taney (TAW ni).
Mussolini (moos soh LEE nee).	Terpsichore (turp SIK o ree).
Nietzsche (NEE che, final <i>e</i> as in <i>met</i> )	Titian (TISH an).
Nobel (no BELL).	Toussaint L'Ouverture (too SANG loo ver TYUR).
Penelope (pe NEL o pee).	Vinci, da (dah VEEN chy).
Powys (POH is).	
Proust (proost).	Xanthippe (zan TIP ee).
Ptolemy (TOL e my).	Xavier (ZAV i er or ZAY vi er).
Richelieu (ree she LYER).	
Rodin (roh DANG).	Zoroaster (zoh roh AS ter).
Rostand (raws TAHNG).	Zuloaga (thoo loh AH gah).

## CHAPTER X

### Training the Voice



There is no index of character so sure  
as the voice

TANCRED.



The voice of conversation is seldom satisfactory for public speaking. It is said that we are a nation of mumblers, indifferent and slovenly about what actors call diction—clear, accurate, and effortless articulation. We leave out letters, drop whole syllables, and mangle what is left. We get so used to “Wajuh doin’ t’night?” “Gimme a quart o’ milk,” “Le’s go,” “He did his doody as he sawrit,” “C’mon! It’s jis aroun’ the corner,” “He told me he’s gotta go on a vurry partickeler job,” and dozens of other crudities that we accept this jargon as the familiar pattern of everyday speech, and succumb to it ourselves so as not to appear stuffy and offensive to others.

This is just lazy language, careless imitation of bad models. Hollywood is full of schools trying to break young actors of the bad habits of a lifetime, and it’s not easy. It’s almost as hard as trying to eliminate the accents of foreigners. Every little change seems affected and unnatural. In fact our lack of actors who can play thoughtful, educated persons of reasonably pleasant and appropriate speech has

made it possible for English actors to capture a large part of our home market for this type of dramatic work.

The public speaker may be an amateur but he is expected to have a professional attitude about language. The first thing necessary for improvement is to be aware of errors, of violations of the etiquette of good speech. Many persons are surprised when these little things are brought to their notice, and mortified that the accumulation constitutes a rather messy indictment. Their first lesson is to learn to listen to speech and to distinguish the good from the bad. They must continue to train their ears, to be sensitive to agreeable and disagreeable sounds.

The next step is to acquire flexible use of the tongue, lips, and lower jaw. Few persons open their mouths enough in speaking. They squeeze words through a thin slit and make little attempt to shape up words clearly and neatly. In every sentence there are many adjustments of tongue, lips, and jaw to be made and half of these may be slurred and hurried over. To get audible, clear, and correct utterance it is still necessary to follow the old advice: Take your time. Speak deliberately, even slowly, until clarity and precision are a habit.

The vowels give us the tone and the consonants carve them into words, meanings. Singers naturally dwell on the fine open vowels for their lovely pure tones and often neglect the consonants as interference and interruption of their best effects. The speaker, too, should prolong the vowels to get a pleasant resonance, but if his words can't be readily made out, all is lost; so he must be firm and incisive with consonants. It takes considerable practice to achieve the proper balance. Some speakers have mellow, well-rounded tones but mushy, obscure articulation, while others work so hard on the consonants that they have an overprecise, juiceless,

dry, and labored sound that lacks the full, free, singing, and winging quality that delights audiences.

The loose jaw, nimble tongue, and flexible lips are what Hamlet had in mind when he bade the players, "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue." The jaw may need a little exercise before it drops comfortably and accurately to shape the vowels. Take *ah*, for instance. Open your mouth wide and give a lusty *ah*, holding it for about ten seconds. Put the first two fingers, one above the other, in your mouth to test the width of the opening. You couldn't get one finger in? Well, you're like everybody else the first time he tries this. Once more, and this time give the jaws a real stretch. Do this exercise several times a day.

I once asked a noted singer what he regarded as the best voice exercise.

"There is one exercise that every teacher recommends," he replied with a grin, "and after spending thousands of dollars on voice training it is the only one I still do regularly. It's yawning. That gives the face, mouth, and jaws a real stretch. You can put three fingers, one above the other, in your mouth. So I yawn everywhere except before my audience. It isn't hard for a lazy, sleepy fellow like me, but if you have to do it to order, pretend you're lifting a glass of water to your lips. As your hand nears your mouth, the swallowing muscles get ready. No water, but the power of suggestion is so strong that they go to work anyway and convert the whole thing into a yawn. If that sounds complicated, just take a good breath and let go on *ah!* Hold it until the yawn comes."

Continue with one or two similar exercises. Say *ah-ee*, stretching the mouth at the corners into a far-reaching grin as you say *ee*. Stand before a mirror and say *ah-ay-ee-eye-*

*oh-you*, giving a different shape to each vowel. Say *ah-ee-oo*, pushing the lips well forward on *oo*. Say *yah-hoo*, *yah-hoo*, *yah-hoo*; *me-ow-oo*, *me-ow-oo*, *me-ow-oo*.

Give the lips further exercise by practice on the letters *b*, *p*, *m*, and *w*.

bid, bad, bed, bud

pit, pat, pet, put

min, man, moan, moon

what, why, where, when (Sound the *h*'s).

If the tongue lacks agility, stick it out as far as you can. Next, press the tip of the tongue to the upper teeth, to the lower teeth, to the sides of the mouth. Curl it back as far as you can. Make it supple by active stretching.

Some articulation is faulty because the speaker does not prolong the long vowels and speak the final consonants. Practice slowly with the following:

hold, gold, fold, sold

bean, dean, clean, green

deem, gleam, ream, seem.

Be sure to pronounce the final consonants distinctly in words like the following:

cost, coat, last, right

child, field, hand, old

accept, crept, kept, slept, wept

costs, exists, guests, insists, tastes

fifths, depths, twelfth.

Lack of space prevents discussion of the great variety of careless and illiterate enunciation. The following list of corruptions and offensive distortions culled from the advice of radio directors to their announcers should be ample to give the clues to the rest. Don't say,



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Amarica	<i>for</i>	America
guv'mint	<i>for</i>	government
libidy	<i>for</i>	liberty
genelmen	<i>for</i>	gentlemen
mawd'n	<i>for</i>	modern
progrum	<i>for</i>	program
accompanyist	<i>for</i>	accompanist
orchester	<i>for</i>	orchestra
amachur	<i>for</i>	amatyur (amateur)
becuz	<i>for</i>	because
are	<i>for</i>	our
Noo Englan'	<i>for</i>	New England
Artic	<i>for</i>	Arctic
Cath'lic	<i>for</i>	Catholic
impirial	<i>for</i>	imperial
piriod	<i>for</i>	period
sacriligious	<i>for</i>	sacrilegious
tobaccuh	<i>for</i>	tobacco
unided	<i>for</i>	united
democradic	<i>for</i>	democratic
Sadurday	<i>for</i>	Saturday
baddle	<i>for</i>	battle
unnerstan'	<i>for</i>	understand

Read the following exercises aloud, slowly and precisely. Then read them more and more rapidly and imagine that you are addressing a large audience to which every syllable should be audible and clear.

1. A big black bug bit a big brown bear.
2. Bring a bit of buttered brown bran bread.
3. Just which one he wants I don't know.
4. His daughter was going to New York to study law.
5. That's the question that really troubles him.
6. Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
7. Thou wouldst not play false yet wouldst wrongly win.

8.           Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,  
               With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,  
               He hits his fists against the posts,  
               And still insists he sees the ghosts.
9. An Austrian army awfully arrayed,  
    Boldly by battery besiege Belgrade;  
    Cossack commanders cannonading come,  
    Deal devastation's dire destructive doom;  
    Ev'ry endeavor engineers essay,  
    For fame, for freedom, fight, fierce, furious fray.  
    Gen'ral's 'gainst gen'ral's grapple,—gracious God!  
    How honors Heav'n heroic hardihood!  
    Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,  
    Just Jesus, instant innocence instill!  
    Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kindred kindred kill.  
    Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;  
    Men march 'midst mounds, motes, mountains, murd'rous mines.  
    Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought,  
    Of outward obstacles o'ercoming ought;  
    Poor patriots perish, persecution's pest!  
    Quite quiet Quakers "Quarter, quarter" quest;  
    Reason returns, religion, right, redounds,  
    Suwarrow stop such sanguinary sounds!  
    Truce to thee, Turkey, terror to thy train!  
    Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!  
    Vanish vile vengeance, vanish victory vain!  
    Why wish we warfare, wherefore welcome won  
    Xerxes, Xantippus, Xavier, Xenophon?  
    Yield, ye young Yaghier yeomen, yield your yell!  
    Zimmerman's, Zoroaster's zeal  
    Again attract; art against arms appeal.  
    All, all ambitious aims, avaunt, away!  
    Et caetera, et caetera, et caeterā.

ANONYMOUS.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Alliteration, or the Siege of Belgrade," from Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*.

10. I am the very model of a modern major-general,  
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical,  
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;  
I'm very well acquainted too with matters mathematical;  
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical;  
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot of news—  
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-  
tenuse; . . .  
I'm very good at integral and differential calculus;  
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous;  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral  
I'm the very model of a modern major-general.

*The Pirates of Penzance.*

Some speakers achieve pretty fair diction but still have hard strained voices that are either high-pitched or guttural. Without some knowledge of correct vocalization to control it even a good voice may sound unpleasant and lose its better quality. The fact is that every voice that is not abnormal or physically defective can, with a little thought and proper practice, be made agreeable and effective for public speaking. Every textbook on the subject treats this matter under three heads. Here is a summary, for instance, from *Reading Aloud*.<sup>1</sup>

“A good voice is one which has (1) the firm support which comes from diaphragmatic-abdominal breathing, (2) the freedom from strain and tension which comes from a relaxed throat, and (3) the pleasing color or quality which comes from well-balanced resonance.”

There is a good deal of writing and talking about correct breathing for speech but most of it is confusing and misleading. Many students are injuring their voices and their

<sup>1</sup> By Wayland Maxfield Parrish, Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York.

health by too much voluntary interference with what should be involuntary breathing. In trying to control this mystic "breathing" they are creating the "strain and tension" mentioned in (2) and ruining any prospect of the necessary relaxation.

The old actor used to say, "Pack your breath against your belt." He meant that you must have breath support for a good, round, calling tone that will reach way back into the second balcony. You breathe like that if you pick up a chair or a table or call across the street to your neighbor. Any exercise will induce this deeper breathing. You will instinctively inhale for better tone support and speak up more loudly when you look at the last row of your audience.

There is, to be sure, a noticeable difference between life breathing and voice breathing. In the former you inhale rather slowly and exhale abruptly, instantaneously, without any attempt to conserve or hold the breath. It is just the opposite in voice breathing. You inhale quickly and exhale slowly. You save your breath instinctively because, as it goes out, it strikes the vocal chords and makes sounds which you convert into words. You don't have to be so sparing of the outgoing breath as a singer who may have to prolong a note or sing several bars on one breath. You may pause much more frequently. In fact, most speakers don't pause enough to get variety and emphasis in talk.

Your lungs rest on the diaphragm, which is an elastic muscle shaped like a dome or upside-down soup plate. It is the floor of the chest and the roof of the abdomen. As the lungs fill with air, they expand and press down and flatten out the diaphragm. Then as you let go—exhale—the diaphragm rises to its normal position and in the process gives more drive to the breath and therefore a greater funda-

mental impact upon the vocal chords, thus providing a better initial tone for the resonators to amplify.

Few persons need conscious breathing exercises. All they need is a point of view, an awareness that speech begins, not with the contraction of throat muscles, but with a letting-go at the bottom of the lungs. If you want to get the feel of this, sing. Notice how you inhale before you begin and at the rests. Next, take a good breath and sing the line, "Oh come, all ye faithful." Continue on the same breath, repeating the words in a conversational tone until the breath is exhausted. You spoke the words with an open and unconstricted throat.

Remember that the sighing movement is at the bottom of good tone, an easy, comfortable release. Take a good breath. Sigh with a downhill inflection, *ah-ah-ah-ah-ah*. Think of an accordion. The player presses a stop and takes in plenty of air. With this movement he opens wide the accordion and begins to play. The instrument slowly closes as it loses air in sounding the notes. When the air is almost gone and the accordion almost shut, the player presses the intake valve again, and again expands and fills the bellows. The lungs should perform like that during speech, with quick intake and slow or gradual release of breath. If you talk fast you use up the breath sooner. If you talk slowly, or at a moderate rate, you conserve the breath and at the same time have more opportunity for variety in stress, pitch levels, and modulation.

Inhale and let go on *uh-uh-uh-uh-uh*. When you have the feeling that you are just letting go from the bottom of the lungs practice saying this long sentence on one breath, "Uh-uh-utter as many words as you can on one deep breath held back without restraint to voice tone without waste." If it is exhausting, stop at *breath*. Then try again, ending

with *restraint*, and so on until you can do the whole sentence without racing. This is just practice for deeper breathing. In actual conversation or public speaking such a sentence would require two or three breaths taken at natural pauses.

To get a more powerful and active diaphragm, recite the following vigorously and explosively:

1. See! March! Shoot! Go! Halt!
2. Ready! Set! Go!
3. Avast! Belay! Hurrah for Baffin Bay!
4. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
5. Avaunt and quit my sight!
6. Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!

Here are two passages to read aloud for practice in rhythmic breathing. The first is slow and measured; the second is fairly rapid and even, if I may be excused a pun, breath-taking. In the first passage you may inhale after each line except the one ending with *old*. In the second, try speaking two lines on one breath. Read both passages with volume in chanting, singsong fashion.

1.       Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
      •       Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
             Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;  
             Heavy to get and light to hold;  
             Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,  
             Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;  
             Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
             To the very verge of the churchyard mold;  
             Price of many a crime untold—  
             Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!

THOMAS HOOD.

2.       Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
             Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
             Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,

And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;  
And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

When you have mastered this centralized breathing, you have gone a long way toward the relaxation of the throat, for with the clear conception that the diaphragm and the lungs are the motor of the voice there will be little temptation to cluck or squeeze or pinch tone out of the throat. But there is still the relaxation of the mind to be considered. Many a fighter leaves his fight in the gymnasium, many a singer leaves his best voice in the studio, many a public speaker loses his easy, confident, rhythmic breathing when he mounts the platform. He grinds tone in the back of his throat because fear makes tensions in his mind and body. Only the discipline of experience, familiarity, and practice will restore his poise.

It is much like swimming or floating on the water. The miracle is achieved when the fear of sinking diminishes enough to allow regular, effortless breathing. Rest and good health are important, too, in effecting relaxation.

Yawning and other relaxing exercises help. Bow the head lazily, letting the jaw hang loosely. Move the head gently from side to side. Say lazily and slowly, *lah, lah, lah; tah, tah, tah*. Repeat several times.

Best of all is the trick of "placing the tone." This means

thinking the tone forward, aiming at the hard palate where the upper teeth and the gums meet. Imagine that you are just plucking words off the lips the way a guitar player plucks notes from the strings. The speaker should get his tones up and over to his audience. He should see himself as a batter sending up easy high flies to catch instead of low hard grounders that are disagreeable and often missed.

The third step in voice culture is the development of resonance. The word refers to the resounding, or reverberating and amplifying, of the tone produced by the vocal cords. Your radio or phonograph would be unsatisfactory without a good loud-speaker. The public speaker must use his head as his loud-speaker, that is, direct his tone to the bony structure of the head, to the teeth, the nasal cavities, and the sinuses. Resonance implies a hum in the tone, a singing quality that improves with practice. It is cultivated by practice on *m*, *n*, and *ng*. Begin with a *hum-m-m*. Keep the lips lightly closed and feel the vibration on the lips and face. Then, starting with the hum again, open the mouth on the vowels. Say, *humme*, *hummo*, *hummo*, *humma*. Continue your practice by reading aloud sentences and passages that have plenty of *l*'s, *m*'s, *n*'s, and *ng*'s. Prolong the vowels. Spread the tone. Think of rhythm and melody, not of gunshots and drumbeats. Your ideal is the singing speaking voice, the calling voice. Put an imaginary megaphone to your lips and call Stevenson's lines:

Yo ho, my lads, yo ho, yo ho,  
The captain calls to all below!

Here are enough exercises to develop resonance:

1. Nine-unknown-men-in-Maine.
2. Boomlay-boomlay-boomlay-boom.
3. mee mee mee mee mee mee mee mee.



4. ming ming ming ming ming ming ming.  
5. Hum and intone more morning songs.  
6. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
7. He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.
8. Solemnly, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The curfew bell  
Is beginning to toll.  
LONGFELLOW.
9. Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;  
Or surely you'll grow double:  
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?  
WORDSWORTH.
10. Stand! The ground's your own, my braves!  
Will ye give it up to slaves?  
Will ye look for greener graves?  
Hope ye mercy still?  
What's the mercy despots feel?  
Hear it in yon battle-peal!  
Read it in yon bristling steel!  
Ask it—ye who will.  
PIERPONT.
11. Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.  
LONGFELLOW.

## CHAPTER XI

### Humor in Public Speaking



Humor is the only test of gravity and gravity of humor.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.



Europeans are often perplexed at our implacable exchange of "funny stories." Whether in private or in public talk we insist on retailing a variety of alleged humor, relevant or irrelevant, they assert, to take the place of the substantial ideas that we so obviously lack. Bridge, golf, and funny stories are our substitutes for adult conversation and discussion.

There is some truth in this Old World condescension, but more of the conceit and error that have characterized the comment of European intellectuals about us from the beginning of our history. We can profit by it, however, and remind ourselves that the most pleasing form of humor for the public speaker is that which derives from his own cheerful, self-reliant attitude toward his subject and his audience.

We cannot, of course, escape the fact that, although nearly everybody can appreciate some form of humor, comparatively few can discover and project it. Even your favorite

radio comedian depends upon the comic observations of his script writers. He may be able to read or speak a line with laughable effect, but if his rather melancholy searchers for the laughs fail to deliver, he will have a poor or mediocre broadcast.

The public speaker, even though he is trying to be merely amusing, does not require the gags and the clowning of the professional comedian. Indeed, he should take pains not to lose his amateur standing. His wit and humor should always appear incidental and relevant to the topic which he regards as appropriate to the given situation. As a matter of fact, most public men seem to regard humor as distracting and distressing. They fear that their weighty remarks upon public questions will sound frivolous when leavened with a smile or a chuckle. You may not find a laugh in a carload of speeches.

We must admit that there are situations where humor is out of place and irritating. The announcement of a momentous decision, the swift development of a logic that may mean life or death, a call to action that brooks no delay must sustain a mood of suspense that should not be relaxed or broken by a wayward wisecrack. These cases are rare, however, and few speakers need worry about taking a desperately dramatic and humorless point of view.

Another hint comes out of this reflection. Some things are so genuinely interesting that they can be presented without the support of comedy. Stories of the war, the narration of exciting news, the clear, concise statement of specially desired information gain little by decoration or humorous illustration. Actors speak of actor-proof parts—characters that have been made so interesting and entertaining by the playwrights that any actor could make a hit in them. Some public speakers are fortunate in the

same way. They have a package of novelties with which anybody might make a notable success. Travelers, war correspondents, lecturers with pictures can rely on something that requires little art to present. How often you hear the remark, "He wasn't much of a speaker but he had a lot of interesting stuff."

Now we come to one obvious reason for humor in public speaking. We have too much public speaking in which it is hard to find an excuse for speaking. If ten or a dozen persons come together for a nice sociable dinner, they have to spoil it by insisting on speeches. People have to be introduced when they don't need it and don't want it. Employees have to praise their employers. They really have nothing to say except that they would like a raise in pay, and they can't say that. Employers have to reply with compliments. The listeners would like to leave for a movie or a dance but don't dare. In desperation, performers try to make a little fun themselves.

Brander Matthews used to say that after-dinner speaking came in with the decline of Negro minstrelsy. The minstrels may have gone, but they have left their jokes behind them. Or have they gone? They may have just washed their faces, removed their crazily striped costumes, left the theater, put on dinner jackets, and made for the banquets, where the audiences don't insist on getting their money's worth.

Some of the old jokes still serve very well but before you fall back on them, or on more recent streamlined variations, see if you can get a little comedy of your own.

What is humor, anyway? Webster gives one definition of it as *disposition or state of mind; mood*. Suppose you are in a playful instead of a serious mood with your subject. That might yield something. Another definition of humor

is that quality which appeals to the sense of the ludicrous or absurdly incongruous. Not very helpful. But *incongruous* means, for one thing, *not conforming to*. Not conforming to what? To the expected; to the commonplace palaver that most people are used to hearing. A self-reliant, somewhat audacious, refreshing quality of approach to the subject yields its own instinctive humor.

Henri Bergson, the French psychologist, wrote a fascinating little book called *Laughter*. He says that what we laugh at is always some form of absent-mindedness, some clumsy, inelastic attitude of mind or body. "We laugh every time a person gives us the impression of being a thing." "This rigidity is comic, and laughter is its corrective." "This rigidity" may be seen everywhere—in the fixed ideas of well-meaning men and women—"cranks" we call them if we happen to disagree with them; in the fixed rules, dogmas, phrases, rituals, arguments, proverbs, in stereotypes of all kinds. These have been rich material for all the satirists from Aristophanes to Robert Benchley.

The pun is just a little playfulness with a stereotyped word or phrase, something so fixed in its use and associations that we are tempted to speak it absent-mindedly or automatically. Notice in the following quotation from an after-dinner speech how Strickland Gillilan gets humor out of the rigid patterns, "look into your faces," "It hurts me more than it hurts you," "Familiarity breeds contempt," "back-to-the-farm," "I came from Ohio."

I am very glad indeed to be here and look into your faces. God knows there are faces here that ought to be looked into once in a while. (*Laughter*) . . . As my father used to say when he led me to the woodshed with a barrel stave in one hand and me in the other, "It is going to hurt you a great deal more than it hurts me." . . . I lived on a farm until I became so familiar

with it that I felt the contempt which comes from familiarity. (*Laughter.*) I rather think I was the originator, at least I was always said to have been the originator, of a back-to-the-farm movement. I turned mine on ours at the first opportunity. (*Laughter.*) I rather think that when I did this and gave up the plow for the pen, literature's loss was agriculture's gain. (*Laughter*) . . . I came from Ohio, as did Senator Willis and everybody else who could. (*Laughter.*)

The stereotyped complimentary introduction of a speaker is a glaring beacon for the bold—and tactful—man to shoot at. You often hear something like the following in the more familiar circle of men's clubs, especially when the speaker and the chairman are old friends. Note, too, the play on the stereotypes, "how we get along together," *dry, wet, treats, and relatives.*

CHAIRMAN: I won't spend much time on today's speaker. You've met him before. He's a relative of mine, a brother-in-law, in fact, and that's enough to tell you how we get along together. We don't. We disagree in business, in politics, in religion, in prohibition. When I go down to Boston to see him, he's an ardent dry. When he comes here to see me, he's a dripping wet. But he's not all wet at that, and I take pleasure in introducing Prof. Samuel T. Waters of Union University.

SPEAKER: Gentlemen: I won't waste your time by speaking about my relatives. Relatively speaking, there isn't much to say about them. But I will tell you how George treats me—and that is, very seldom.

Of course, the safest twitting is that which is done at one's own expense. Many a speaker disarms criticism and converts it into good will by a joke on himself. The opening remarks of a speech by Senator Willis of Ohio furnish an example of this:

I know pretty well the attitude of banqueters about this time in the evening. It makes me think of an experience that I had over in Van Wert County, Ohio, within a year. I was attending a Grange supper—and, thank God, there are people in this country yet who eat supper in the evening. (*Laughter.*) If we ever get to the place where everybody eats dinner in the evening, there is no hope for the country at all.

This was a good old-fashioned Grange supper. After the supper was over, the young people were playing games and having a perfectly delightful time. Finally the time came for the more serious part of the evening's performance. It had been threatened in the handbills that had been passed out that I was to make a speech. The presiding officer, not performing the duties of that office with delicacy and finesse, as the present presiding officer has done, but somewhat overcome by the importance of the occasion and the burdensomeness of the duties he was to perform, finally called the meeting to order and proceeded to introduce me in this somewhat questionable fashion. He said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, we have been having a good time; shall we change the program now and begin the speaking?" (*Laughter.*)

The elements of humor are surprise, unpredictability, playfulness, exaggeration, and understatement. Bergson's theory of laughter implies that we laugh at people and not with them. It fails to take into account the important elements of sympathy and good nature. Without them the humor of the public speaker is liable to cause resentment, ill will. Audiences, as a rule, do not take kindly to wit that is cruel or malicious.

Reading the humorous writers and conversing with persons of quick wit will do most to develop an original sense of humor. They furnish many hints and clues and stimulate flexible and resourceful attitudes in topics of

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discussion. And the speaker can always console himself for any lack of obvious humor by realizing that conciseness, cheerfulness, animation, and awareness that audiences already know a great deal about many subjects will give him a distinction and a sense of proportion that are certainly akin to humor, and greatly appreciated by listeners.



## CHAPTER XII

### That Reminds Me



With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story.

BYRON.



Good stories are undoubtedly useful to the public speaker, but where can you find them and how can you know they're good? You may look through hundreds of pages of joke books and not see one quip that seems of any value in illustrating topics you are likely to talk about. And if you do, it's likely to be so "corny" that you don't dare to use it—not even after some radio comedian has tossed it to his audience with the confident air of a Santa Claus with a delicious new tidbit.

Of course, old jokes can have their faces lifted by changing the scene and the names of the characters. The dialogue may lead up to the joke and bring it on so unsuspectingly that an audience will laugh at the mere idea of meeting its bewhiskered old friend in such strange surroundings. But the public speaker cannot take a handful of jokes and write appropriate patter in which to insert them. He is not like the script writer who may have his comedians talk about anything that will make an excuse for the gags. If the speaker is addressing department-store salespeople,

he may not be able to use that good baseball story. On the other hand, he may. It all depends. If it illustrates something like the courage, courtesy, or ingenuity that a salesman should have, it will, of course, serve. If it is a flippant retort or insult, the speaker may "switch" or alter it so that it becomes something a "fresh" purchaser said to someone behind a counter.

I read this, for instance,

EXASPERATED PLAYER TO UMPIRE (after the game): "Where's your dog?"

UMPIRE: "What dog? I have no dog."

PLAYER: "Oh, excuse me. I thought that nowadays every blind man had a dog."

You might "switch" that joke to make it directly usable for the talk on salesmanship. Here is the same joke in more appropriate dress:

CUSTOMER: "How much is this hat?"

CLERK: "Ten dollars."

CUSTOMER: "Ten dollars! Where are the holes?"

CLERK: "The holes? What holes?"

CUSTOMER: "Why, the holes for the ears of the jackass that would pay ten bucks for it."

In your search for funny stories don't overlook the value of serious anecdotes as illustrative material. They are often more interesting to the listener and they can be told with a great deal more confidence because they are more likely to be new and stimulating to the audience. No one has told them on the radio or reprinted them in newspapers and magazines. They can be told quite simply and naturally, without any of the guile involved in trying to get a laugh, or without any of the embarrassment that follows the failure to get it.

Look for useful anecdotes in biographies, essays, and books of travel. Stories of well-known persons, dramatic incidents, quotations, and analogies are effective and should be sought with the same diligence as humorous bits. What could be more timely, for instance, as a reference to modern education than the following anecdote from Carl Van Doren's *Benjamin Franklin*.<sup>1</sup>

Franklin told of something which had happened at Lancaster in Pennsylvania at a treaty between the Six Nations and Virginia in 1744. The Virginia commissioners offered to take six Indian boys and educate them at the college in Williamsburg. The Indians, after politely waiting till the next day, declined the offer. Their young men who had gone to college in the northern provinces had come back "bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods, unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, or kill an enemy, spoke our languages imperfectly, were therefore neither fit for warriors, hunters, or counselors; they were totally good for nothing." But the Indians would take a dozen Virginia boys and educate them properly in the forest.

The serious story and the humorous story illustrate the same general ideas—thrift, generosity, meanness, courage, faith, intelligence, stupidity, perseverance, diligence, and other traits which the public speaker is likely to refer to over and over again. The story may refer to race, religion, politics, to language, eloquence, discrimination, long-windedness, greed, arrogance. The more things it might illustrate the more useful it is to the speaker.

What general ideas, to take an example, are illustrated in the following story? Would you be likely to use any of them in the speeches you may be asked to make?

<sup>1</sup> By permission of The Viking Press, New York.

Insurance companies do pay promptly, and agents try to impress their customers with this important fact. Two salesmen were competing for a policy. Said one, "If a man died tonight, his widow would receive her money by the first mail tomorrow morning."

"That's nothing," countered the other. "Our office is on the seventh floor of a seventy-two story building. One of our clients had his office on the fiftieth floor. He fell out of his window, and we handed him his check as he passed our floor."

If you wished to continue this nonsense, you might add, "And the Safety Trust Company on the first floor cashed his check before he hit the pavement."

Offhand you might list the following topics that would give you an excuse to use that story:

1. Office Practice.
2. Salesmanship.
3. Promptness.
4. Insurance.
5. Tall Buildings.
6. Banking.
7. Exaggeration.
8. Competition.
9. Speed.
10. Mail.

Your own list may be longer. Try this practice once more, on the following:

A grouchy old gentleman who has more money than he knows what to do with prides himself on always having the best of everything. Therefore he selected for his son the college which he considered the best, Harvard.

The old gentleman did not, however, have much faith in his son's ability. The young man, knowing this, worked hard to

excel in his work. He succeeded so well that when he came home at the end of his first year, he proudly told his parent that he stood next to the head of his class

"Next to the head of the class!" exclaimed his father, "What do you mean, next to the head of the class? Why aren't you at the head? What do you think I'm sending you to college for?"

The son was a bit discouraged but returned to college and worked so hard that he actually won the coveted place. All the way home he imagined how delighted his father would be. When he finally told the good news the old gentleman looked at him a moment, shook his head and said,

"At the head of the class, eh? Well, I must say that doesn't speak very well for Harvard."

These topics will occur to you in connection with that story:

1. Harvard.
2. Education.
3. Colleges.
4. Grades.
5. Grouchiness.
6. Lack of Logic.
7. Lack of Cooperation.
8. Evasion.
9. Stubbornness.
10. Prejudice.
11. Fixed Ideas.
12. Pessimism.
13. Disbelief.
14. Condemnation.
15. Dissatisfaction.

You have observed that the story for the speaker is, as a rule, anecdotal. It isn't a two-line quip or a gag. To be most effective it should have more detail and should

sound as if it had really happened. Of course, the audience knows that it is usually fiction, but it enjoys the sense of drama—action, dialogue, the make-believe of actuality.

The story should never be long or complicated. It may be changed or expanded to suit the purpose of the speaker, but the key words or phrases that carry the humor and surprise should be kept unchanged. A joke that has to be explained or that gives the point away too soon is worse than useless.

And don't introduce the story by saying, "That reminds me." That makes an audience wary and on its guard for an old joke. Besides, it sounds disingenuous. Even though you have actually just thought of the story it will appear like a clumsy bit of maneuvering to get in the one thing you made sure you would remember.

It will be almost as bad if you are frank about the matter and say, "I want to tell you a story." You will be free of guile, but you will have lost some of the necessary surprise.

Don't allow an audience to get either resigned or challenging. Don't give a signal for time out to digress, even though the digression is relevant. Begin the story without windup, without hint or announcement:

"One day last week I was standing near a ticket-window in the railroad station waiting for a friend. A man came to the window for a ticket but the agent was busy in the far corner of the office" etc. (See page 225, no. 16.)

Or, "Dr. Victor C. Heiser used to tell of a banquet once given in his honor by a native king of Samoa." (See page 264, no. 140.)

A great deal of Will Rogers' humor consisted in developing a single bright line into a narrative of personal experience. Everybody can do something with this formula. You can get an example of it any night on the radio.

P. J. O'Brien<sup>1</sup> shows how Rogers experimented with a joke:

Will Rogers' indifferent education in his youth supplied him with much material for many of his best quips and his most famous line was "Sure, I studied McGuffey's Fourth Reader for ten years." Rogers liked that one and, showman that he was, he embellished it as the years went by.

The next time he used it he drawled,

"I studied McGuffey's Fourth Reader for ten years. In the end I knew more about it than McGuffey." . . .

After a few more versions, it became quite an anecdote:

"My father was pretty well fixed, and I being the only male son, he tried terribly hard to make something out of me. He sent me to about every school in that part of the country. In some of them I would last for three or four months. I got just as far as the fourth reader when the teachers wouldn't seem to be running the school right, and rather than have the school stop, I would generally leave.

"Then I would start in another school, tell them I had just finished the third reader, and was ready for the fourth.

"Well, I knew all this fourth grade by heart, so the teacher would say,

"'I never see you studying, yet you seem to know your lessons.'

"I had that education thing figured down to a fine point. Ten years in McGuffey's Fourth Reader and I knew more about it than McGuffey did."

<sup>1</sup> *Will Rogers*, John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. Used by permission.

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PART TWO

*Tools to Work with—Ideas, Illustrations,  
Speeches, Stories*

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## CHAPTER XIII

### Significant Speeches of Today and Tomorrow



We shall fight for a universal dominion  
of right by such a concert of free peoples as  
shall bring peace and safety to all nations  
and make the world itself at last free.

WOODROW WILSON.



The addresses that follow provide a rich source of material for any speech on current matters. They represent the best thought of statesmen, economists, businessmen, educators, and philosophers on the problems of the war and the peace. To be familiar with them is to have a background of mature and intelligent thought that will inspire confidence in yourself and your audience. And especially useful are the many facts, illustrations, anecdotes, and quotations, any one of which may give you the cue and the text for a good talk.

It used to be said that a speech that was eloquent in delivery would probably make dull, unconvincing reading, and that a speech that read well was no doubt a bore when delivered. Such dogmatic generalities are always suspect to the critical mind but they once had more truth in them than they have today. There was, for one thing, a much

greater contrast between spoken and written language. The looser, colloquial manner of talk was considered altogether inappropriate for books and articles. These had a tradition of formality, dignity, and more complex sentence structure. Today, print is almost as conversational as talk, although it still should be more exact, discriminating, and varied in style.

Another reason for revising traditional judgments of public speaking is that good speaking is today seldom "oratorical" in the old sense. In fact, the words *oratory* and *eloquence* have lost much of their former splendor, and now connote the tinsel flashiness of the insincere and showy performer.

Oratory and eloquence still exist, even in the grand manner with which they have been associated. What greater speaking has this generation heard than the majestic rhythms of Winston Churchill? And Daniel Webster and all the other great orators of previous generations may still be read with wonder and awe at their remarkable facility with the thrilling organ tones. The war, with its emotional crises, may bring back the Ciceronian harmonies.

Nevertheless, the modern temper is one of intimacy, informality, directness, and practicality. Its language is sometimes feeble, dry, and thin compared with the more ceremonial literacy of the past. On the other hand, the simpler language and shorter sentences of our day often achieve a sincerity, realism, force, and beauty that move us more than the striking verbal gymnastics of the old-time orators.

The effective public speaker of today is seldom "born." He grows naturally, sometimes unexpectedly, out of the necessities of business and education. He meets his associates at dinners, conventions, conferences, round

tables. He introduces speakers, thanks them, makes announcements, presents gifts, and goes through routines that seldom demand unusual force or charm of personality. But out of this experience and practice come the poise and self-reliance of the leader and creator of public opinion and public action.

There are many intelligent audiences today who want straight shooting, without the embellishments of oratory, audiences who prefer the searching analysis, the questioning attitude, and true sentiment instead of sentimentality. To them Stuart Pratt Sherman would have seemed behind the times and rather heavily pontifical in his remarks to one audience:

I will be as frank as possible. But I doubt whether I can tell you here what I have in mind. The place is too public. There are too many of you here—too many successful businessmen staring in blank incredulity at the strange apparition of an unsuccessful author in their midst. I am not, you see, a hardened public speaker. In fact, I do not much approve of public speaking as a profession. Almost by necessity, public speaking leads to charlatanism. The orator must speak in headlines and capital letters. He must simplify and dilute. He must roar out, with punching emphasis and without modulation, what ought, in the interest of truth, to be uttered conversationally or in an undertone, with delicate shadings and qualifications. Jove, Jehovah, all the gods are represented as having voices that could have filled Madison Square Garden without effort or the use of amplifiers; yet They never attempted to address the Jewish or the Greek people *en masse*; all the important "messages" were delivered to one or two auditors in lonely places in the mountains. No matter how hard a man tries, he can seldom speak truth to more than two or three persons at once.

Sherman would have approved most of the following speeches. They renew our faith in the courage, dignity,

and vision of man. They say the things we feel but can only utter in a confused sort of way. They carry conviction because the speakers have explored their own minds and hearts as well as the history of ideas.

You might profitably use these speeches for exercise and self-improvement, much as Benjamin Franklin used *The Spectator* essays of Addison. He would read an essay, put it aside, and about a week later try to reconstruct it from memory, and with additions and changes that occurred to him. When he had revised the whole as well as he could, he compared it with Addison's paper and discovered how clumsy his own work was and how difficult it was to acquire that simple style. With practice, however, he occasionally flattered himself that he had improved upon Addison. At any rate, it was this sort of persistent drill that made Franklin the most readable American writer of his day.

The outlines that preface the first two speeches were not written by the speakers, who did, however, undoubtedly make similar plans before they wrote their speeches out in full. These outlines, made by simply following the order of the text, are intended to give you hints for planning and organizing your own speeches.

## WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

BY C. J. FRIEDRICH, PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY. DELIVERED AT THE HERALD TRIBUNE FORUM, OCTOBER 24, 1939

### Introduction.

1. Tangible, concrete meanings.
2. A deeper meaning, quite unique.

### Discussion.

1. No narrow and exclusive nationalism for America.
  - a. Nostalgia for a common ancestry.
  - b. Quotation from Archibald MacLeish
2. America, a brotherhood of folks united in a common faith.
  - a. The synthesis which Europe could not achieve.
  - b. The "frog's vision" of the "realists"
  - c. The faith of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln.
  - d. Wilson and the League of Nations
3. The building of democracy.
  - a. Facing failure.
  - b. Meeting the challenging criticisms of Fascists and Bolsheviks.
  - c. Quotation from Alexander Meiklejohn.
4. The American ideal of kindness.
  - a. The ever-present humanism of America.
5. The tragedy of an American of German descent.
  - a. Hitler, the real traitor.

### Conclusion.

1. Dark shadows falling across America.
2. The thrill of becoming an American.
3. Only one way for mankind to live—eventual adoption of the American ideal of a cooperative constitutional democracy for all mankind.

*Chairman* (Mrs. Ogden Reid): Our next speaker is an American citizen by his own choice. Having come first

to this country at the age of twenty-one, he returned after receiving a Ph.D. at Heidelberg, and for thirteen years he has been a member of the faculty at Harvard. During this time he has become an authority on government, and his lectures on political theory and training for government service have had a striking influence on those who have worked under him.

He is the author of numerous articles on education and international affairs, and his most recent book, *Foreign Policy in the Making*, is an interpretation of international relations since the last war.

He will give us the thinking of a man who was born in another country and who cared about becoming an American citizen. I am happy to present to you Professor Carl J. Friedrich.

PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH: What does America mean to me? A question that has been asked again and again. To one it means a job, to another plenty of food, to still another escape from persecution and death. It may mean love for an American girl. All these meanings are tangible, concrete; if you are candid, you cannot pretend to ignore them. It is of such stuff that most of life is made. Yet, one may find any and all of these things somewhere else. But for me there is something quite unique in America, and I shall try to speak of that deeper meaning alone.

Let me first remove a common misunderstanding. Most people do not grasp the deeper essence of America, because they approach it as something which it is not. America is not a nation in the sense in which England, France, or Germany possesses nationhood. There is no common blood-tie linked with a distinct language, a separate heritage. America claims, and can claim, all of Europe's nations, all of Europe's cultures as her parents.

Shakespeare and Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt, Voltaire and Luther, Tolstoy and Beethoven are equally near and dear to us. This is of tremendous importance for our future, as for our past.

No narrow and exclusive nationalism can infest a truly American mind as it grows in culture and refinement. This happens often in European countries, where intellectuals become so buried in the glories of their particular national past that they come to see culture as their own national achievement. The English, the French, the Germans, the Italians, and the Russians all share their danger of nationalist conceit. Let us thank heaven that we are not a nation in this tribal sense.

Still, many sensitive Americans have felt bitterly the gap which this lack of tribal unity in America imposes upon each and all of us. A deep nostalgia has forever filled Americans, young and old, for the security of a common ancestry. When I first decided to remain here, in the middle '20's, American friends often asked me in puzzlement why I, a European of good family and satisfactory material prospects, should want to remain here and become an American. They thought Europe was so much more beautiful, cultivated, and all that. No one has expressed this longing of Americans more movingly than Archibald MacLeish, in his *American Letter*:

"It is a strange thing to be an American," he cries in that song. "Neither a place it is nor a blood name. America is West and the wind blowing. . . . America is neither a land nor a people. . . . America is alone: many together, many of one mouth, of one breath, dressed as one—and none brothers among them: only the taught speech and the aped tongue. America is alone." . . .

This feeling, so deep, so powerful, so touching in its



bitter despair, is characteristic of many. Yet I feel with equal force that the true America, as I see it, is not reflected in these lines. For America is a brotherhood of folks united in a common faith. At the risk of shocking and offending you, let me tell you that the true American is never just born; he has to become one by sharing in the ideals which give America her true meaning. Did you ever think of the fact that amongst the recent immigrants you will find the most real Americans? That those men and women who come here kindled by the faith which kindled the pilgrims and settlers who founded this country are embodying the essence of America while you may not?

The professional patrioteer of course denies it. But remember that everywhere on earth he is the most contemptible of all beings. Patriotism in that form is, as Dr. Johnson said, the last refuge of a scoundrel. But nowhere is he more contemptible than in America. The foul-mouthed agitators who revile the names of America's great as they preach their doctrine of Americanism have never grasped the ideal upon which this commonwealth is founded.

Into the making of America all Europe has gone to achieve a synthesis which the several peoples in their distinct national homes could not accomplish. The vision of this synthesis depends upon the faith which has made America great. But let us be careful not to fall into the trap of national conceit. We are far from having realized the ideal which we cherish. I see a wrinkling of the brow as I mention "ideals." There are many nowadays who do not want to hear about ideals. They like to think of themselves as realists. Their realism is but a frog's vision of America's future. To give a concrete illustration: we are told that in our foreign policy we should follow the

advice of George Washington. But what is the advice of George Washington? Can we merely accept his words? What would George Washington have said if some one had urged him to abandon his great enterprise because "the Pilgrim Fathers were content to live under the British crown, so why not he?" America's faith is a living faith, not a lot of dead verbiage.

America's great have always boldly faced the future. Jefferson thought a little revolution every twenty-five years would be very healthy. Lincoln proclaimed his irrepressible belief in the ultimate justice of the people. Wilson made a first attempt to persuade the world to organize upon American ideals: the brotherhood of man united under a Federal constitution. The results have been discouraging. But do you really, in your heart of hearts, believe that we can abandon that goal without surrendering the meaning of America? I think not.

I have spoken of Washington, of Jefferson, of Lincoln, of Woodrow Wilson. In these four names you have in a nutshell what America means to me. For look at the contrast with Europe. In Washington's and Jefferson's day Europe was dominated by Napoleon Bonaparte. I admire Washington and Jefferson, while I despise Bonaparte. Who towered over Europe in Lincoln's day? The rival imperialists Disraeli and Bismarck. I cherish with affection bordering on devotion the simple figure of Abraham Lincoln, while Disraeli and Bismarck fill me with a vague mixture of antipathy and disgust. And who can hesitate between the noble idealism of Woodrow Wilson and the brutal cynicism of Ludendorff, the shifty craft of Lloyd George and the vindictive rapacity of Clemenceau? You may object to my adjectives; but in these contrasts are symbolized my feelings about the meaning of America.

"Democracy is not ruling, but a laboring to create a good life for all."

But let us not talk of the defense of democracy so much as of our building it. We have our Constitution as a framework for such building, and it has perhaps been superior to any other that we might have had. But we must not deceive ourselves into thinking that the task has been accomplished. There is much in American life which is sordid and utterly contrary to our ideals. Only if we squarely face these failures can we stand up under the sneering attacks of those who challenge our ideals. We must not take lightly the challenge of Fascists and Bolsheviks as they remind us of race persecution and class antagonism, of poverty and crime.

But let us remind them in turn that it is one thing for these things to happen, another to make a virtue out of them. As Alexander Meiklejohn has said in his searching book, *The Meaning of America*, "Ideals can be discovered in their denials as well as in their assertions. We can find them not only in the sense of what we have done, but also in the sense of what we have failed to do. . . . If we say that we have been unscrupulous, ours are the scruples which give to the statement its meaning."

In the last analysis, the meaning of America to me is found in its ideals embodying the ethical aspirations of Christianity. The message of Jesus was: Be kind to your fellowmen. America's aspirations seek to make earnest with this command. This ever-present humanism struck me in my very first travels in this country. Whenever you spoke of suffering, people wanted to help; no matter how crude from an intellectual viewpoint, Americans impressed me as deeply civilized in their anxiety to be kind, neighborly, generous to the point of self-abandonment.

Coming from the hatreds and conceits of the European "intelligentsia," I felt deeply touched by this modesty, this readiness to efface one's self and one's view in order to learn, to progress. Inspired by this spirit, it was at that time my great ambition to become a worker in the joint enterprise of all free peoples to build an international order on the American pattern. I saw a beautiful vision of ever closer collaboration between my mother country and my bridal country. That is how I liked to think of America: as my bride. I thought I saw the dawn of an age when the practical statesmanship of America might realize the dream of universal peace which Immanuel Kant had dreamt of; a universal federation of free republics. Was it too soon, or shall it never be?

It is the tragedy of an American of German descent today that a fervent acceptance of the American ideal exposes him to being branded as a traitor by the men who are in power in Germany today. Many a man when placed in that predicament has lost his faith in the American ideal, in democracy, in constitutionalism, in peace and the brotherhood of man. Let us not judge too harshly of such people, lest we corrupt our own faith.

I do not believe that it will be very long before it will become clear that Hitler is the real traitor, that it is he who has betrayed the eternal values of German as of all European civilization. Therefore, Hitler's war should never be called the German cause. An American woman, Nora Waln, has painted the most moving picture of the dark nadir through which Germany is passing today. But she did not lose her faith in the "ultimate justice of the people," any more than Lincoln did. Maybe we here in America will have to pass through such a vale of tears in this generation.

Dark shadows are falling across the land, and sinister

views are being expounded by Americans who, born in this land, have never experienced the thrill of becoming an American citizen. I shall not believe that they can gain the upper hand until they do. But even if they should, the American ideal will not die. It will be reinvigorated by such an attack, and like a phoenix it will rise from the ashes of those of us who perish in the fight. For there is only one way for mankind to live, and live in peace, and that is the eventual adoption of the American ideal of a co-operative constitutional democracy for all mankind. "We are all brothers, and the bitter taste of our dissensions must not make us lose the quiet confidence that our dismay is in itself a sign of our creative urge, our never-ending effort toward harmony."

That, I maintain, is the meaning of America. It is what America means to me.

## THE WORTH OF OUR PAST

BY FELIX FRANKFURTER, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF  
THE UNITED STATES. COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS AT RADCLIFFE  
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JUNE 18, 1941

### Introduction.

1. College commencements a national occasion to fortify the national spirit.
2. At this time commencements more symbolic than ever.

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1. Colleges the distinctive product of western civilization.
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  - b. Relation of the college to freedom
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## 8. Paralyzing evasions of thought

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(1) More democracy in America despite four wars.

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## 9. Life as an act of faith.

a. The ends to which we dedicate our lives.

## Conclusion.

1. Sustenance from compassionate hearts and courageous minds of the past.

a. Lincoln addressing the Congress, December 1, 1862.

College commencements have long been more than local festivities touching only on the interests of local college communities. They have become a national occasion to celebrate and fortify the national spirit. In the recent past this great event in the lives of young men and young women was a symbol of hope in youth. The generations mingled to take heart, one with another, to promote the promises that lay ahead. But never before, I believe, have college commencements been so appropriate to the times, nor so symbolic of all that we hold dear. For events compel us to reconsider the significance of our history.

Circumstances which even the most ostrich-like can no longer disregard, challenge the worth of our past, the validity of the faith that founded this nation, and our power to vindicate it. This issue concerns the very basis of our history and the underpinning of our civilization. Of this view of our life and of the means for its pursuit an institution like Radcliffe is the most emphatic expression. For our colleges and universities are the distinctive product of

what we cherish as western civilization. They shelter and bring to fruit the purposes which must again be the ideals and the pursuit of the whole world if civilization is to maintain itself. The human spirit here cannot have that security and serenity essential to its dignity and achievement while the soul of man is everywhere else enclosed.

Thomas Jefferson understood this fully. And the epitaph which Jefferson wrote for himself cannot be recalled too often. Here was a man who held all the high offices of state. Yet when he came to commend himself to posterity, this is how he wished to be remembered:

Here was buried Thomas Jefferson;  
Author of the Declaration of Independence,  
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,  
And Father of the University of Virginia.

In that epitaph Jefferson made clear the relation of Radcliffe College and every other college and university in the land to the awful issue that now confronts the world. Man is without dignity unless he has freedom. And there cannot be freedom without the right to pursue truth. The university which Jefferson founded in Virginia and the university which the builders of Massachusetts founded more than 200 years before, almost contemporaneously with the establishment of the colony, and all the other institutions of learning throughout the country are the special instruments for the unremitting pursuit of truth. You therefore represent to a peculiar degree the trusteeship of civilization.

Just as colleges as we know them are at once the fruit and the necessary condition of a civilized society, so democracy is its indispensable political expression. Democracy is neither a mystical abstraction nor a mechanical gadget.



In the long course of human experience it has proven itself the only form of social arrangement which adequately respects, and by so doing helps to unfold, the richness of human diversity. All the devices of political machinery—votes and parties and parliaments—are merely instruments to enable men to live with one another, with full respect for one another, under conditions eliciting the maximum gifts of each for the amplest enjoyment of all.

Colleges and universities are the recognized guardians of the life of reason. Democracy furnishes the political framework within which alone reason can thrive most imaginatively on the widest scale—least hampered by the accidents of personal antecedents and most regardful of the intrinsic qualities in man. Nature herself is democratic in that she plants gifts and graces in ways that defy the devisings of all of man's artifices. Therefore, we must have political institutions which allow these mysterious gifts and graces their fullest outlet.

Until recently men were either too shy or too cynical to talk about these great simple themes. The pace of material development not only preoccupied the energies of men; it overawed their thought. The deficiencies of democracy became a favorite jibe of the worldly wise. And thus the faith that gave us birth and has maintained us was subtly undermined. Even those from whom better things were to be expected, erected impatience with Congress into a political philosophy. A certain university president in the Babylonian twenties added his voice to the chorus urging the elimination of politics and gleefully reported that his students were turning away from sociological studies.

It seemed strange then and it seems appalling now that men should forget that politics is the free exchange of opinion regarding the wisest policy for the life of a society,

and as such is the essence of a free people. These men forgot that in the last analysis we are governed either through talk or through force. Now at least they must realize that a dictatorship means precisely the prohibition of politics. So completely were the governing minds of America under the powerful illusions of materialism during this era that a President of the United States could say that "the business of America is business" and believe that he was uttering a truism.

The business of America is civilization. Our professed realists had lost sight of the wisdom of the most hard-headed political realist of the 19th century. It was Bismarck who gave currency to the term "imponderable," for he, however unsympathetically, was alive to those spiritual needs of man which are the ultimate forces of an enduring society. The things not made by hand nor seen by eye are the things that rule. Beauty and truth, reason and justice—these unattainable but ever to be striven for longings of men are now seen to be man's most indispensable needs. By these needs the most gifted and the humblest are bound into a common brotherhood. I am unashamed to speak of these longings of mind and heart today. They are the only themes worthy of your concern.

These needs are so immediate that we take their satisfaction for granted until we are threatened with their denial. And the imagination is so narrow that too many of us are blind to threats that are wrapped in euphemisms. To acclaim the worth of democracy is not to deny the inadequacies and injustices of our society. It is merely to insist that in striving for the better we should not discard the good. The ultimate justification of democracy is that it affords the only opportunity for continuous social improvement.

What we have already achieved, what is ours to preserve and defend, has been set out in words by one of the finest spirits of our time. It is the utterance of a great historian who has lived and not merely written about those aspirations of men which have found immortal expression in the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address.

What I am about to read was meant only for my eyes, but I am taking the liberty without his permission to read from a letter written by some one you all know who, in the autumn of his life, became an American citizen of his own free choice.

"There is in this country," he wrote, "a wider area of generosity than in any other country—at least in Europe. It is this feeling that one is at home here that conquers you little by little. And one fine day you feel that you are no longer an exile but a citizen in your own country. When I took my oath I felt that really I was performing a grand function. I was throwing away not my intellectual and moral but my juristic past. I threw it away without any regret. The Ethiopian war, the rape of Albania, the Spanish crime, and this last idiotic crime, had really broken my connection with sovereigns, potentates, and all those ugly things which are enumerated in the formula of the oath. It is a wonderful oath. Your pledges are only juridical and political. You are asked to sever your connection with the government of your former country, not with the people and the civilization of your former country. And you are asked to give allegiance to the Constitution of your adopted country, that is, to an ideal of life.

"Thus I took my oath with a joyous heart, and I am sure I will keep it with the whole of my heart as long as I am alive."

Democracy, so conceived as the means by which man

can find his own good, is a subject for interchange of views and humble searching of hearts. The old convention of utilizing an occasion like this for uttering homilies and pronouncements of policy now seems as impertinent as it was futile. A commencement is really a common confessional. But the old should no more abdicate their experience than the young their ardor. Merely because you are young, you are not necessarily wise. Nor is Miss Comstock because she is older, necessarily understanding.

We are enlisted, old and young, in a common enterprise—the bold experiment of freedom. It involves the most exacting collaborative effort. It demands the exercise of reason on the largest scale and self-discipline of the highest order. For it places ultimate faith for the achievement of the common good in the responsibility of the individual.

We are thus engaged in the most difficult of all arts, the art of living together in a gracious society. For this it is not enough to be literate; it is not even enough to be literary. Mr. Justice Holmes used to speak of the days preceding the Civil War when the eminent men of his father's circle indulged in "tall talk" and averted their minds from grim reality. The issues presented by slavery could not be settled by denying them; iridescent phrases cannot make the most ancient of tyrannies into a "new order." While mankind is literate as never before, the environment for reason is least congenial.

Ours is a civilization of hubbub where raucous voices drown out the still, small voice of reason. We want to get rich quick morally and intellectually. We resort to short cuts and easy ways. But there is no short cut to reason, no ersatz for morality. The mechanical triumphs of the machine age cannot be transferred to the workings of democracy. All evasions of hard thinking are self-defeating.

One of the most paralyzing evasions of thought is what Lincoln called "pernicious abstractions." Post-war teaching greatly suffered from them, and to them much of our recent bewilderment is attributable. This is not the occasion for didactic exposition. An example or two must suffice.

One of the most current of these evasions of thought is that "war never settles anything." The Civil War settled slavery. This war will settle the quality of your lives and your children's lives. It simply is not true that war never settles anything. I respect the convictions of a conscientious objector to war and I believe I understand the philosophy underlying Ghandi's nonresistance. But the relentless choice events may force on every individual cannot be met by such a fair-sounding pernicious abstraction as that "war never settles anything."

Another favorite drug for the mind is the claim that a country at war is already under dictatorship. Democracy in this country has expanded despite four wars. And only those unfamiliar with what has taken place in Great Britain since September, 1939, will deny that England is more democratic today than she has ever been. By that I mean very specifically that her present government is more responsive to the common will of her people, although to be sure that will has imposed self-restraint not required in times of peace.

I recommend to any doubter of the alertness of British democracy a reading of the debates in the House of Commons since this war began. What is more heartening, with the enemy at the gates, than to find the government proposing measures for the public security and, after free discussion, to have the representatives of the people rejecting

or modifying them in the interest of "the liberty of the subject."

Life is an act of faith. Whatever destiny awaits you, the ultimate question for each to decide is to what unseen powers and to what dimly defined ends we dedicate our lives. The United States has a special destiny because a unique fact gives it moral cohesion. This is the only country without a racially homogeneous population rooted to a particular soil. We represent a confluence of peoples who derive their bond of union from their common, intrinsic human qualities. This is your heritage. And in the confidence that you will maintain it, this nation was founded.

In days of trial and tribulation we go for sustenance to those few whose compassionate hearts and courageous minds lighted the way through past ordeals. Thus it is that Lincoln today lives perhaps more vividly than when he walked among men. A great man's wisdom is always contemporaneous. In addressing the Congress of the United States on December 1, 1862, Lincoln was immediately concerned with the problems of slavery. But the view of life which infused his utterance is just as relevant to the issue of freedom that now challenges the world. Familiar though these words may be, I make no apology for bidding you Godspeed with them:

"The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

"Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us.

The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We, even we here, hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth.”

## THE AMERICAS IN THE WORLD CRISIS

BY RT. REV. MGR. DONALD A. MACLEAN, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR  
OF SOCIAL AND INTERNATIONAL ETHICS, CATHOLIC UNI-  
VERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C. DELIVERED AT THE  
NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIA-  
TION FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, APRIL 6,  
1942

Pearl Harbor punctured the glittering bubble of our splendid isolation and forced us to replace our long cherished neutrality by Christian conceptions of our fundamental social relations and our international responsibilities. The tragic events of current world history finally compelled us, in spite of our Federal neutrality and traditions of isolation and national self-sufficiency, to face the world crisis as our own problem and to gird ourselves for military action everywhere and anywhere in the world.

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The world should be fully convinced that effective "defense" of true democracy and of Christian civilization does not consist in drifting into World Wars and then barely winning them after a costly struggle; but it consists chiefly in using powers and organized resources in such a way that war does not and cannot take place. At the root of the recent Axis triumphs, through the use of barbaric force, lies a political fact, while at the base of that fact lies a moral failure. The desertion of the League and the World Court by the United States after the last World War has made it possible for Prime Minister Churchill, in his address before the United States Congress, to lament in retrospect, that, "If we had kept together after the last War, if we had taken common measures for our safety, this renewal of the curse need never have fallen on us." That tragedy of dereliction



to the World Society, to the League of Nations, the World Court, etc., must never be repeated by any member of the American nations.

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A more favorable and equitable distribution of the world's population over portions of the earth suitable to colonies and agricultural workers must be quickly undertaken. The Americas, such as Canada, the United States, Argentina, Brazil, are under grave moral obligation to remove speedily by progressive action present unreasonable immigration barriers. Nor does the obligation terminate here. There exists the further auxiliary moral duty of facilitating the transportation and settlement of surplus populations in our wide open uninhabited spaces.

By unreasonable immigration restrictions, tariff barriers, credit and exchange controls, we have stripped hundreds of millions of less fortunate peoples in the highly congested areas of Europe and Asia of their vital birthright in the natural riches of "that surface which God has created and provided for the use of all." Christiansocial justice demands that "the nations less favored by nature" be "permitted access to the economic resources and materials destined for the use of all" which heretofore have, with cold and calculating egoism, been hoarded or even burned or destroyed;—while hundreds of millions of peoples have been forced thereby to endure misery, degradation, and even the tortures of death from starvation.

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An elementary and sympathetic understanding of the world's demographic problems will indicate the urgent necessity of finding a rational solution in accord with these Christian principles. Population pressure, indicated by

the density and the rate of increase of inhabitants in relation to national resources and opportunities, must naturally affect profoundly the social problem as well as the international policies of a state. A study of the population ratio per square mile of the seven great powers playing a dominant role in the present World War discloses revealing and suggestive facts.

According to Simonds and Emery such population ratio per square mile in the United States is 102, in Great Britain 596, in France 294, Russia 68, Italy 500, Germany 587, and Japan 2,430. While the development of explosive nationalistic aggressions by Italy, Germany, and Japan cannot be explained solely on the basis of their intense population pressure, yet surely no one can be blind to the intensifying effect of the world immigration barriers, the international exchange restrictions, and other economic controls on their social and political problems, especially during the recent world economic crisis.

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When we consider the fertility, the vastness and variety of the natural resources of the Western Hemisphere in the light of the fact that the twenty-two countries of the two American Continents with an area of 15,517,000 square miles have a total population of only around 275,000,000, while China, with a territory less than either Canada, Brazil, Australia or the United States, has a population of 450,000,000, and India with half the territory of the United States or Canada has a population of about 375,000,000 or double that of the North American Continent, one can readily perceive the reasonableness of the claim made by the peoples of congested areas to be permitted at least to share in waste lands as crumbs falling from the rich man's

table. Even Europe with an area about that of the United States, has a population three times that of the continent of North America. For the former, acute congestion is far from exceptional, while in the latter, vast areas suitable to cultivation "which God has created and prepared for the use of all," are still abandoned to wild natural vegetation, or even forced out of production by government edict.

The American Continents could easily absorb several hundred millions extra people without suffering any real inconvenience. In fact, they might benefit considerably thereby. This is especially true of Canada, the United States, Brazil, and Argentina, in which there still remain large rural areas capable of supporting large populations.

The land under cultivation in the United States at present amounts to about only 27 per cent of the total land area, while in Canada it is but 10 per cent. In Argentina it is 11 per cent. While the United States and Canada already till a half and a third respectively of their potentially arable land, Argentina with 75 per cent of her territory potentially tillable has vast uncropped areas, while her population is but slightly larger than that of Canada. Brazil, about the same area as Canada, "has only 1.6 per cent of her vast area under cultivation, while over one half of it might, ultimately be cropped."

Although the other American Republics are not so vast or comparatively rich in natural resources, yet they could easily admit with benefit to themselves considerable immigration, especially if they should be aided in the process of absorption and development by the major world nations, particularly by the extension of necessary credits.

The continent of Australia as well as that of Africa could also, in time, absorb considerable immigrants—possibly a couple of hundred millions of additional people. A con-

siderable impetus to the speedy prosecution of an allied victory, as well as a practical solution of one of the most critical of the world's social and political problems clamoring for speedy settlement, might well be afforded should Prime Minister Churchill and Premier Curtin of Australia, by joint declaration, add to an official statement establishing Dominion status for India, the further proclamation that all immigration barriers prohibiting entry into Australia of the people of India were now removed, and that the two countries were prepared to render needed assistance to facilitate settlement of India's surplus population in that vast continent. Thereby would be assured the loyal support of India for an allied victory, as well as the complete frustration of the military aspirations of Japan for its domination of the island continent.

A further stimulus to Indian loyalty, allied victory and the development of free democratic institutions might be afforded should the Government of Great Britain announce the appointment of the leaders of the three major parties in India to membership in the British war cabinet coupled with representation for India in the war joint staff council. When one recollects that the population of India is almost double that of Great Britain, the United States and the British free Dominions, and when the strategic importance of India for allied victory is envisioned, the value of such action can hardly be overestimated. Only courageous strategy and daring, even involving great risks, can assure victory. India's potentialities for victory are incalculable. Such a challenging stimulus might well spur the people of India to acts of heroic action in defense of the Empire and might well prove the turning point for a speedy allied victory.

The problem of the adjustment of world population is

one which the League of Nations together with the nations possessing large available territories must face realistically and with a will to find a solution, that is, if we are not to witness intermittent recurrences of world wars. In the solution of this problem which constitutes one of the major objectives of world peace in a Christian new world order never must we lose sight of the basic truth that the world constitutes a common "fatherland," the lands and resources of which are destined by God for the use of all men. Furthermore we must cease to pay mere lip service to the greatest of all forces of world reconstruction—the Christian social doctrine enunciated by Pope Pius XII. We must indicate to the world in practical economic, social and political terms how that teaching can be realized. Immediate steps to prove that we are in earnest is a vital need, if the world is to be saved from a post-war cataclysm even more fearful than the war itself. To avoid this "ruin of a frustrated and deluded peace" it is essential that the cooperation of all people, and especially of all Christendom, be secured for the promotion of this universal undertaking which is so vital to the common good of all humanity. In this providential mission the Americas are destined to play a historic role.

## THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FRONT

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, DIRECTOR OF THE OFFICE OF FACTS  
AND FIGURES. DELIVERED AT THE ASSOCIATED PRESS  
ANNUAL LUNCHEON, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 20, 1942

It would be a gross distortion of the truth for me to say, as is customary on these occasions, that it is a pleasure to address you. Pleasure is a totally inadequate word. There is no man living—certainly there is no man who does his living in public—who would not jump at the chance. To have the masters of the American press silenced in front of you for twenty minutes while you tell them is something any public servant would gladly sacrifice his hope of bureaucratic heaven to achieve.

You may realize that the silence is only temporary, you may foresee, with complete clairvoyance, that a publisher from Chicago, say, and another from New York (to say nothing of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts in other cities) will turn the dogs on you in the morning papers. But nothing—not even the dread of being called a poet by those who do not care for poets—would induce you to decline. Discretion is the better part of valor only when you hope to have the chance to fight again. And the Lord alone knows when the director of the Office of Facts and Figures will have another chance to talk back to The Associated Press.

That, however, is only part of the explanation. The rest of it is the simple but compelling fact that I have a question to ask you. The question is this:

You are aware—you are far better aware than I—that an Axis offensive on the psychological front is in the making. You have read the short-wave broadcasts from Vichy which quote Ankara as quoting “neutral sources” as saying

that Axis leaders are drafting proposals for a generous peace. You have heard the stories alleged to emanate from Switzerland to the effect that Goering is trying desperately to find an American to whom he can communicate the peaceful intentions of the Nazis.

The stories are doubtful, but their purpose isn't—at least to you. You have realized for a long time—for a far longer time than most of us—that an Axis “peace” offensive is in the cards for this next summer. These stories and others like them are the straws in the treacherous wind. And the question is, What are we going to do about it? How are we—and by “we” I mean those of us in government and in the press who are charged with certain responsibilities in this regard—how are we going to prepare the people of the United States to meet this danger? How are we going to warn them of the nature and extent of the danger before it is too late? And how, having warned them, are we going to arm them to defend themselves against it?

I ask this question of you because it is, in the most precise sense of the term, your business. A “peace” offensive is an offensive in political warfare, and political warfare is warfare fought with the weapons journalists and publishers are trained to use—the weapons of ideas and words. It can be met and turned only by the employment—by the most skillful and most effective employment—of these same weapons. And it is the press, in a country which puts its reliance on a free and independent press, which has that skill and can employ it.

. . . . .

The people of our great cities can imagine with considerable accuracy what an air raid would be and are preparing themselves with intelligence and skill to defend themselves

against the danger. But a propaganda offensive—an attack, not on their homes and on their towns, but on their hearts—they do not understand.

They use the word "propaganda" readily enough. They know that political warfare won victories in France which dive bombers and flame-throwers and tanks and parachute troops could never have won. But the real and deadly danger of the weapons of political warfare they do not realize, for they have never seen them. We are a people to whom the most complicated machines are understandable and the most incredible mechanical miracles are believable, for we are familiar with machines and we have practiced mechanical miracles. Bombers flying at impossible speeds and unattainable heights are accepted without question and observed without astonishment. But the devices of psychological attack are another matter. Fraud as an instrument of conquest is something we have read about but have not seen, and the power of words to overthrow nations and enslave their people is a power in which we do not altogether or literally believe.

In a certain sense and to a certain degree that skepticism of our people is a source of strength, for it reflects a confidence in our ability to see through tricks and frauds which can be helpful. The American people, whether Yankee by origin or not, have a fair sprinkling of Yankee salt and Yankee humor, and salt and humor are powerful preservatives of sanity and sense. But there is a limit to the power of even the best of common sense to protect a people.

The French were famous for their common sense from one end of the earth to the other, and nevertheless the French went down—and not least because of their possession of that very quality. The Nazi propagandists turned the famous common sense of the French people against the



people of France and from that moment the cause of France was lost. When the soldiers of the French armies and the workers in the French factories began to ask themselves the "common sense" question which the Nazi propagandists had put in their mouths—why are we fighting another war? What will it get us? Whom are we fighting for? Why don't we just go home and forget it? What is there in it for us anyway?—When the French peasants and their French soldiers began asking themselves these questions the war in France was already over and the slavery of its people was prepared.

So that it would be a mistake to rely too heavily upon the saving power of American common sense alone, or to assume too easily that because the Americans do not really believe in propaganda they will prove to be immune to it. Propaganda attacks upon the American people will not come advertised as propaganda. In so far as our enemies are able to control them they will come, or they will appear to come, as American suggestions originating within the United States. We can assume that our enemies, who have already demonstrated a considerable skill in these matters, will control their propaganda attack very well.

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What action the press should take through its various associations or otherwise, to determine this strategy of defense, it is not, of course, for outsiders to suggest. But even to the outsider it is evident that the question has two aspects—one internal to the press itself: a reorientation of the press to perform a wartime duty; and the other external: an organization of a method and a practice by which the press can meet successfully the attacks we now foresee.

The first of these problems I attempted to discuss a few

days ago in addressing the American Society of Newspaper Editors at their convention here. Briefly, it seems to me, for whatever my opinion may be worth, that the press, in its own interest as well as in the national interest, must expose and counteract those of its members who, at this moment of national peril, are attempting to influence American opinion, not in the direction of American victory, but in the direction of American defeat. The press must police itself, not only to avoid necessity of a policing by government which neither government nor the press desires, but also to put itself in a position to perform the duties it has traditionally undertaken in American life.

Newspapering-as-usual is as inadmissible as business-as-usual and for the same reason—which is that the national interest now comes first. What that means in the material world of business is that any business activity which interferes with the national will to win this war must give way. The same thing is true of the world of ideas in which journalists live and work. It is no longer enough for any journalist to work solely for the freedom of ideas; it is necessary now to work also for the idea of freedom. And any journalistic activity which blocks or chokes or retards the struggle for the idea of freedom must go the wartime way of the passenger automobile and the mechanical refrigerator.

. . . . .

That the American press will police itself to this end no man who knows the record of the American press will doubt. Indeed the Augean labor has already been begun. It can have but one possible termination. But the cleansing of defeatists and divisionists will not alone resolve the problem. It is not only necessary to deal with those within the American press who weaken the American will to win this war but with those also who attack it from without. Spe-

cifically, it is necessary to develop and to perfect a strategy of defense against the devices of political warfare which will insure the certain and continuing defense of the republic on that front.

That strategy, I think, is neither difficult to find nor difficult to name. It is the strategy which is appropriate to our cause and to our purpose—the strategy of truth—the strategy which opposes to the frauds and the deceits by which our enemies have confused and conquered other peoples the simple and clarifying truths by which a nation such as ours must guide itself. But the strategy of truth is not, because it deals in truth, devoid of strategy. It is not enough, in this war of hoaxes and delusions and perpetuated lies, to be merely honest. It is necessary also to be wise. And, above all, to be forearmed with wisdom.

The strategy of truth is peculiarly applicable therefore to the propaganda attack observers now foresee. To prepare themselves against a “peace” offensive, the American people need to know what a Nazi peace offensive is. They need to know, that is to say, that a Nazi peace offensive is as much a Nazi weapon as a Nazi mechanized division, or a fleet of Nazi planes. They need to know in full the history of previous Nazi operations with this weapon. They need to know for what purpose a Nazi peace offensive is made and with what end in view—that the end is never peace but always conquest—and that the inevitable consequence to the Nazi victims is defeat.

If the American people are informed in full of these purposes and these effects their defense will be assured. They will know how to deal with those who urge the talk of “peace” upon them: and so whether it is proposed to them in terms of a negotiated “peace” or in terms of a negotiated “victory,” or in any other terms. For they will know then

that the one peace possible to those who fight this war for freedom is the peace that free men make—and that the one victory conceivable to those who want their victory to serve the cause of freedom is the victory their courage and endurance win.

The strategy of truth, in other words, has for the object of its strategy a truthful understanding by the people of the meaning of the war in which they fight. Specifically, the strategy of truth has for the object of its strategy an understanding by the free peoples of the world that this war is a war in which no outcome but their victory can be conceivable. Defeat in this war is not possible in the sense in which defeat in other wars was possible—a defeat now to be followed by years of recuperation and a victory in a later war to follow. There will be no war to follow later if this war is lost. Those who win this war will see to it—and will see to it with relative ease—that the defeated will not fight a war for many years to come; will not have the means to fight a war; will not have the means to build the planes and tanks by which alone a modern war can be attempted. The defeated in this war will be defeated as the French are now defeated, as the Poles are now defeated, as the Danes are. No French Revolution of pitchforks against armies will be possible against the victors in this war; the fighting of the last two years has proven that.

That is one fact which the free peoples of the world must understand—the fact that this war is the last war those who love their freedom will ever have the chance to fight for freedom—if they lose.

The second fact is this: That negotiation in this war is not possible in the sense in which negotiation was possible in other wars. Knowing what we do or what we should of previous negotiations with the Axis Powers—negotiations

in Munich, negotiations in the office of Secretary Hull while the Japanese planes were already over Honolulu—knowing this, none of those who now oppose the Axis would dare to trust the Axis in a negotiated peace, would dare relax one moment or disarm one regiment or return one factory to civil use as long as Hitler and the Japanese were armed and undefeated.

## WORLD OUTLOOK NEEDED FOR AMERICANS

BY WENDELL L. WILLKIE, PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE IN 1940.  
DELIVERED AT ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY, APRIL 23, 1942

Last week American bombers carried the war to the enemy. In Burma, on the island of Timor and in the Philippines we struck at the Japanese supply lines. On top of that we bombed Tokio. Hitherto we Americans have interested ourselves primarily in our own affairs. We have lived surrounded by protective distances, which automatically kept aggressors from our shores. And we had so much work to do at home that we did not worry much about the rest of the world. But that long comfortable era has come to an end, as the bombing of Tokio proves. If we can do it to others, they can do it to us.

And so there lies ahead of us now only one common-sense choice. We are a part of the world, and if we are to live well in that world we must at once set about educating ourselves in the affairs of peoples and nations thousands of miles from our shores. We must understand what motivates them, what their hopes are, what their difficulties are, and how their way of life can be fitted in with ours. We must work with them to a common end.

We can best fulfill the lives of the men who are struck down in this war by the creation of a world in which those who survive, and their sons and daughters, can live in freedom and in peace.

That is a high aim. It is an aim to justify all our efforts and sacrifices, and our lives if necessary. We cannot wait to begin work on that aim until the war is "over." That will already be too late. We must begin now to prepare ourselves for the responsibilities and decisions of the future.

If we are to win a true victory in the Far East, we must

have a clear understanding of the people of that great area. If we hope to prevent war in the future, we must know why we are at war today.

For many years we have lived in ignorance of the true ambitions and capabilities of Japan. I think you will agree that we have underrated the Japanese, as a result. We knew vaguely that the Japanese are trying to build an empire. But few realized how great that empire would be, if it were built, or how old the plans for it are. The present Japanese drive is no flash in the pan. Japan was dreaming of empire as long ago as the sixteenth century, when her great dictator Hideyoshi planned to put together a huge Asiatic structure composed of Japan, Corea, Formosa, China, India, Persia, the Philippines and the islands of the south seas.

For centuries Japan locked herself away from the world in a kind of medieval fastness; but the Asiatic empire has smouldered in the background of her politics and her dreams. The urge for that empire burst into flame in our own time. Japan seized Corea in 1910. She struck into Manchuria in 1931. And in 1927 the famed Baron Tanaka wrote a memorandum. The authenticity of this memorandum has been questioned by some, maintained by others. In view of what has recently happened, the case for its authenticity is stronger. I quote:

"To conquer China," wrote Tanaka, "We must first conquer Manchuria and Mongolia. To conquer the world we must first conquer China. If we can conquer China all other Asiatic countries . . . will fear us and capitulate before us. . . . With all the resources of China at our disposal, we shall move on to the conquest of India."

And yet even ten years after that document was supposedly written we Americans were making the fatal mis-

take of trying to solve our troubles with purely domestic reforms. Our Administration had a policy in those days that was basically isolationist, despite the efforts of Cordell Hull. It was trying to teach us to pull ourselves up by our own bootstraps, with the N.R.A., spending theories and strictly domestic economies. It refused to stabilize international currencies, or to improve international credit, or to approach our economic problem from an international angle. By 1937, when Japan attacked China, to begin a new stage in her struggle for empire, the United States was tied up in isolationist legislation which few persons dared to combat. The result of this was that we rendered more aid to Japan than to China, and thus furthered the ambitions of the Japanese.

Can any one doubt that henceforth we must concern ourselves intimately with matters beyond our own doorstep? Japan's ambitions have now disrupted us industrially. She has cut off all our rubber. She has cut off our tin. She has cut off many minor materials from the Far East, which we don't absolutely need, but which make life pleasanter. She has slaughtered our political brothers, the gallant Filipinos. She has treacherously murdered our own flesh and blood. And—however ridiculous the gesture—one of her submarines has actually shelled our west coast.

Furthermore, the Japanese have now conquered a great part of that empire that Baron Tanaka supposedly outlined. Besides Corea and Manchuria they hold the entire coast of China. They hold the major cities of the Philippines. They have conquered virtually all the East Indies. They have taken half of Burma and cut the Burma road. They control at least the eastern half of the Indian Ocean and are knocking on the very doors of Calcutta.

They have gone far enough, indeed, for us to grasp a



picture of what the world would be like if they should succeed. Suppose, for instance, that India should fall. Suppose that China, cut off from all aid, should be strangled and conquered. Suppose that a failure to deliver supplies and reinforcements should result in the collapse of Australia. I do not believe that these things are going to happen, but to deny them as possibilities is simply to repeat the tragic mistakes of the past.

If all this were to come about, we should witness the creation not merely of a great empire but of the biggest empire in history; an empire composed of about a billion people living on twenty million square miles of land; an empire occupying one-third of the earth and including one-half of its total population. That is the Japanese dream.

Moreover, this empire would include within itself almost every resource that can be imagined. It would be self-sufficient, whether for peace-time industry or for war. Japan would then have iron from the Philippines, copper from the Philippines and Burma, tin from Malaya, oil from many islands, chrome, manganese, antimony, bauxite for aluminum, and more rubber than she could ever use. Then it would not be the United States that was known as the bountiful island, but the so-called Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. And all this would not exist for the benefit of the billion people. It would all be subject to the ruling class, the military leaders, the statesmen, the big financiers and the technologists—the tiny body of an octopus centered on Tokio.

I have, as you know, unbounded faith in the courage, the enterprise, and the destiny of the American people. But I say to you that if Americans were forced to live hereafter face to face with an empire of such dimensions and with such aims our way of life would be little better than an

armed camp and our vaunted freedom would be little more than a fond hope. We should live in continual alarm, in endless war, under crushing armaments which it would be our constant endeavor to increase. Neither peace nor prosperity, neither freedom nor justice, could flourish in such a struggle for existence. And it would not matter in the least how wide the Pacific Ocean is.

Now, I believe that we are going to avoid that calamity. I believe we are going to avoid it by striking now before it is too late and by striking hard, over and over again, until we have beaten those ambitious schemers to their knees. But if we do thus succeed in destroying that super-empire before it is created we must remember one imperishable fact—that it might already be too late for us to strike had it not been for the desperate resistance, through five long, heart-breaking years, of the Chinese people.

The Japanese, it is now clear, hoped to crush China in order the more easily to conquer the Philippines, Malaya, Burma and India. They did, indeed, succeed in driving the Chinese back from the sea. But the indomitable resistance of the Chinese people in the interior of China forced the Japanese to adopt a different and more difficult plan. It became necessary to go around China. Instead of merely mopping up the Philippines and the East Indies after China was conquered, the Japanese had to attack those islands first. And they have had to extend their lines all the way around to Burma in order to cut off aid to the Chinese interior. It is this strategical fact which gives us our chance. So long as the Chinese hold out, the Japanese are vulnerable to attacks on their supply lines. And if these lines are permanently cut their vast plan will collapse.

It is not particularly pleasant for Americans to look back across the last five years, during which so few realized the

importance to our entire civilization of the Chinese resistance. While we were absorbed in our bitter quarrels and isolationist delusions we never took time to understand the heroic role that the Chinese were playing, let alone to send them substantial help. Now we are in a great war to retrieve that error. And we shall retrieve it.

The Chinese outlook on the future is almost the opposite from that of the Japanese. They do not seek empire. They seek merely to hold and to develop their own vast and lovely homeland. China is much larger than the United States, both in area and population. It contains within its boundaries many rich resources. On the other hand, it is not self-sufficient—and neither are we. This fact does not disturb the Chinese or make them want to conquer the world, any more than it does us. Self-sufficiency is a delusion of the totalitarians. In a truly democratic world a nation would have no more need of self-sufficiency than the State of New York has of making itself independent of the State of Pennsylvania.

Of course, we must not expect Chinese ideas of personal liberty and democratic government to be the same as ours. Some of their ideas may seem to us too radical, others may seem ridiculously archaic. We should remember that in their eyes some of our customs appear ridiculous and even distasteful. We must keep our minds fixed upon the essential fact, that the Chinese want to be free—free in their own way to govern their lives for the benefit and happiness of their own people. That fact is what binds Chinese and Americans together. Each will find its own freedom dependent upon the freedom of the other. China and the United States are today fighting for the same thing. They are fighting for a chance to show that freedom, alone among the political institutions of mankind, gives men the

power to rise above their immediate self-interest, to work for the interests of their community, of their nation, or of peoples dedicated to a common ideal.

China's recent economic struggle, I believe, has been almost as heroic as her military struggle. If we Americans were blasted from our seacoasts by a hostile force we could retire into our great interior and find there the machines and the skilled labor to fight on. But in the vast interior of China there were no such facilities. The Chinese had to carry their factories inland with them; not on freight cars, not on trucks, not even in carts, but on human backs, piece by heavy piece. They carried them up the great river valleys and across the mountain ranges. And they set them down and put them together in the remote highlands, where the whirr of machinery had never been heard. From the relatively few factories that could thus be transported there have now blossomed more than a thousand industrial establishments—small for the most part and limited in the scope of their manufactures, but each contributing its undying bit to the foundation of the New China.

Surely we Americans can read the handwriting on the wall. The opening up of New China compares only, in modern history, with the opening up of our own West. We know the struggle of those people. We know the hope. And in some significant measure we know what the fulfillment can be. The economic aim of the leaders of modern China is to develop their country much as we developed ours. They want to create an industrial foundation from which to raise the standard of living of their people. Many experts believe that the industrialization of China, once started, would proceed even faster than ours did. The New China would start with advanced technologies. Where we

had to await the slow development of the locomotive they would begin with the 300-mile-an-hour airplane.

In addition to the political and economic factors that I have sought to describe, there are intangible factors that bind us to China. The leader of the Chinese people, Chiang Kai-shek, is one of the great men of history. His wife and his sister-in-law were educated in this country. It is estimated that nearly two-thirds of the leaders of the New China are graduates of American schools and colleges. This university of yours has graduated many distinguished Chinese, among them C. P. Ling of the class of 1918, who has been prominent in promoting Sino-American trade through modern methods, and F. I. Li, of the class of 1910, professor of history at Tang Shan University in China.

These personal ties between our people and the leadership of China assure us of Chinese sympathy and understanding. We know that if we win this war, and if we approach the peace in the spirit of free men who want a free world, China will work with us and will help us in world reconstruction.

It will be a new idea to many Americans that the United States may in the future need help from other nations. But we do need help if our ideas of personal liberty, of justice, of equality, of hope and growth and expansion, are to survive. We can keep America to ourselves, though I doubt if the America we keep to ourselves would be free. But we cannot keep freedom to ourselves. If we are to have freedom we must share freedom.

Already we owe much to other peoples who are fighting for freedom. After Dunkerque the British stopped the German tide while we were slowly rousing ourselves from the delusions of peace. In the last few months we have had an opportunity to get our industries on a war footing. We

owe this opportunity to the brave Russian people, who have been rolling back the German war machine. And as I have sought to show, we owe China the five long years of fighting by which she checked the Japanese.

It has often been said that the world needs the United States—and that is the truth. But equally the United States, if it is to preserve freedom, needs the world.

Recently, on the Peninsula of Bataan, the people of the United States suffered the worst technical defeat, numerically speaking, that they have ever suffered at the hands of a foreign power. We cannot now repay the men who gave their lives in that great action. Yet to those who survive them it is surely a deep consolation to reflect that out of that defeat a new hope was born.

On Bataan the Filipinos and Americans, fighting side by side, learned the real meaning of equality. We know now, in a way that we could never have known before, the real equality between races. We know, too, that in that idea of equality lies the hope, and the only sure hope, of the future. The day is gone when men and women, of whatever color or creed, can consider themselves the superiors of other creeds or colors. The day of vast empire is past. The day of equal peoples is at hand.

Let us keep that aim shining before us like a light—a light for the people of Europe, for the people of Africa, for the people of Asia, for the people of South America and for the people of our own beloved land.

## INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONSHIP

BY PHILIP W. BONSAI, CHIEF, DIVISION OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS,  
DEPARTMENT OF STATE. OVER THE BLUE NETWORK,  
APRIL 25, 1942

I am deeply grateful to Edward Tomlinson for affording me this opportunity of addressing his radio audience. Mr. Tomlinson is a pioneer and remains a leader among those who on the air and in the press have made and continue to make important contributions to that mutual understanding and community of interest which is at the basis of the relations today so happily existing between the twenty-one American republics. His work has been well and favorably known to all of us who are familiar with this important phase of the political and economic relations of our country.

Unfortunately the work of Mr. Tomlinson and his colleagues, based as it is upon intimate knowledge of American problems—and I use the term American in the broadest sense of the word—is from time to time counteracted by irresponsible and unfounded statements which are widely circulated. One such statement was called to my attention recently. It was to the effect that at the recent meeting in Rio de Janeiro the United States representatives made a large number of promises which they did not have the ability to carry out. It was alleged that our delegation offered to the other American republics priorities in the furnishing of a long list of supplies, equipment and machinery urgently needed by the fighting fronts and by our own war industries. The purpose of the offer is alleged to have been to secure certain commitments, presumably of a political nature, from our neighbors. These promises, it is stated, have not been fulfilled and our neighbors are

alleged in this statement to feel that they were deceived at Rio.

These allegations are completely false. The American republics understand and have confidence in each other. Furthermore, they understand the world conditions and particularly the world emergency today confronting free nations. They are conscious of the inter-dependence of their economies. They appreciate the factors which make it more or less possible to transport goods between them. They have resolved together to take all adequate measures for the maintenance of their economic stability.

They know, however, that that stability as well as the prospect of an increased development of their own economic possibilities is intimately tied to the achievement of the military victory to which the peoples of the Americas look with the utmost confidence.

Those who lightly accuse our Government of deliberately making false promises demonstrate among other things their own ignorance of the background of the inter-American relationship as it exists today. That relationship is not the creation of a moment's inspiration. Its foundations were laid over a century ago.

The twenty-one American republics are, in fact, united in many measures to meet danger threatening them all. However, the action which they are now taking is possible because the machinery for collaboration and the mutual confidence necessary for solidarity had been created before the danger arose in its present form. In other words, ours is not an improvised policy.

A very brief survey of the major steps taken over the past few years in order to build up our inter-American solidarity to the point where it is now successfully meeting almost daily emergencies of an international character is



appropriate. The first of these steps was taken at Montevideo in 1933 at the seventh of a series of international conferences of American states which had been held since 1889. There the twenty-one American republics defined the rights and duties of sovereign states and renounced any intervention in each other's internal affairs. By treaty the United States renounced the right which it had previously asserted in certain instances to intervene forcibly in the affairs of its neighbors. By its actions in the succeeding years the United States demonstrated its adherence to the new principles and its dedication to the policy of the good neighbor. Thus was the spectre of imperialism laid to rest in the political field and the juridical equality of each sovereign nation firmly established.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-three—this was the year in which the American republics laid the cornerstone of international confidence and cooperation in this Hemisphere. It was also the year of Hitler's coming to power in Germany.

Three years later the American republics assembled at Buenos Aires at a special conference called by President Roosevelt. It was there agreed that the peace of any one of the American republics was a cause of common concern to all. A procedure of consultation was devised and the obligation to consult together was assumed in the case that peace was threatened from any source.

Many of the statesmen of our Hemisphere were in 1936 already thoroughly aware of the degree to which the path of the aggressor in Europe and Asia had been smoothed because those nations interested in the maintenance of international law and order had failed to stand together and to agree upon common measures of resistance. In 1936 the fatal policies of appeasement and self-delusion had already borne fruit, and the Third Reich had been allowed uni-

laterally and by force to overthrow the international statutes upon which the peace of Europe rested.

Still further seeking to weld together their continental community, the American republics met at Lima in December of 1938. Europe was already in the shadows. Munich had come and gone and few believed that even the highly favorable terms which Hitler had there extracted from the unprepared democracies would long be respected by him.

At Lima the American republics magnificently re-affirmed their continental solidarity and provided that in order to facilitate the necessary consultations the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the American Republics or their representatives when deemed desirable and at the initiative of any one of them would meet together.

Within three weeks of the outbreak of the war in September of 1939 there was assembled at Panama the First Consultative Meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the continent. At that meeting emphasis was upon immediate measures for keeping the effects of the conflict from the Hemisphere. Procedures with regard to neutrality and security were adopted. In retrospect, however, perhaps the most important achievement was the establishment of the Inter-American Financial and Economic Advisory Committee consisting of one representative of each of the twenty-one governments, which has been in permanent session in Washington since November of 1939 and has furnished a constant medium for the consideration of the many and serious economic problems resulting from the ever-spreading war and for the adoption of far-reaching measures designed to meet those problems. For example that Committee is responsible for the Inter-American Coffee Agreement. It devised the arrangements under which 100 former Axis

vessels, immobilized in American ports, are now serving the Americas.

In the summer of 1940 the surrender of France brought the war much closer to our Hemisphere. France has had for generations colonial possessions in the West Indies and on the mainland of South America. Those possessions, in the hands of a Government subservient to the aggressor nations, might prove a source of great danger to the free nations of the continent. Understanding this situation thoroughly the twenty-one American republics before the end of July, 1940, had adopted at the Second Consultative Meeting of Foreign Ministers held at Habana an Act and a Convention providing for the provisional administration of European possessions by an inter-American organization in case of a danger of a change in sovereignty over those regions.

At the same meeting the representatives of the American Republics took occasion to declare "that any attempt on the part of a non-American state against the integrity or inviolability of the territory, the sovereignty or the political independence of an American state shall be considered as an act of aggression against the States which sign this declaration." All twenty-one representatives signed the declaration.

On December 7 the United States of America, one of the twenty-one American republics, became the victim of aggression of one of the Axis partners. The other partners declared war on us. Again the procedure of consultation was called into play. Again the American republics affirmed the declaration which they had made at Habana. The Foreign Ministers acted, reaffirming the complete solidarity of the countries which they represented and their determination to cooperate jointly for their mutual protec-

tion until, in the words of the important resolution which they there adopted, the effects of the present aggression against the continent have disappeared. They recommended that each country break off its diplomatic relations with the Axis powers in accordance with the procedures established by its own laws and in conformity with the position and circumstances pertaining to each country in the existing continental conflict.

The Rio meeting covered a very wide field of matters of inter-American interest. It was fitting that it should do so since it met at a time of unparalleled crisis and since it was the third in a series of meetings held under the consultative procedure. It would not be possible here to attempt to review all that was accomplished. The record has been published. Suffice it to say that in forty carefully drafted resolutions the entire field of the political and economic problems of the Americas was covered. And in addition to these tangible and concrete resolutions it is important to stress the tremendous power of the intangible forces which are today influencing the course of inter-American relations.

At a gathering such as this at Rio—not a conference in the usual and formal sense but rather a meeting of friends and colleagues—statesmen responsible for guiding the foreign policies of 21 sovereign nations meet on informal terms. They sit down in subcommittees and work together in formulating their common policies. Their exchanges of views are not confined to formal sessions, but are continued in small groups at the luncheon table or at social gatherings. Many familiar faces are seen—old friends who have participated in previous inter-American gatherings. The intimate bonds of friendship generated through this simple and effective mechanism have had and are continuing to have a significant effect in promoting mutual understanding

and a feeling of common responsibilities in the face of the dangers threatening our continent.

. . . . .

Just as no one can predict the exact future course of the war to the day of ultimate victory so no one can predict the extent of the privations and sacrifices to which the civilian populations in the United States and the other American republics may be subjected before that day arrives. Equally certainly the maintenance of economic stability in each one of the American republics which are making so important a contribution to our own war efforts is an important objective of this Government's war-time policy. The details of that policy are being worked out daily in friendly consultation and conference between the officials of the various Governments concerned.

Those officials and their Governments believe in the Rio resolutions. They believe that the United States will carry out its stated policy. They have daily evidence of the carrying out of that policy. They know that since the Rio meeting, about 50 scarce articles including important groups of iron and steel products, rayon, certain chemicals, and farm machinery have been the subject of allocation for export by our Government in accordance with its stated policy regarding civilian needs in the United States and in the other American republics.

Since Rio, eight of the other American republics have sent official delegations to Washington for the purpose of entering into reciprocal commitments with this Government in a large variety of matters, mostly of an economic character. These commitments continue to be entered into in a spirit of mutual understanding, confidence, and knowledge. Surely the record is a clear demonstration that the Americas both in peace and in war have found and are following a course of cooperation for the benefit of all.

## THE CENTURY OF THE COMMON MAN

BY HENRY A. WALLACE, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.  
DELIVERED AT A DINNER OF THE FREE WORLD ASSOCIATION,  
HOTEL COMMODORE, NEW YORK CITY, MAY 8, 1942

We, who in a formal or an informal way represent most of the free peoples of the world, are met here tonight in the interests of the millions in all the nations who have freedom in their souls. To my mind this meeting has just one purpose—to let those millions in other countries know that here in the United States are 130 million men, women and children who are in this war to the finish. Our American people are utterly resolved to go on until they can strike the relentless blows that will assure a complete victory, and with it win a new day for the lovers of freedom, everywhere on this earth.

This is a fight between a slave world and a free world. Just as the United States in 1862 could not remain half slave and half free, so in 1942 the world must make its decision for a complete victory one way or the other.

As we begin the final stages of this fight to the death between the free world and the slave world, it is worth while to refresh our minds about the march of freedom for the common man. The idea of freedom that we in the United States know and love so well—is derived from the Bible, with its extraordinary emphasis on the dignity of the individual. Democracy is the only true political expression of Christianity.

. . . . .

Through the leaders of the Nazi revolution, Satan now is trying to lead the common man of the whole world back into slavery and darkness. For the stark truth is that the

violence preached by the Nazis is the devil's own religion of darkness. So also is the doctrine that one race or one class is by heredity superior and that all other races or classes are supposed to be slaves. The belief in one Satan-inspired Fuehrer, with his Quislings, his Lavals, and his Mussolinis—his "gauleiters" in every nation in the world—is the last and ultimate darkness. Is there any hell hotter than that of being a Quisling, unless it is that of being a Laval or a Mussolini?

In a twisted sense, there is something almost great in the figure of the Supreme Devil operating through a human form, in a Hitler who has the daring to spit straight into the eye of God and man. But the Nazi system has a heroic position for only one leader. By definition only one person is allowed to retain full sovereignty over his own soul. All the rest are stooges—they are stooges who have been mentally and politically degraded, and who feel that they can get square with the world only by mentally and politically degrading other people. These stooges are really psychopathic cases. Satan has turned loose upon us the insane.

The march of freedom of the past 150 years has been a long-drawn-out people's revolution. In this Great Revolution of the people, there were the American Revolution of 1775, the French Revolution of 1792, the Latin-American Revolutions of the Bolivarian era, the German Revolution of 1848, and the Russian Revolution of 1918. Each spoke for the common man in terms of blood on the battlefield. Some went to excess. But the significant thing is that the people groped their way to the light. More of them learned to think and work together.

The people's revolution aims at peace and not at violence, but if the rights of the common man are attacked,

it unleashes the ferocity of a she-bear who has lost a cub. When the Nazi psychologists tell their master Hitler that we in the United States may be able to produce hundreds of thousands of planes, but that we have no will to fight, they are only fooling themselves and him. The truth is that when the rights of the American people are transgressed, as those rights have been transgressed, the American people will fight with a relentless fury which will drive the ancient Teutonic gods back cowering into their caves. The Götterdämmerung has come for Odin and his crew.

The people are on the march toward even fuller freedom than the most fortunate peoples of the earth have hitherto enjoyed. No Nazi counter-revolution will stop it. The common man will smoke the Hitler stooges out into the open in the United States, in Latin America, and in India. He will destroy their influence. No Lavals, no Mussolinis will be tolerated in a Free World.

The people in their millennial and revolutionary march toward manifesting here on earth the dignity that is in every human soul, hold as their credo the Four Freedoms enunciated by President Roosevelt in his message to Congress on January 6, 1941. These four freedoms are the very core of the revolution for which the United States have taken their stand. We who live in the United States may think there is nothing very revolutionary about freedom of religion, freedom of expression, and freedom from the fear of secret police. But when we begin to think about the significance of freedom from want for the average man, then we know that the revolution of the past 150 years has not been completed, either here in the United States or in any other nation in the world. We know that this revolution can not stop until freedom from want has actually been attained.



And now, as we move forward toward realizing the Four Freedoms of this people's revolution, I would like to speak about four duties. It is my belief that every freedom, every right, every privilege has its price, its corresponding duty without which it can not be enjoyed. The four duties of the people's revolution, as I see them today, are these:

1. The duty to produce to the limit.
2. The duty to transport as rapidly as possible to the field of battle.
3. The duty to fight with all that is in us.
4. The duty to build a peace—just, charitable and enduring.

The fourth duty is that which inspires the other three.

We failed in our job after World War No. 1. We did not know how to go about it to build an enduring world-wide peace. We did not have the nerve to follow through and prevent Germany from rearming. We did not insist that she "learn war no more." We did not build a peace treaty on the fundamental doctrine of the people's revolution. We did not strive whole-heartedly to create a world where there could be freedom from want for all the peoples. But by our very errors we learned much, and after this war we shall be in position to utilize our knowledge in building a world which is economically, politically and, I hope, spiritually sound.

Modern science, which is a by-product and an essential part of the people's revolution, has made it technologically possible to see that all of the people of the world get enough to eat. Half in fun and half seriously, I said the other day to Madame Litvinoff: "The object of this war is to make sure that everybody in the world has the privilege of drinking a quart of milk a day." She replied: "Yes, even half a pint." The peace must mean a better standard of living

for the common man, not merely in the United States and England, but also in India, Russia, China and Latin America—not merely in the United Nations, but also in Germany and Italy and Japan.

Some have spoken of the “American Century.” I say that the century on which we are entering—the century which will come out of this war—can be and must be the century of the common man. Perhaps it will be America’s opportunity to suggest the freedoms and duties by which the common man must live. Everywhere the common man must learn to build his own industries with his own hands in a practical fashion. Everywhere the common man must learn to increase his productivity so that he and his children can eventually pay to the world community all that they have received. No nation will have the God-given right to exploit other nations. Older nations will have the privilege to help younger nations get started on the path to industrialization, but there must be neither military nor economic imperialism. The methods of the nineteenth century will not work in the people’s century which is now about to begin. India, China, and Latin America have a tremendous stake in the people’s century. As their masses learn to read and write, and as they become productive mechanics, their standard of living will double and treble. Modern science, when devoted whole-heartedly to the general welfare, has in it potentialities of which we do not yet dream.

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I need say little about the duty to fight. Some people declare, and Hitler believes, that the American people have grown soft in the last generation. Hitler agents continually preach in South America that we are cowards, unable

to use, like the "brave" German soldiers, the weapons of modern war. It is true that American youth hates war with a holy hatred. But because of that fact and because Hitler and the German people stand as the very symbol of war, we shall fight with a tireless enthusiasm until war and the possibility of war have been removed from this planet. We shall cleanse the plague spot of Europe, which is Hitler's Germany, and with it the hell-hole of Asia—Japan.

The American people have always had guts and always will have. You know the story of Bomber Pilot Dixon and Radioman Gene Aldrich and Ordnanceman Tony Pastula—the story which Americans will be telling their children for generations to illustrate man's ability to master any fate. These men lived for 34 days on the open sea in a rubber life raft, eight feet by four feet, with no food but that which they took from the sea and the air with one pocket knife and a pistol. And yet they lived it through and came at last to the beach of an island they did not know. In spite of their suffering and weakness, they stood like men, with no weapon left to protect themselves, and no shoes on their feet or clothes on their backs, and walked in military file because, they said, "if there were Japs, we didn't want to be crawling."

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No compromise with Satan is possible. We shall not rest until all the victims under the Nazi yoke are freed. We shall fight for a complete peace as well as a complete victory.

The people's revolution is on the march, and the devil and all his angels can not prevail against it. They can not prevail, for on the side of the people is the Lord.

He giveth power to the faint; to them  
that have no might He increaseth strength . . .

They that wait upon the Lord shall mount up  
with wings as eagles; they shall run, and  
not be weary; they shall walk and not be faint.

Strong in the strength of the Lord, we who fight in the  
people's cause will never stop until that cause is won.

## THE FIFTH COLUMN OF CIVILIZATION

BY GEORGE BARTON CUTTEN, PRESIDENT, COLGATE UNIVERSITY.

DELIVERED AT COLGATE UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT,

MAY 10, 1942

War breeds fears. No, not fears of being bombed. We fear today that the civilization of which we boasted may be destroyed. It is true that we have done little to conserve this civilization, but now that it is in danger we prize it. After carelessly dissipating it, we are fighting for it. An ounce of prevention might have been worth a pound of cure, but of that I'm not sure.

There are those who fear, not the destruction of human political systems and social developments so much as the extermination of man himself. Not long ago I was talking with a biologist and in the course of the conversation he said, "Of course, you know that man is doomed to extinction." I said, "No, I did not know that! When did that happen?" He said that it happened a long time ago, but most people were as yet unaware of it. He referred to man as a terminal twig on the evolutionary tree, soon to drop off and disappear. Why? He could very soon tell you why. Man is over-specialized, and over-specialized species are on their way out.

Three forms of over-specialization he emphasized. In the first place man is oversize, and this is fatal. Fifteen or twenty pounds is about normal for a primate; the anthropoid apes, the largest primates, are rapidly disappearing, and man is soon to follow. The dinosaurs and other saurians are only seen as skeletons in museums; their tiny cousins, the lizards, are widespread and persistent. Mammoths and mastodons adorned prehistoric landscapes, but are now not even a memory. Whales, elephants,

rhinoceroses, and hippopotami are crowding toward the exit.

His second over-specialization is his upright position, to which he is unable to adjust himself and which subjects him to countless diseases and disorders. His third handicap, if I may be permitted to mention it in this presence, is his over-developed brain, which causes too much of a strain on the organism as a whole. The optimists naturally hope that the powerful mind, which is the concomitant of the over-developed brain, may be used to solve his problems; —as I mentioned, these are optimists. So far the opportunity for self-directed evolution of the race has been sacrificed to minister to the whims of the individual. Those great laws of nature responsible for our development up to the present time have been thwarted in every possible way by this intelligence, which if properly named, and were really intelligence, should save us.

It is our particular civilization rather than our species with which most people are at present concerned. Those who accept an organic theory of political and social development naturally present the thesis that society, similar to the individual, experiences birth, growth, decline, and finally, death. This is true whether we take account of the smaller developments of civilization, or group these into larger epochs. We may speak of the Old Stone Age, the New Stone Age, the Babylonian, the Egyptian, the Cretan, the Hittite, the Greek, the Roman, and later ones; or we may see historical civilization in two great declines, the Hittite and the Graeco-Roman. In any case, civilizations have died, and may not ours?

Whatever our thesis may be, there seems to be little doubt of the fact that civilizations have developed and declined, and there are those who do not hesitate to opine

that our present civilization is on the toboggan, and that this war will be the final blow necessary to destroy it. Has a war or a series of wars always been the end of civilizations? Yes, it seems so, but they may have been but the signal that the curtain had fallen. If war is the final act necessary, there must have been countless other indications of decline before that, and some degenerating influences which caused the war to be a losing one rather than a winning one.

Another step in diagnosis is called for. The most pertinent question for us today is this: Is there one element common to all the declines in civilizations which we may recognize as a distinctive element, or does each civilization have its peculiar distinctive cause of fatality? If the answer is the former, the recognition and elimination of it may be the most valuable matter before us at the present time; if the latter, we may fail to recognize the disease in time.

There is still another question. It is this: Is there something inevitably inherent in civilization which is suicidal? Is civilization like a pig swimming in the water; the further it swims the more sure it is to cut its own throat? If we answer this question in the affirmative, then our pessimism becomes glamorous, and we travel down life's corridor hopelessly waving civilization's flag.

We have complacently assumed that progress is inevitable. This assumption has insinuated itself into our thinking as a result of the theory of evolution. Evolution to us is no longer a theory to account for our progress, but an irresistible force pushing us upward whether we wish to go or not. There seems to be little doubt but that we progressed up to the beginning of history, but this progress came in waves. Each destroyed civilization left us somewhat further ahead than the last one. This can probably be predicated also concerning the historical era—it depends

upon our definition of progress. We cannot escape the suspicion that a growing intelligence has interfered with natural selection and thrown a monkey wrench into the evolutionary machinery. History has not covered a sufficiently long period upon which to base a well-considered judgment.

The gage by which we judge the progress of civilization today is different from what we used to measure the civilization of 20,000 years ago—very different. As we look back at our ancestors of that date we want to know about their advancement in the arts and crafts, their progress in art and religion, their ability to transmit to their children the knowledge and skills which they had acquired. Today we are thinking of progress in terms of individual comfort: how many gadgets in the kitchen, how much time mother has every day to play bridge and to go to the movies, how few steps father has to take to reach his office, and how convenient is the new elevator in the house. Our highest ideals are represented by two chickens in every pot, two autos in every garage, two caddies for every golf player, two hair-dos every week, and two colored paints for every toe nail. If we could have these, could civilization be saved? And if so, would it be worth saving?

However, there is such a thing as progress in which the word "comfort" is not heard, and where the idea of comfort does not form a part. As an example, we may think of the progress during the early history of this country. Of what did it consist? It consisted of the development of certain moral traits, of which the concomitant material results were but symbols. True to form, we now cite the symbols as the reality and forget the moral undergirding which is really important. These material results which were originally the symbols are now our reality, and in



striving for them and improvements on them, we lose the substance and retain the shadow.

What made America great was not its extensive material resources, as unlimited as they may seem to be: they had been here ever since the third day of creation, though for age upon age America was a trackless waste. What made America great was the character of the people which unrelentingly forced nature to pour forth her resources and the intelligence of the people who made the most of these resources after they were poured forth. But who defines America's greatness today in terms of character?

In trying to answer one of the questions with which we have been challenged let me say that civilizations are always destroying themselves and that progress has within itself elements of decay which up to the present have proved to be disastrous. If progress is real, it produces things which are coveted by the less progressive nations or races. America has been a land which, if not flowing with milk and honey, has been one dripping with freedom and wealth and luxuries. The dream of the poor and the oppressed and the distressed in all lands has been to come to America. Some have been disillusioned when they came, but not many. Their most extravagant dreams have been realized.

We have never been disposed to belittle our successes or to depreciate our accomplishments or to minimize our wealth. It was not necessary. We have only 6% of the area of the world and 7% of the population, but this small group in this meagre area uses 21% of the world's sugar, has 33% of the world's railroads, uses 36% of the world's coal, 42% of the world's pig iron, and 47% of the world's copper. We drink 48% of the world's coffee, use 53% of the world's tin and 56% of the world's rubber. We have 60% of the world's telegraph and telephone facilities, use 60% of

the world's oil, 72% of the world's silk, and own 80% of the world's motor cars. Is it any wonder other nations covet what our civilization has given us, and want us to share our goods?

When one notes that the two highest percentages on the list are for silk and motor cars, we can see written across the face of our civilization in words of blazing brightness, "Luxury and Comfort," and these, when translated, spell "Softness." Softness has two disastrous effects—in the first place it makes us indisposed or unable to recognize danger, and in the second place, if continued sufficiently long, it renders us incapable of protecting ourselves. Comfort, with its glamour, its seduction, its attraction, and its insidious infiltration, is the fifth column of civilization. When our civilization gave us so many things others want, and when these luxuries and comforts cause us to be unprepared if not unable to defend ourselves, then war ensues, which threatens, if it does not destroy, our civilization.

Beneficiaries of softness and comfort are always optimistic. They resist the unpleasant in act or in thought; they dismiss the disagreeable from their thoughts and refuse to face reality. Naturally they are pacifists and will not entertain the suggestion of, to say nothing of the preparation for, war. In these civilized times war is unthinkable. The behaviorist psychology is always acceptable to them—they know that barbarians who are surrounded for two generations with civilizing influences are absolutely trustworthy: they are wearing silk hats, and does not that prove even barbarians to be gentlemen? They live in their dream world, or if reality persistently insists upon asserting itself, alcohol or some other narcotic drug will readily dispel it.

The conditions that make for real progress are usually unpleasant and we resent them as much as we crave the

fruits of progress. Those conditions are strain and stress and conflict and distress—man has always had to be kicked upstairs. Hard times are ever the harbingers of progress, as necessity is the mother of invention. There was more progress during the four Ice Ages than in any comparable period in this old world's history, and the Ice Ages produced neither softness nor comfort. If there is any progress someone has to suffer, and this is as true of the individual as of the race.

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If I were asked to name the twentieth century sin I would not hesitate a moment: it is dodging responsibility. This is the age of alibi. We not only like it, but we are trained for it. Where is the sturdy independence and unbridled initiative of our fathers? That was all antiquated foolishness. If they wanted the forests cleared, cabins built, crops planted, Indians conquered, mines developed, roads constructed or rivers bridged they should have been aware of modern methods—they didn't know the A.B.C. of the twentieth century technique. If they had only had C.C.C., N.Y.A., W.P.A., how easy it would have been! And the very easiness would have been their downfall. Our nation would have died aborning. Thank God for their resoluteness; thank God for their hardihood; thank God for their courage; and thank God for their self-reliance.

But the need for such men is not passed: their tasks may be different but the spirit must be the same. In the midst of the patriotic fervor in which we naturally live today, amid all the talk of tanks and guns and ships and airplanes, don't be misled. It is the hardy character which is going to win out. The nation which softens first is the first one to fall. Patriotism today means only one thing: it means such a

belief in the justness of our cause and the validity of our ideals that nothing is too difficult to do to bring to a successful culmination the war in which we are engaged. That means character developed through sacrifice.

Take away the flaccid and the flabby and give us men upon whom we can rely; take away the comfort seekers and give us burden bearers; take away the frail and the weak and restore the strong and efficient. Oh, God! take away our comforts and our ease and our enjoyment and our petty satisfaction, and give us tasks that are hard, assignments that are fatiguing, toil that is exacting, and drudgery that is wearying. We want to be men, prove us. Don't let this nation crumble.

## FULL PRODUCTION AFTER THE WAR

BY THURMAN W. ARNOLD, ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL OF  
THE UNITED STATES. BEFORE THE ILLINOIS STATE BAR  
ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 3, 1942

This is a war which will determine whether the democratic institutions of America will survive. We are met here today to dedicate this Bar Association to the paramount task of winning that war—to discuss ways and means of making the organized effort of lawyers most effective to that end. In the tremendous effort to mobilize America every civilian organization must play its part. Lawyers are rightly proud of the power and influence of bar associations, both local and national. They believe that their organized power and influence can be harnessed to serve the nation in war. They want to formulate a program and define the tasks which bar associations can most effectively do. Then they want to take off their coats and get to work. And the leaders of the Illinois Bar Association have informed me that they want their association to lead in this campaign, instead of following.

We are not here to organize a cheering section. Lawyers today do not need exhortation or oratory. We already know the deadly seriousness of our task. We are here today, not to whip up our enthusiasm, but to determine the practical part that this bar association can play in mobilizing our nation. To lay out such a program we must first analyze the problem as a lawyer analyzes a case that he is going to try. If we are to correct the mistakes of the past we must begin with a statement of fact which describes what those mistakes were.

I think that we can all agree today that our greatest mistake was the illusion that we were safe from attack. We

were too long in waking up to the reality of our danger. In a world filled with powerful gangsters we thought we could live at peace if we let these gangsters severely alone and isolated ourselves behind our own local fortifications. When President Roosevelt remarked only a couple of years ago that the frontiers of America were in France, he was met with a storm of protest. We did not realize that the only way to live at peace with gangsters is to search them out and to destroy them. We watched the growth of powerful military organizations in Japan and Germany with complacency. We allowed our foreign economic policy to be dictated by private international cartels that armed our enemies and restricted our own production capacity. We restricted our production of vital military materials in order to maintain a policy of stabilized prices and low turnover. We were afraid to expand production because we thought too much production was an economic evil. We were the richest nation in the world. And so it was natural to think that the nation which had the most money could arm faster than nations that, according to our standards, were bankrupt. We were opulent and arrogant at the same time. We were endowed with what Homer Lea writing 33 years ago called *The Valor of Ignorance*.

That book written so long ago reads today as if it had been published in 1939. It predicts our complacent ignorance of the growing strength of our enemies, our underestimation of their powers of attack, our failure to prepare. I will read you a few passages and ask you why these warnings were ignored, because we must answer that question honestly if the same thing is not to happen all over again.

Whenever a nation becomes excessively opulent and arrogant, at the same time being without military power to defend its

opulence or support its arrogance, it is in a dangerous position. Whenever the wealth and luxury of a nation stands in inverse ratio to its military strength, the hour of its desolation, if not at hand, approaches. When the opulence and unmartial qualities of one nation stand in inverse ratio to the poverty and military prowess of another, while their expansion is convergent, then result those inevitable wars wherein the commercial nation collapses and departs from the activities of mankind forever.

The only poverty from which a nation suffers in war is poverty resulting from the excesses of opulence. In a nation ruled by opulence, men and the souls of men are not only the valets of wealth, but the nation itself is obsequious to it. The government pursues its course through a labyrinthine way; the interests of countless individuals are paramount to those of state, and national ambition ceases to exist. The commonwealth in protecting individual interests resorts to expedients that are as temporary as the lives of those who make them. Yet to these transitory acts the integrity of national greatness is sacrificed. When war falls upon such a nation it becomes disunited. In the same myriad-minded manner that it carried on the mercantile projects of peace it attempts the conduct of a war; then disintegration, disaster and destruction ensue.

On the other hand, in a military power where individuals are considered only as instruments of its greatness, the dreadful intentness of its aims knows no discouragement, the straightforwardness of its progress no hesitation, the terribleness of its energy no fatigue. Neither property nor mankind disturbs its calculations. It is systematic, simple in design, relentless in prosecution. Theories of finance carry with them no awe; revenues and commerce it takes as it finds them; millionaires and economists strike no terror to its heart, for the excise and stamp duties it levies are not on material resources, but on the souls and passions and ambitions of men. These resources are exhaustless, and so long as nations conceal these facts from themselves, so long must they suffer and be vanquished and die.

And so it was that we were confused in purpose even after the outbreak of the war in Europe. We did not realize the strength of Germany until after the fall of France. We were contemptuous toward Japan until after Pearl Harbor. Let me quote again from Homer Lea writing 33 years ago:

A war with Japan demonstrates the truth of the statement that no one can foretell from age to age, or even from decade to decade, in what quarter of the world will rise up a great military nation. This Minerva birth of militant power has always been to mankind an enigma, a dread, but never as yet a lesson. By these things he never profits. He forgets when he should remember, and scorns where he should inquire. So from time to time do warring, conquering tribes burst upon the incredulous world; sometimes from rocky places; sometimes out of wreckage; down from alcoves of God, or up from abysses, they thunder and destroy.

At the end of the World War we had not learned the lesson that Homer Lea was trying to teach. We relied on ideals and good will and international trade to give us security. We watched great military powers grow up in Germany and Japan with exactly the attitude that Homer Lea describes.

Today we realize our present national peril. But that quotation I have just read still has meaning for us in the year that is to come. Our military strength is increasing so fast that sooner or later we are going to be temporarily safe from actual attack. We will then be safe from actually losing the war. We will be at least holding the enemy at arm's length on every front. The question will then arise whether we should isolate ourselves behind these new fortifications and make a peace while the power of our enemies is still intact.



Once we are safe from losing the war, the task of winning it will appear an unnecessary sacrifice to many well-meaning individuals. They will suggest new treaties which outlaw war as an instrument of national policy, or boards of international arbitration to protect against aggressive military power. We must arm ourselves today against the influences for a negotiated peace which leaves our enemies still strong enough to prepare for another war.

What will happen if we negotiate a peace which leaves us without control of our enemies? Look back to the last war. After the defeat of Germany, Duisberg, head of the German Dye Trust, said that the military war was over, but the economic war had just begun. Then we thought he was talking nonsense. Today we know what he meant. Last week the Department of Justice discovered a list of the international cartels formed with particular relation to American business by the German Dye Trust. There were one hundred and sixty-two such agreements. They permeated the structure of American industry. They gave private groups the power to control our foreign economic policy, to divide world markets, to make international commercial deals with our enemies unknown to our Department of State.

To these international cartels we owe the peace of Munich. To these same cartels we owe the failure to expand American industry prior to Pearl Harbor. To the interests of these cartels in stabilizing prices and restricting production we owe our present scarcity in all basic materials.

To a large extent our present industrial unpreparedness of this war is due to the fact that Germany through international cartels built up its own production and assisted the democracies in restricting their production in electrical equipment, in drugs, in chemicals, in basic war materials

such as magnesium and aluminum. International cartels with the active assistance of American interests have operated to deprive us of markets in our own hemisphere by giving them away to Germany.

These restrictions of production are now being rapidly terminated as the war effort gets under way. America is awake to that particular aspect of the problem. But there is another danger from the existence of these cartels which we have yet to face. It is a danger which will be felt in their influence over the peace that is to come. That danger arises from the fact that these cartels have not been terminated, they have only been suspended during the war.

The small group of American businessmen who are parties to these international rings are not unpatriotic. But they still think of the war as a temporary recess from business as usual with a strong Germany. They expect to begin the game all over again after the war. It is significant that all these cartel leaders still talk and think as if the war would end in a stalemate, and that, therefore, they must be in a position to continue their arrangements with a strong Germany after the war. This is not shown by their public speeches, but by the actual documents and memoranda of business policy which we find in their files. If we read the documentary evidence in the hearings on the rubber cartel of Standard Oil of New Jersey and the German Dye Trust we will get a typical pattern of the thinking of international cartel leaders continuing after Pearl Harbor.

The secret influence of the international cartel is going to be thrown in favor of peace without victory when the first opportunity arises—just as it was thrown in that direction at Munich. Their international financial power, their control of world markets all depend upon taking up with Germany where they left off. They are going to be joined by many

sincere people who dread the task of completing the job of victory when we are no longer afraid of actual attack. We must fortify ourselves today against these influences which may creep upon us unawares within the next two years.

And here is the first task before this bar association—organized opposition to the idea of peace without victory. Through your committees, through your resolutions, through your formulated programs you should speak with a united voice that national security for the future cannot depend upon ideals, it must be based upon power to prevent militant nations from arising and again threatening our institutions with attack. The Minerva-like birth of militant power must cease to be, to quote again from Homer Lea, "An enigma, a dread, but never yet a lesson." The oceans are too narrow today to give a security that is not based upon actual power. The Bar Association with a united voice must oppose any drive for peace that may come out of the discouragements that are possible and even probable in the next two years, unless that peace is one that gives us power instantly to suppress international gangsterism whenever it rears its head. This organization of lawyers must impress upon the thought of their community that our duty is to build up our morale to win this war abroad and never permit it to end in the same division of power and international anarchy which makes one victory in the World War and in an initial defeat only twenty-five years later.

No drive for peace is possible now while we are still flushed with indignation over Pearl Harbor—while we are still in actual danger of attack. But a glance at the newspapers will show you that a situation is soon developing under which peace without victory may easily be mobilized among some people by a few dominant groups. The military commentator, Hanson Baldwin, whose percentage

for correct guesses is very high, said on May 20th, (I quote) "Since December 7th the strategic situation has steadily deteriorated from the point of view of the united nations." Let us not blink this fact or be misled by headlines showing heroic resistance in China and Russia. The united nations are still losing the *military* battle. America is gradually winning the production battle. The time is coming when our production will be high, our defenses temporarily impregnable. At that very time the strategic situation abroad may indicate that we must build up an offensive all over again from the beginning through the slow and painful process of years. Then will come the drive for peace to take advantage of our temporary security. Then will come America's opportunity for a second Munich.

Then will come a chance to repeat the peace of the last war. And some new Duisberg will say, with even better prospects than he had before, "The military war is over, now we will begin the economic war." If Germany could do it in 1914 after a crushing defeat, she can do it twice as fast in 1943 after a stalemate, and with the help of Japan. To organizations like this Bar Association is left the task of arming us against the repetition of the economic and military possibility of a peace without power to sustain it.

This, as I see it, is the first task of the American Bar with respect to the military war abroad. The other task relates to the war of production at home. The American Bar are not production experts. But there is today a psychological handicap to the work of production men which the Bar, better than any other organization, is in a position to combat if it speaks with a united voice. What has been the trouble with our industrial morale at home up to Pearl Harbor? I assert that it has not been a lack of willingness

to make present sacrifices, but a lack of positive faith in our own institutions for the long-run future. We have been afraid to expand production because through long-continued restrictions on full production imposed both by business cartels and legislative enactment we have adopted a policy of scarcity economics—a policy of high cost and low turnover; of stabilized prices. We have been afraid to accept the benefits of our own efficiency because we thought a capitalistic system could not distribute the full amount of goods our plants could produce. We had only a wavering faith in our own economic tradition.

The war put us under the necessity of changing those restrictive habits—it has forced us to produce. But we undertook that task as a sacrifice, not as an opportunity, spending half of our time talking about a depression that would follow the war.

It was during the long years of the depression our faith in the capitalistic system we are fighting to preserve became weak, and our industrial morale low.

There is too much economic pessimism left in our land today. We are talking too much about social revolutions, or managerial revolutions, depending on which side of the fence we happen to be. Sincere people question how we can produce and distribute goods after the war without the direct intervention of a strong central government. Everywhere you hear talk of the depression that is supposed to be coming because of the vast increase of productive capacity which the war is bringing about.

The trouble with that sort of talk is two-fold. In the first place it destroys that fundamental confidence in our way of life—in our basic institutions. If a general organizing an army felt that every increase of its equipment was an economic evil he would approach that task of organiza-

tion with a confused mind. In the second place the fear of a depression caused by our vast increase of productive capacity is dividing group against group today, because each group feels that it must seize enough economic power to protect itself against the depression that is to come.

The business or labor organization which spends half of its time devising ways to control and restrict future production that it looks at as an economic burden cannot bring to the task of present production the enthusiasm which our war effort requires. What we need is a new vision which removes this psychological handicap to the morale necessary for full production. We must get rid of the fear which now obsesses labor and industry and agriculture that every increase of productive capacity deprives them of future economic security. We must prove to American industry and labor that future prosperity and economic security—not economic collapse, will flow from the vast increase of production capacity released by the war.

We have had to take a leaf out of Germany's book in military tactics. It might be well also to look at Germany's industrial tactics. What gave her people their industrial morale since 1934? George Axelson returned from Germany in the late autumn of 1941. He wrote in the *New York Times* for December 16, 1941, that in spite of the Russian victory there was no sign of internal collapse on the industrial front inside Germany:

The Germans are being constantly encouraged by their press to consider the war as a piece of good business. While the campaign against Russia was going in the right direction for the Germans, the people at home were constantly fed with statistics very similar to the profit-and-loss sheets of a prosperous corporation. Every bushel of grain and every ton of iron ore in captured territory was carefully listed as a permanent asset of the Reich

for the next 1000 years. And today, the oil wells and the mines of the Japanese bag of loot are included.

Contrast our own attitude. In a report published after Pearl Harbor, the National Resources Planning Board expressed the current fear which is undermining our industrial morale, as follows:

Many people dread to think of what is coming. Businessmen, wage earners, white-collared employees, professional people, farmers—all alike expect and fear a postwar collapse, demobilization of armies, shut-down in defense industries, unemployment, deflation, bankruptcy, hard times. Some are hoping for a post-war boom. We got that after the first World War. Not improbably we may get it again. . . . If we do experience a strong post-war boom, there is, however, the gravest danger that it will lull us to sleep. Sooner or later such a boom will end in depression unless we are prepared.

The report goes on to point out the necessity of planning for the future. It outlines a number of sensible and concrete proposals. However, so long as the fear expressed in this report exists, no great organization is going to be willing to trust in the future power of the National Resources Planning Board to carry out its suggestions in the post-war depression which it predicts. We have seen similar suggestions defeated too often. The industrial leader, the labor leader, and the farm leader, each guarding the selfish interests of his own group, remembers the depression of 1930. He has little reason to believe that a different political situation will exist in the next depression. He knows that in the political confusion of a depression only the group with industrial or political power gets anywhere with Congress.

Therefore, each powerful organization in our economy is busy laying down its own selfish strategy to protect itself

against the post-war depression that is supposed to come from full production. There isn't the slightest evidence that tightly controlled labor organizations or industrial organizations or farm organizations are willing to turn their economic future over to the National Resources Planning Board. Even Pearl Harbor has not diverted any of our organizations from their efforts to build a Maginot Line against the future enemy of full production by uncontrolled free enterprise. Labor, agriculture, and industry each wants to be in a position of sufficient dominance so it can keep its own prices from falling after the war. That is the reason for the desperate effort by labor unions, strategically located in basic industries, to establish closed shops. They think they will need the power over management which the closed shop gives them in the post-war depression. It is the reason why other labor unions strategically located in transportation or housing force inefficient methods and useless labor on employers. They think they will need that power at some future time when jobs are scarce. That is the reason why our great corporations have been haggling with the government in order to get contracts which protect them against the inroads they fear from new productive enterprise.

A nation that fears production, that regards it as a step toward a new depression which should be tolerated only during an emergency enters the race for production dragging a ball and chain. The fear of full production sets group against group. It results in a struggle for control after the war. It prevents us from becoming a nation with a united will to produce. It is in essence an attack on capitalism as a way of economic life.

To get the will to produce, undivided by a struggle to protect the future position of each conflicting group, we



so long as its management is not directing its policy to maintain high prices and low turnover.

When we rid big business of that kind of management that compels that kind of policy, we will not only win the war, but we will establish an economy of abundance after the war with the minimum of government regulation or control.

There can be no greater nonsense than the idea that a mechanized age can get along without big business—its research, its technicians, its production managers. Not only our production during the war, but our way of life after the war depends on big business.

When big business is freed by the inevitable pressures of the war, small business will have opportunities never dreamed of during the period of our depression. Think of the hundreds of thousands of small businessmen who owed their living to the rapid development and the full production of the automobile industry. And then envisage a future of small businesses when, through the development of new techniques and the use of new competing metals, the housing industry will be free to produce houses like Fords. Transportation will be cheaper, the consumer's dollar will be worth more—the farmer will get more goods for his money.

And so I know of no more important task in winning the war on the industrial front than for the organized American Bar to use its united voice to kill the economic pessimism about the soundness of competitive capitalism that is dividing us into separate groups today, each fighting for control. Ideas of social and managerial revolutions today are creating pressure groups who are demanding power over management, power over prices, power over production in order to give them a defensive position in the chaos they

fear is coming as the result of over-production. The way to fight that sort of disunity is to convince our people that the institutions of competitive capitalism for which we are fighting are fundamentally sound, that they need not fear for the future, that they are fighting a war which will not only liberate America from attack but will liberate our people from future want and insecurity, by compelling us to abandon the restrictions on production that have created want in the midst of plenty during the days of our depression.

That is peculiarly the function and the obligation of the American Bar. They are the guardians of our institutions of American industrial freedom. And when they have raised our faith in the efficiency of those institutions, we can fight the battle of production at home with an undivided mind and purpose, and the enthusiasm of one who knows he is creating a better economic future for his children.

## A STATEMENT OF FAITH

BY DR. JAMES B. CONANT, PRESIDENT, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.  
BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS, JUNE 7, 1942

Gentlemen of the Class of 1942: The exigencies of war have altered our traditional Commencement program. I understand that many of you will not be able to stay until Thursday morning when the degrees are formally bestowed. On that occasion, according to the ancient formula, it is the privilege of the President of the University to admit the class graduating from the College into the "fellowship of educated men." Therefore this morning I venture to set the clock ahead four days and welcome the members of the Class of 1942 into that ancient society, the traditional fellowship of educated men.

The significance of both the academic ritual of commencement and the phrase "fellowship of educated men" lies in the word fellowship. It is this word which denotes the link connecting all generations of Harvard graduates—connecting them with one another and with the graduates of all other American colleges. You who now graduate from Harvard enter, as it were, into a band of chosen men who have shared a certain experience. You have served your apprenticeship during the years of youth in contact with a great and living tradition based on the cultural inheritance of our civilization. From this experience provided for you by organized society you have derived benefits which will endure throughout your life. Recognizing the peculiar obligation placed upon you by these benefits received, you together with all members of the fellowship of educated men go forth now to place your talents at the disposal of your country.

To many generations the fulfillment of the obligation

never takes the form of a clear-cut call for action; it is rather diffused throughout a man's career, intermingled with his personal responsibilities and ambitions. But to you of the Class of 1942, immediately upon graduation, and for a few still earlier, the country has turned for special service. For a time the imperious demands of a nation fighting a desperate war must transcend all else. Throwing aside all other plans, casting aside for the moment hopes nurtured in the days of peace, you respond and each proceeds to take his appointed place in the vast national effort.

You entered this College in the days when the collective energies of the American people were so bent on peace that hardly a soul would admit the possibility of war. It has been no easy matter for a free people with a will to peace to become suddenly an embattled nation. To none has the transition been more difficult than to those who now leave our colleges to encounter the hazards of war itself. At this commencement, therefore, I count it a special privilege to address you as members of the graduating class. I wish that to every one of you I could say a personal word. I wish that I could convey the understanding pride and confidence with which the College salutes you on this graduation day.

I have spoken of the link which connects one college generation with another. In the case of this College, the succession of these links, the chain of graduated classes, now spans exactly three hundred years. The members of the Class of 1642 were the first to receive the bachelor's degree, from the hands of Henry Dunster. From one point of view those first alumni of three centuries ago seem as remote as prehistoric man. Yet, viewed from another angle, the long interval of time appears to vanish. When the Class of 1642

graduated, a civil war was brewing in England. Half the members of that class crossed the seas to join with other Puritans whose victorious armies were to rule England for nearly twenty years. 1642 was a time of anxiety and trouble for Harvard men—a time that “tried men’s souls.” So was 1775, so was 1861, so was 1917, and so is 1942. The members of all the war classes in the history of Harvard are united by a special bond. For the questions which face young men in times of war have changed little in the course of three hundred years. All the material changes of the centuries and many of the cultural differences that separate one climate of opinion from another disappear when a crisis brings an individual face to face with the fundamental problems of human destiny.

Days of anguish and suffering are days when individuals, both young and old, must probe more deeply in their search for a solid foundation on which to build their faith. A philosophy of life sufficient for calm and uneventful periods is all too often inadequate in time of stress. To be sure, sooner or later most men have to reexamine the basic assumptions from which they direct their lives, they have to rethink their answers to the age-old questions arising when the stark facts of tragedy and evil suddenly obtrude. But for young men in particular, war compresses the normal span of years during which a satisfying outlook upon the world may be attained. Some answer must be found at once, some solidity achieved in a universe which seems to have exploded into chaos. Such being the case, the least that a person in my position can do is to try to speak honestly and frankly. One man’s religion will rarely satisfy another. But a statement of a point of view may be of assistance to others in formulating their own beliefs. Therefore, I shall venture to try to outline the framework within which I

believe a young American who has not subscribed to a formal creed may today find the faith that he requires.

"There are no atheists in fox-holes"—these words were used by a war correspondent writing from Bataan. They are typical of the United States of the twentieth century; no other age would have said so much by indirection. Affirmations of faith by earlier generations of Americans were bold and direct, though often couched in the narrow vocabulary of a special creed. Not so today. This is not an age when one wears the heart upon the sleeve. No Gallup poll can estimate the inner thoughts of the millions who constitute this nation. In these times few laymen venture to think out loud on questions which once were heatedly debated up and down the land. Religious toleration has by necessity driven theological controversy underground. Indeed, in many quarters it is thought to be un-American even to inquire as to a man's religion. But it is easy to mistake a changing mode of expression for a fundamental alteration in men's hearts. I venture to believe that even today, not only under enemy fire but under any circumstances of a desperate and gruelling nature, few atheists would be found in any group born and bred in the American tradition.

Some of you may well challenge this statement. Let me, therefore, explain what I have in mind. In the first place, experience seems to show that few men will fight fiercely against desperate odds unless they are imbued with a living faith. In the second place, for nine men out of ten such faith must arise from the background of their lives—it must be indigenous to the society they defend. And it would be my contention that for most of the American people today the final answers to the questions propounded by the facts of life and death must be in terms that no atheist would

admit. For a vast majority of us the answers will involve the basic tenets of Christianity, even for those who do not count themselves as members of any church. For, to my mind, the whole development of the American conception of democracy has been conditioned by the existence throughout our history of a powerful religious tradition. In the earlier years of the evolution of what we call the American way of life, this driving religious force came predominantly from the dissenting protestant sects. Therefore, I shall speak of the historical religious tradition as the Spirit of the Reformation. In opposition to this religious current there flowed an ever-increasing secular stream of thought and action. This antithetical force was the bold, adventurous, self-assured belief in man's capacity to aid himself—the Spirit of the Renaissance. Out of the conflict of these two—the Spirit of the Reformation and the Spirit of the Renaissance—has come a synthesis; the American belief in democracy, a form of government which both guarantees the integrity of the individual soul and allows man's potential capacities to develop to the full.

Perhaps I may illustrate the struggle between the Spirit of the Renaissance and the Spirit of the Reformation by a famous Harvard story. It is usually told to illustrate that bygone age when university administration was an intensely personal concern of a college president. Emerson Hall was in process of construction. The design included an inscription on the north façade over the doorway leading to Sever and Robinson Halls. The Department of Philosophy had decided that this inscription should read, "Man is the measure of all things," speaking in the Spirit of the Renaissance. But President Eliot quietly decided otherwise. When the professors returned from the summer vacation they found the building essentially complete, and cut into

the stone were the words: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Now this story may well be apocryphal, but I cherish it none the less. For the two famous quotations which are made to contend for the place of honor symbolize the two great cultural streams which together have made the America in which we live. .

The Puritans who founded this College were bent on eliminating from their religion every vestige of magic and superstition. For that contribution to the evolution of American thought many of us honor them today. From the cross currents of other dissenting sects and as a strange transformation of puritan dogma itself came the idea of religious toleration and the reaffirmation of the spiritual basis of individual freedom. For these elements in our national life, all who understand the nature of the present struggle must pay a tribute of deep gratitude.

In the course of the nineteenth century came the industrial revolution and with it increasing optimism. Not merely optimism about material progress but a utopian philosophy became generally accepted. To men who in their lifetime had seen the modern age of machine develop, nothing seemed impossible. To them and their children there appeared to be no limit to what man might accomplish, no limit to the extent to which he might transform the universe materially, socially, ethically, spiritually. As has been said, the twentieth century of America renounced a belief in all miracles save one, the most miraculous of all—the rapid and complete transformation of man himself. It was as if one generalized about the weather from the experience of a sunny day.

To some who view the present chaos in the light of the follies of the last twenty years, no small measure of blame must be laid at the door of the prevalent utopian philosophy.



One has only to recall the slogan, "War to end war" and the famous pact to outlaw war to illustrate the point. Surely the history of the United States from 1917 to 1941 shows how the utopian philosophy may defeat the very movements it would foster. Dreams based on a misconception of a total situation are bound to produce a severe reaction. When impossible ideals are set before men's minds, no harvest except bitter disillusionment and cynicism can be expected.

The danger exists again today. We are fighting to defend human liberty and render secure the American way of life. We desire to prevent the recurrence of a devastating worldwide struggle every generation. We want and expect to have the United States a better place to live in when the war is over. Limited objectives we must set. But let us proceed cautiously in painting too rosy a picture of the world or even of the United States after the war is over. Modern civilization will be hard pressed, indeed, if another era of cynicism is the product of utopian war aims of this struggle!

Let me make it clear that in finding fault with the utopian philosophy of the last forty years I am no defeatist as to human hopes. I am confident that in your lifetime you will see a new flowering of those aspirations which were expressed by the founders of the Republic. It seems to me possible to hold the balance even between the optimistic spirit of the Renaissance, which sets no bounds to man's ambitions, and the spiritual forces of the Reformation. And by holding such a balance, I believe the spiritual values basic to American democracy may be maintained and strengthened.

But, on the other hand, it seems to me evident that man's nature is such that all men at some time and some men at all times will feel and behave not as though they were true

Christians but as though they were devils incarnate. To my mind, it is the first duty of an individual to oppose such thoughts and behavior either within himself or in other men. To the extent that a man does this he has courage which is good; to the extent that he does not he is a coward and that is bad. I use the absolutes good and bad without apology. For when it comes to passing a value judgment on courage and the lack of it, even the most hardened cynic, the most confirmed relativist in the field of morals will hardly dissent from the verdict of all ages.

To my mind, the utopians who foresee the future in terms of a world made perfect by technology and the applied social sciences or those who believe in a complete spiritual regeneration of a majority of men are equally mistaken. The facts of history and of human nature to me speak of a universe constructed on totally different principles. The problem of evil seems to be as ever present as the air we breathe. Why this should be, I do not pretend to know; nor do I believe that man will ever fully understand, though he must never cease to try.

If I may speak personally, for me the whole story of human history would be only a "tale told by an idiot" and my life and yours would be totally devoid of meaning if its prime significance lay in the visible results of an individual's or a nation's actions. In terms of my faith it is unthinkable to say, as some have said, that men died in vain in certain wars because the proclaimed objective was never won. To me whether a man lives or dies in vain can never be measured by the collective activity of his fellows, never by the fruits of war or peace. It can be measured only by the way he faces his own problems, by the success or failure of the inner conflict within his soul. And of this no one may know save God.

For centuries Christians have quarrelled as to the answer to the question: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" and I am inclined to think they will continue to disagree on this subject for many generations more. But it is the assertion implied in this question, not the answer, that is basic to any faith. And it is this assertion that gives significance to the individual, that makes imperative human liberty, the very cause for which we fight. As a man views the past record of the human race and grapples with his own problems, as he strives to find the good and combat the evil, as he gains spiritual strength one day and loses it another, as he drives forward with all his power yet realizing his inadequacies, he must say with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Gentlemen, I realize that in attempting to speak freely to you, I have both oversimplified the problem and trespassed on areas properly reserved for theologians. I have spoken in terms of war. But when you return to the ways of peace, you will have no less need for a solution of the eternal problem of human destiny. You will have no less need for a militant faith. Superstition and cynicism, the ever-present selfishness and cruelty of man will be ready to challenge your strength. For the struggle is never-ending. May you have wisdom, skill, and courage in the days to come.

## COLUMBUS DAY ADDRESS

BY ATTORNEY GENERAL FRANCIS BIDDLE. DELIVERED AT  
CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1942

On his way across the Atlantic Ocean—to India, as he supposed—Columbus looked first for Japan, that fabulous island he had read about in the book of Marco Polo. In 1492, finding Japan was not as easy as it was in 1942 for General Jimmy Doolittle and his squadron of bombers. Columbus had but little information. Yet he was doing better than he knew. He was on his way to something infinitely better than finding Japan. After his time, other men informed the world that he had discovered America.

On this day the people of a hemisphere look back through the march of those four and a half centuries to honor the questing mind and courageous spirit of Christopher Columbus that led men across the western ocean. But we in America do more than repeat the praises of a hero; for it is also our way of acknowledging, within ourselves, the great gift of the land.

In the land our heritage begins. The freedom we are now helping to defend in far places of the world has root in its very soil. Between us and this good earth of ours the bond is more than material; there has been a give and take of something dearer to us than goes into the working of mines or the growing of crops.

This is so, I think, in all countries where men are now fighting to defend their liberty. Sooner than give up this precious privilege, they would go down fighting; yet they cannot count that freedom won until the very ground is free beneath their feet.

No people knows as well the meaning of a liberated land, none feels the longing as terribly, as the nation which has

had it and lost it. There are, among you, many men and women who loved what once was Italy. There are those who call that older Italy their own. Within them burns the pride of a people who time and again arose to resist the arms of the invader of their soil, armies of Spain, of France, of Austria.

Through generations these defenders fought and lost. Yes, they failed and were crushed; but the unresting love for a land that was theirs would not quiet, would not let them put down their weapons and resign themselves, as Dante once expressed it, "to savor the salt of the bread of others, and know how hard a road the going up and down another's stairs." They fought until they could lose no more, and then the dream was theirs. Late in the last century Italy had won her independence. The land was free.

Free and united; but now that dream is gone, and in the halls of Rome a jackal cowers. But the seed of liberty is too deep in Italian ground, the growth is too sturdy to be uprooted. There are too many reminders. There are great names, far in a glorious past, that come back to stir the memory of the present.

To you of that other, braver Italy, to the 6,000,000 Americans born of her people, and to those other millions who may hear our voices across the sea, there is need but to recall those names, and the dream cannot die: Dante himself, breaker of the spell of antiquity; Galileo, wanderer among the stars who heard the command of reaction to keep silent, and would not; Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Tasso, Ariosto—all the great men who searched and found new paths to the liberation of man's spirit.

Let us glance back less than a hundred years ago. There, on a bank of the Tiber, Garibaldi, hopelessly outnumbered by the French, his shirt bespattered with the blood of his

own legionnaires, turned to those in his council who would have played appeaser, crying, "He who still has faith in Italy, let him follow me!"—and carried on the fight, guerrilla fashion, from the hills. Today through conquered Europe the guerrillas still shoot the invaders.

We need but to remember Mazzini, exiled to poverty and a London garret, waging from there his lonely battle for the liberation of his country, and Cavour, boldly shamming the Moderates in the revolution of 1848, sounding the keynote of his life struggle when he broke into their hemming and hawing to say to them: "Why go on begging for little or nothing? I propose that we demand a Constitution!"

Out of such spirits Italy the nation was shaped. Like our own nation, that Italy had the memory of names which marked her as a "land of the free."

Italians have given us again and again this theme of freedom of the land, of the shaking off of oppression. In her paintings, in her literature, in all the great expression of her being, renascence—*risorgimento*—runs like a bright thread binding her gift of genius to the world. While our own American Revolutionists were rising to the consciousness of their destiny, Alfieri was crying out to his people in Rome:

The seeds of liberty may be sup-  
pressed  
By spilling human blood, but  
not extinguished.  
And oftentimes from blood they  
shoot again  
With fresh luxuriance.

When America was building a nation after her newly won independence, Leopardi gave voice to the bitter wistfulness of Italy, saying:

Unhappy he who dies in war not for his dear country, fighting for wife and children, but for some alien cause, so that dying he cannot say—"my country, the life thou gavest me, I now restore!"

Such a heritage does not die with the burning of books. Destroy the record, exile the teacher, persecute the adherent; you cannot divert the destiny of a people. A people that has produced and paid its homage to men like Carducci, Verdi, Marconi, Puccini, Caruso, Toscanini—a people with that blood in its veins will not turn forever from such a past and bow down before the little men of Europe.

Not forever and not, as history goes, for long. Today there are sullen, silent watchers lining the streets of Naples and of Rome, and stepping aside on country roads to make way for another foreign army as it marches through and pauses to give them arrogant commands. Yet another invader!—for that is what this brutish, swastika-wearing horde masked as friend and ally has become to Italy.

The mask is thin. It deceives no one—not even the man who calls himself *Il Duce*. Today the nation that was Italy is prostrate. Her people know they have been betrayed, and they see the shadows of a new enslavement lengthening over the land, more terrible than any that their forefathers knew.

Within a few days, twenty years will have passed since Mussolini marched on Rome. To the people of Italy they have been years of revelation, tragic and ever more tragic. The plague of fascism overran Italy in a moment of internal strife, confusion, and post-war economic weakness from which the nation was gradually but surely emerging. It overran Italy, concealing its underlying purpose by talk of "work, order, and discipline." Many fell for those labels and failed to see the criminal *contrabbando* of war and tyranny that they covered.

Soon these people of Italy began to see the product of their labor, their earnings, and the youth of their country wasted in useless wars. They witnessed the saber-rattling antics of this prancing dictator; they listened to the bombast of his speeches, while taxes piled up, and the country was drained to satisfy the ambition of a single man.

Through the thin shell of a new industrial order, the fraud of fascism began to show. The people of Italy did not like it. They were disturbed. They were unwilling to trade their nation's birthright for that particular pottage. Their peace and their freedom were too high a price to pay for a few apartment houses, a new batch of railroad time-tables. They saw their country being manoeuvred, ever closer as the years passed, to the vortex of an aggressor's war.

Where was the strength, the dignity of the great nation that had been promised by Mussolini, the Fascist? A proud people still; but here was their leader, cringing, waiting for crumbs from the table of the Fuehrer.

Today the people of Italy are sick of fascism, sick of Mussolini, and particularly sick of Adolf Hitler. In their hearts is an echo of the sad, prophetic lines that Byron loved, warning Italy not to let

. . . the stranger's sword  
Be thy sad weapon of defence,  
and so,  
Victor or vanquished, thou the  
slave of friend or foe.

We are in an age when unarmed civilian populations can no longer hope to match, with sheer courage, the machine guns of an army of conquest. Goaded, tortured, they rear their heads and try. The humiliation becomes more than proud and bitter patriots can bear. A gold-bedecked



gangster of the Gestapo is shot in Paris. A glorified assassin is given a dose of his own medicine in Czechoslovakia. But there follows only heartbreak as compatriots, hostages in Nazi hands, are killed a hundred for one in reprisal. This is the answer of criminals, and the Nazis have made it theirs. The crime is systematic, machine-like. For a time it puts off the reckoning.

But no matter how deadly the machines men fashion, there remains an area of the spirit which they cannot reach. In a world which has tasted of freedom there is a communication that eludes the censor, radiates from the concentration camp, and hovers in the very air above the firing squad. In nations and men who have known freedom there is a quality of the will that goes on heedless of bullets. It persists, it must assert itself; and if need be, in the end it will make the machine its own to command.

Here in America we are building that machine. Here in America some 600,000 Italians, technically alien enemies, are joining millions of Americans of Italian parentage, in the building of it. They are working side by side with other millions who have in them the blood of the French, the Norwegians, the Belgians, the Dutch, the Poles, the Greeks, and the other conquered peoples of Europe.

To amass the full might of this new machine in all its vast proportions is taking time. To bring its weight to bear upon the enemy will take more time—yes, and more sacrifices by our people, more of the lives of our men. But not these nor any other cost of victory will stop us now.

Fascism stands in mortal fear of revolt. That is why, in Italy today, an unarmed civilian population is staring into the barrels of machine guns—Nazis guns, brought into their country by special invitation by Benito Mussolini. That is why storm troopers patrol the streets and the Gestapo lurks

in the byways. The "strong man" of Italy has hidden himself behind a curtain of German steel.

But the revolt against Italian fascism, nevertheless, cannot be kept down. It has already started. Here in the United States, in American buildings and American factories, Italians—thousands upon thousands of them—are already in revolt against the government of Mussolini. By their labors they are fighting this man who has betrayed and declared war upon them. By their own hands they are hastening his defeat.

To America, and to the United Nations, this resistance to fascism means more guns for our soldiers, more ships for our sailors, more tanks, planes and bombs. It is important to America—yes, even more important than the accounts that come to us of unrest on enemy soil. Our production of war materials must not lag. The need is huge and we must keep abreast of it. Every extra man-hour of labor for our factories, on our railroads and farms, is vital now. Any American who fails to recognize this fact injures the cause of the United Nations in our common, all-out war effort.

In that body of loyal workers, there are those who have given more than their labor. Into the war against the Axis they have sent their own sons. These Americans of Italian ancestry will help Italy again to become a free nation. In each division of the United States Army, nearly 500 soldiers, on the average, are the sons of Italian immigrants to America. Many more are of older Italian origin. I do not need to tell you that these men are abundantly represented in the list of heroes who have been decorated for bravery since December 7, 1941.

One of these men, Lieutenant Willibald C. Bianchi, charged an enemy machine-gun nest on Bataan Peninsula.

He was wounded, but he silenced the Jap pill-box with hand grenades. Then he climbed on top of a tank and manned an anti-aircraft gun. Again he was wounded. But he went on fighting until he was hit a third time and disabled. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor upon the recommendation of General Douglas MacArthur.

I could tell you of many others—Salvatore Battaglia, now carried as "missing in action in the Central Pacific," awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his part in a torpedo attack in the Battle of Midway; and Sergeant George Braga, who made a dash across No Man's Land on Bataan Peninsula, running a gauntlet of machine-gun fire to give vital information to Americans holding another position.

It is a long list, and an inspiring one. It does not surprise me that this is so. Perhaps it surprises Mussolini.

Surely the fathers and mothers of these boys are making the same sacrifices, surely their feeling about it can be no different from that of other fathers and mothers who are citizens of this country. They, too, would like to be citizens of America. Had it not been for the barrier of the literacy test, almost without exception they would have become so long ago.

It is for this reason that I have recommended enactment of a bill which is now under consideration in Congress. By the terms of the bill, an alien who is otherwise eligible will be granted citizenship without taking the literacy test, provided he is 50 years of age or older, and provided that he came to this country before July 1, 1924, and has lived here continuously since. This measure would, I think, remove the greatest single difficulty that has stood in the way of citizenship for a large number of the older generation of Italians, who, in all other respects, have made this coun-

try their own. Some 200,000 Italians would be affected by this new law.

I know the problems of the people of Italian origin who are living in this country. I know their heritage and background, their hopes and ambitions. For a long time I have known what their loyalties are.

When war broke, ten months ago, and they were declared "alien enemies," I knew time would tell the story of these loyalties better than any words of mine, any assurances or predictions that I could make. Nevertheless, I said then, and I have repeatedly said since, that there was no doubt in my mind that with a very few exceptions, these 600,000 Italian "alien enemies" were not enemies at all.

Experience has borne me out. We now have the results of ten months of an unprecedented exercise of wartime vigilance. We have watched these Italians, these so-called "alien enemies," we have investigated, we have acted on the slightest impulse of doubt. We have taken no chances. And what do we find? We find that out of the total of 600,000 persons, there has been cause to intern only 228, or fewer than one-twentieth of 1 per cent!

The test of time, of actual performance, was essential. We wanted proof. We were right in requiring it. But now the proof has been given; and the stigma of "alien enemy" would be unfortunate from now on, not only in name; if continued against the Italian population of this country, it would be unfortunate in deed.

I have an announcement to make to you tonight, that comes as a result of the splendid showing the Italians of America have made in meeting this test. It also comes as the fulfillment of my own hopes, the consummation of a project that has been very close to my heart. I now announce to you that beginning October 19, a week from

today, Italian aliens will no longer be classed as alien enemies. From that time on the exoneration which they have so well earned will be granted them. With the approval of the President I have today issued the following order:

Section 30 2 of the Regulations Controlling Travel and Other Conduct of Enemy Nationalities is amended by adding thereto paragraph (f), so that it will read: Classes of persons not required to comply with these regulations:

(f) Any alien of Italian nationality.

Of course, this does not mean that dangerous or disloyal persons are no longer subject to apprehension or internment. We still will take no chances. It does mean that the regulations applying, up to now, to alien enemies no longer apply to Italian aliens. Those persons, though they are still aliens, are not, from this time forth, subject to the restrictions imposed by existing regulations on alien enemies. They will be free to participate in the war effort without the handicaps that have hampered them up to now. They will be free to travel and go about their lives as any other person.

I wish to emphasize that in thus removing the label of alien enemy from Italians, we do not forget that there are other loyal persons now classed as alien enemies. Their situation is now being carefully and sympathetically studied by the Department of Justice.

To those who are affected by this change, I say tonight: "You have met the test. Your loyalty to the democracy which has given you this chance you have proved, and proved well. Make the most of it. See to it that all Italians remain loyal. We have trusted you; you must prove worthy of that trust, so that it may never be said

hereafter that there are disloyal groups among American Italians. If you love your freedom, give all that is in you for the nation which is now fighting to preserve it."

Finally, to those citizens of Italy across the sea in whom the love of freedom has not died, I offer a brief message from America on this Columbus Day. The words are not mine; they are Italy's—the words of Giuseppe Mazzini in an address to the young men of his country, delivered at Milan in memory of the martyrs of Cosenza July 25, 1848. I quote:

Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other peoples now fighting or preparing to fight the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal—improvement, association, and the foundation of an authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy, an authority which mankind may love and obey without remorse or shame. Unite with them; they will unite with you.

## FREEMAN OF EDINBURGH

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL. DELIVERED AT EDINBURGH, OCTOBER 12, 1942

I have never before been made a freeman of any city, and, although since the war began I have been complimented through a number of invitations which I greatly value, your freedom is the only one I have felt myself so far able to receive in the hard stress of war conditions.

It seems to me that Edinburgh, the ancient capital of Scotland, is enshrined in the affection of the Scottish race all over the world. Great in memories and tradition and immortal in its collective personality—Edinburgh stands by itself. And therefore I am here today to be refreshed by your very great kindness and inspiration, and to receive the all too flattering tribute from my old friend William Darling, the Lord Provost.

Old quarrels and age-long feuds which rent our island have been ended centuries ago by the union of the crown, and the happy fulfillment of the prophecy that wherever the Stone of Scone shall rise the Scottish race shall reign.

The whole British Empire, and most of all the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, owes an inestimable debt to our King and Queen. In these years of trial and storm they have shared to the full the sorrows and hopes of the British nation.

I have seen the King gay, buoyant, and confident when the stones and rubble of Buckingham Palace lay newly scattered in heaps upon its floors. We even today are mourning the King's brother, who was killed in active service.

And you here in Scotland and Edinburgh must especially rejoice in the charm and grace of our Scottish Queen.

I could not, as First Minister, come to Edinburgh, which has always been proud of its royal connection, without expressing your sentiments of loyalty and devotion to our beloved sovereign and his consort, and paying them this tribute to their virtue.

I come to you from a visit to the fleet. I have spent the last few days going over a great many of our ships—some great, some small, some fresh from the Mediterranean, and others from fighting their way through with a Russian convoy. I could not imagine a greater contrast between this fleet in a harbor somewhere in Scotland and the desert army which I visited for two or three days some seven weeks ago.

The scene—the light, the color, the elements, the uniforms and weapons of war—are all different. There is one picture that is not different, but in spirit is the same. The desert army is confident that it stands as an unbreakable barrier between Rommel and the Nile Valley. The fleet is sure that once again it stands between the Continental tyrant and domination of the world.

I have some ties with Scotland which are of great significance, ties which are precious and lasting. First of all I decided to be born on St. Andrew's Day. It was to Scotland that I went to find my wife, who was unable to be present today through a temporary indisposition.

I commanded a Scottish battalion of the famous Fifty-first Regiment in the last war in France. I sat for fifteen years as representative of Bonny Dundee and I might be sitting for it still if the matter rested entirely with me.

Although I have found what I trust is a permanent and happy home in Glades Epping Forest, I still reserve affectionate memories of banks of the Tay. Now you have given me a new tie, which I shall value as long as I live. We



call ourselves in our grand alliance the United Nations. Here, indeed, is an example of national unity.

From every quarter come reports that the people of Scotland are of good heart. They also, I am glad to learn, are of good health. Here, in the fourth year of the World War, more people of Scotland today are getting three square meals a day than ever before. Glasgow school and medical authorities report that last year, the latest for which we have figures, there was an increase in weight of school entrants over the figures for the five years 1935-39 of one pound, and boys of 13 are nearly three pounds heavier than those of the same period before the war.

And so the country is pulling together better now than ever before in its history.

Cruel blows, like the loss of the original Fifty-first Division in France, have been borne with fortitude and silent dignity. A new Fifty-first Division has been formed and will sustain the reputation and avenge the fortunes of its forerunner.

Air bombing was endured with courage and resource. In all the services, on the sea and land and in the air, on merchant ships and in all the many forms of service which this great struggle has called for, Scotland has gained distinction.

You may, indeed, repeat with assurance the poet's lines:

'Gin dangers there, we'll thole  
our share.

Gie's but the weapons; we'll the  
will

Ayont the main, to prove again  
Auld Scotland counts for some-  
thing still.

Let us, then, for a moment cross the Main and take a wider view.

Our enemies have been more talkative lately. Ribbentrop, Goering, and Hitler all have been making speeches which are of interest because they reveal with considerable frankness their state of mind. There is one note which rings through all these speeches. It can quite clearly be heard above the customary boastings and threats—a dull, low whining more of fear. They are all speeches of men conscious of their guilt and conscious also of the law.

How different from the tone of 1940, when France was struck down, when Eastern Europe was subjugated, when Western Europe was beaten down, when Mussolini hastened to stab us in the back, when Britain stood all alone, the sole champion in arms of the freedom and the inheritance of mankind.

How different are these plaintive speeches and expostulations from what we used to hear in those days. Evidently something has happened in these two years to make these evildoers feel that aggression, war, bloodshed, and the trampling down of the weak may not, after all, be the whole story.

There may be another side of the account. It is a long account, and it is becoming pretty clear that the day is coming when it will have to be settled. The most striking and curious part of Hitler's speech was his complaint that no one pays sufficient attention to his victories.

"Look at all the victories I have won!" he exclaimed, in effect. "Look at all the countries I invaded and struck down! Look at all the thousands of kilometers I have advanced into the lands of other people! Look at all the booty I have gathered, all the men I have killed or captured! Contrast these exploits with the performances of the Allies! Why are they not downhearted? How can they dare to

keep up their spirits in the face of my great successes and their many misfortunes?"

That, in fact—I have not quoted his actual words, but I have given their meaning, their sense—that is his complaint. That is the question which puzzles him and angers him.

It strikes chill to his marrow because in his heart he knows that with all his tremendous victories and his vast conquests his fortunes have declined. His prospects have been darkened to an immeasurable degree in the last two years, while at the same time Great Britain, the United States, Russia, and China have moved forward through tribulation and sorrow, steadily forward, steadily onward with greater strength.

He sees with amazement that our defeats are but stepping-stones to victory and that all his victories are steppingstones to ruin.

It is apparent to me that this bad man saw quite clearly the shadow of slowly, remorselessly approaching doom, and he railed at fortune for mocking him with the glitter of fleeting success.

But, after all, the explanation is not so difficult. When peaceful people like the British and Americans, who are very careless in peacetime about their defense; carefree, unsuspecting nations and people who have never known defeat; improvident nations, I will say reckless nations, who despised military art and thought war so wicked and never could happen again—when nations like this are set upon by highly organized and heavily armed conspirators who have been planning in secret over years on end, exalting war as the highest form of human effort, glorifying slaughter and aggression, and prepared and trained to the last boundary which science and discipline permit, it is natural that the peaceful and improvident should suffer terribly, and the

wicked, scheming aggressors should have their run of savage exultation.

That does not end the story. It is only the first chapter. If the great peaceful democracies could survive the first few years of the aggressor's attack, another chapter had to be written. It is to that chapter which we shall come in due time. It will ever be to the glory of these islands and this empire that while we stood alone for one whole year we gained time for the good cause to arm, to organize slowly, and to bring the conjoined, united, irresistible forces of outraged civilization to bear upon the criminals.

That is our greatest glory. Fear is also the motive which inspired Hitler's latest outrages. From the North Cape of Norway to the Spanish frontier, a distance, apart from exits and indentations, of nearly 2,000 miles, German invading armies are holding down with brute force and terrorism the nations of Western Europe.

Norway, Denmark, Belgium, France—all are under Hitler's grip and all seething with the spirit of revolt. Except in Denmark, whose turn will come, Nazi firing parties are busy. Every day innocent hostages or prominent citizens are arrested haphazard, taken out and shot in cold blood.

Every day hatred of the German race and name burns fiercer in the hearts of these ancient States and peoples.

British Commando raids at different points on this enormous coast, although so far only forerunners of what is to come, inspire the author of so many crimes and miseries with lively anxiety.

His soldiers dwell among populations who would kill them with their bare hands if they got a chance and will kill them one at a time when they do get the chance.

In addition, there comes out of the sea from time to time

a hand of steel which plucks German sentries from their posts with growing efficiency amid the joy of the whole countryside.

In his fear and spite Hitler turns upon prisoners of war, who in his camps are in his power. Just as he takes innocent hostages from his prisons in Norway, Belgium, Holland and France to shoot them in the hope of breaking the spirit of their countrymen, so in the flattest breach of the few conventions which still hold across the line of the World War he vents his cruel fear and anger upon prisoners of war and casts them into chains.

I have always expected this war would become worse in severity as the guilty Nazis feel the ring of doom remorselessly closing in upon them. Here in the West we have seen many savage, bestial acts, but nothing that has happened in the West so far can compare with the wholesale massacres not only of soldiers but of civilians, women and children, which have characterized Hitler's invasion of Russia.

In Russia and in his reign of terror in Poland and Yugoslavia tens of thousands have been murdered in cold blood by the German army and by the special police battalions and brigades who accompany it everywhere and take the lead in the frightful butcheries perpetrated behind the front.

For every one execution which Hitler has ordered in the West he carried out at least 200 in Eastern and Central Europe. In the first days after he entered Kiev he shot 54,000 persons.

To show weakness of any kind to such a man is only to encourage him to further atrocities. You may be assured no weakness will be shown.

There is another reason, apart from his perverted instincts, why Hitler has begun a large-scale maltreatment

of British prisoners. He wishes to throw a new topic into the arena of world discussion and so divert men's eyes from his evident failure so far—I always say “so far”—in his second vast campaign against Russia.

The heroic defense of Stalingrad, the fact that the splendid Russian armies everywhere are intact, unbeaten and unbroken—nay, counter-attacking with amazing energy along the whole front from Leningrad to the Caucasus—the fearful losses suffered by the German troops, the near approach of another Russian Winter, all these grim facts, which cannot be concealed, cast their freezing shadow upon the German people, already wincing under the repeated and increasing impact of British bombing.

The German people turn a stony gaze upon the leader who brought all this upon them and dumbly—for they dare not speak aloud—they put the terrible questions: “Why did you go there? Why did you invade Russia?”

Already Field Marshal Goering has made haste to point out that this decision was Hitler's alone, that Hitler alone conducts the war and that the generals of the German Army are only assistants who carry out his orders.

Already Himmler, the police butcher, has been decorated, honored and promoted in token not only of the importance of his work in shooting and hanging thousands of Russian prisoners and torturing Poles, Czechoslovaks, Yugoslavs, and Greeks, but also the increasing need for his devilish arts in the homeland, in Germany itself.

Evidently in such a plight it would be natural for Hitler to raise a stir in some other quarters, and what could be more attractive to such a being than to mishandle captives who are powerless in his hands?

There are other matters which should cause Hitler and his guilty, but somewhat ridiculous, confederate, Mussolini,

to ask themselves uncomfortable questions. The U-boat warfare still remains the greatest problem for the United Nations, but there is no reason whatever why it should not be solved by the prodigious measure of offense or defense and of replacement on which Britain, Canada and, above all, the United States are now engaged.

The months of August and September have been, I will not say the best, but the least bad months since January. They have seen the building of merchant ships that substantially outweigh losses. They have seen the greatest tonnage of British bombs dropped upon Germany. They covered the most numerous safe arrivals of United States troops in the British Isles. They have marked the definite growth of Allied air superiority over Germany, Italy, and Japan.

In these months, indeed in September, far away in the Pacific, Australians and their American Allies, made a good advance in New Guinea.

It is not my habit to encourage light or vain expectations, but these are solid and remarkable facts.

Surveying both sides of the account, good and bad, with equal composure and coolness, we must say that we have reached the stern and somber moment in the war, one which calls in a high degree for firmness of spirit and constancy of soul.

The excitement and emotion of those great days, when we stood alone, undaunted against what seemed overwhelming odds and singlehanded saved the future of the world—are not present now. We are surrounded by a concourse of governments of nations, all of us bound together in a solemn, unbreakable alliance, and all of us bound together by ties not only of honor but of self-preservation.

We are able to see and plan our slow but sure march

onward. Deadly dangers still beset us. Weariness, complacency or discord, squabbles over petty matters, will mar our prospects. We must all drive ourselves to the utmost limits of our strength.

We must preserve and refine our sense of proportion. We must strive to combine the virtues of wisdom and daring. We must move forward together, united and inexorable. Thus, with God's blessing, the hopes which we now are justified in feeling, which we are now entitled to feel, will not fade or wither.

The light is broadening on the track. And the light is brighter, too.

Among the qualities for which Scotland is renowned, steadfastness holds perhaps the highest place. Be steadfast, then; that is the message I bring to you. That is my invocation to the Scottish nation here in this ancient capital city, one of whose freemen I now have the honor to be.

Let me use the words of your famous minstrel, words which have given comfort and renewed strength to many a burdened heart:

Keep right on to the end of the  
road;  
Keep right on to the end of the  
road.



Use these blank pages for helpful clippings and quotations













## CHAPTER XIV

### Stories for Speakers



The first law of storytelling . . . "Every man is bound to leave a story better than he found it." MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.



You may now be ready to use the stories in this chapter with more assurance and self-reliance. You may even greet a few old relics of another age with pleasure instead of disdain. It will be gratifying to show your skill in doctoring them up. Not that any of them are so sickly that they should be put into an oxygen tent; it is merely that you should not hesitate to use your ingenuity in making them more pertinent and applicable to your audience.

Most of the stories, however, do not require special treatment, and may be told just as they are. You will observe that they have been classified under certain heads and listed in alphabetical order. But your reading of Chap. XII will have reminded you that the stories may serve to illustrate many more topics. If you don't see your subject listed, turn to the index. You may find it there and be spared the time and trouble of ferreting out something that you hope to adapt to your immediate need.



### 1. *Action.*

Aristotle used to say that the purpose of man is action, and Carlyle, centuries later, asserted rather eloquently that man must find his happiness in work. The present generation, until recently, regarded that sort of talk as old-fashioned, unrealistic, and even hypocritical. But listen to this fable.

Jones died and regained consciousness in the next world. He looked out over a vast expanse of pleasant country. He rested comfortably for a while in a delightful spot but soon got a little bored. He called out, "Is there anybody here?"

An attendant, appropriately dressed in white, appeared and said gravely, "What do you want?"

"What can I have?" said Jones.

"You can have whatever you want."

"Bring me something to eat."

They brought him delicious dishes, even the things he liked best on earth. Jones was having a wonderful time eating, sleeping, and calling for more good things.

But presently he wanted something more. He called for games. They came in profusion. Then he called for books and read with excitement and pleasure. He called for anything that struck his fancy and received it in abundant measure. But at last the final boredom caught up with him, and he shouted, "I want something to DO!"

The attendant appeared and said, "I am sorry, but that is the only thing we cannot give you here."

By this time Jones was frantic for something to do and in his terrible frustration cried out, "I'm sick and tired of everything here; I'd rather go to hell!"

And the reply was, "Where do you think you are?"

### 2. *Advertising.*

Abe and Sol were having trouble in finding a fancy name for the new apartment house they had just built.

On their way to the ball game Abe suddenly stopped and said, "I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"A swell name."

"Well, well," said Sol impatiently, "what is it? Is it something too wonderful to speak out in public?"

In low and awed tones, as if marveling at his own brilliant conception, Abe replied, "The Cloister."

"The Cloister!" repeated Sol in the accents of a man who had been built up for a great letdown. "You want to drive tenants away with lonesomeness, soft music, and prayer? Why such a name?"

"Well," said Abe with finality, "ain't it clois ter de river and clois ter de subway and clois ter de stores, teeayter, and everything?"

### 3. *Age.*

"To what do you attribute your great age?" asked the reporter.

"I don't rightly know yet," replied the old-timer, puffing lazily at his pipe. "I'm still dickering with two breakfast-food companies."

4. A traveler passing through northern Arkansas sees a gray-haired long-bearded man sitting on a fence sobbing as though his heart will break. The stranger says,

"My friend, why do you weep so bitterly?"

"Pap whupped me—that's why."

"Your Pap whipped you?" repeated the astonished traveler.

"You say your Pap whipped you? Do you mean your own father?"

"Yep—because I throwed rocks at Grandpap."

### 5. *Ancestry.*

One day while Lloyd George was making a political speech before a big crowd, a heckler yelled, "Wait a minute, Mr. George. Isn't it true your grandfather used to peddle tinware around here in an oxcart hauled by a donkey?"

Lloyd George replied, "I digress just a moment and thank the gentleman for calling that to my attention. It is true, my dear

old grandfather used to peddle tinware around with an old cart and a donkey. As a matter of fact, after this meeting is over, if my friend will come with me, I will show him that old cart, but I never knew until this minute what became of the ass."

#### 6. *Art in Iowa.*

The helpless meekness of Iowa in the decorative arts is shown again in a most awful mural by Blashfield at the top of the capitol stairs above the central rotunda . . . At the stair landing above the rotunda floor is the mural, which is called "Westward" without the "Ho." It needs two "ho's." There is a prairie ship or wagon drawn by oxen, driven by a lady in a white dress. The men are all out walking for their health, and for the formal balance; at the side of this thing various angels are doing a girl-cheerleader act up in the air at the front.

The old and classic comment of a settler having this monstrosity revealed to him was, "There was no damn angels when I come."

PHIL STONG.<sup>1</sup>

#### 7. *Artistic Insult.*

Josef Hofmann, the pianist, had just finished a concert. A woman came up to him with the usual compliments, and then took some sheets of music from her bag. She explained that she had composed an elegy on the death of Edward MacDowell, the American composer. Hofmann politely glanced through it.

"What do you think of it?" asked the woman.

"It's really quite nice," said Hofmann, "but don't you think it would have been better if—if—"

"If what?"

"If you had died and MacDowell had written the elegy?"

#### 8. *Athlete.*

They had been schoolmates together but had drifted apart in afterlife. They met one day.

<sup>1</sup> *Hawkeyes*, Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc., New York.

"Did you ever meet my brother Dennis? He has just won a gold medal in a foot race."

"That's fine. Did I ever tell you about my uncle at Ballycluna?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, he's got a gold medal for five miles, an' one for ten miles, two sets of carvers for cycling, a silver medal for swimming, two cups for wrestling, an' badges for boxing an' rowing!"

"He must have been a wonderful athlete!"

"He's no athlete at all—at all. He kapes the pawnshop!"

#### 9. *Barter.*

When the creditor can't get the money owed him, he'll sometimes take merchandise or service in payment, even though it is valueless to him. The Germans have found this out to their advantage.

But a good many individuals in our country have got stuck with this line long before Hitler high-pressured the idea into big business.

I was at a country fair one day and stopped to look at the merry-go-round. A sad-faced little man was seated on one of the wooden horses. He made no attempt to get the brass ring but stared moodily ahead of him. When the merry-go-round stopped he didn't get off but waited patiently for it to start again. This continued for several rides, and at last, when he happened to stop where I was standing, I couldn't help saying, "Do you enjoy going around like this?"

The little man turned toward me with a gloomy look and said, "Not a bit."

"Then why do you do it?" I continued.

"The man who owns this thing owes me five dollars and this is the only way I can get it out of him."

#### 10. *Baseball.*

Tim Hurst was umpiring. The pitch came whizzing over. The catcher thought it should have been called a strike.

"Ball!" cried Tim.

"Look here, Mr. Umpire," snarled the catcher, "that plate has got corners on it!"

"Yes, son," said Tim, "but it ain't got bay windows."

When we asked Eddie Cantor to give us his favorite story for this book he replied handsomely with this:

11. *Betting.*

Every month or so I have a new "all-time favorite" story. Here is my latest:

Two men, finding themselves stuck in the lobby of a small hotel with nothing to do, decided they had to have some amusement. Since not even a deck of cards was available, it occurred to one gentleman, watching the other munching plums from a paper bag, that a game could be made of these "props."

"I'll tell you what," he suggested. "You put the plums behind your back, and I'll guess whether you bring them out whole or crushed."

"Okay," agreed the other, and the little gamble commenced.

Soon a kibitzer was watching the game intently, shaking his head sadly as he watched. Finally he could contain himself no longer.

"Look, you dope!" he exclaimed. "You know what's happening? Every time you guess that the plum is whole, this guy crushes it. And every time you guess it's crushed, he brings it out whole!"

"I know! I know!" the better answered, "but I can't quit now! I'm out eighteen dollars!"

12. *Billboards.*

I think that I shall never see  
A billboard lovely as a tree.  
Perhaps unless the billboards fall  
I'll never see a tree at all.

OGDEN NASH.

---

13. *Bombs.*

Americans brought this one from London:

The alert was screaming its warning against invading German planes. People were racing for the shelters.

"Hurry up!" cried the housewife to her spouse.

"I can't find my false teeth," called the befuddled and tardy husband.

"False teeth!" returned the exasperated wife. "What do you think they're dropping? Sandwiches?"

14. *Brains.*

When Tom Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father that if he succeeded he would place a label on his forehead, with the words "To let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right, Tom," said his father, "but don't forget to add the word 'unfurnished.'"

This was popular fifty years ago and the wheel of fortune has made it up-to-date:

15. *Cause to Effect.*

The pastor was talking to one of the young men of his parish. "Wilfred," he said, "I am troubled by the rumors about you. I have just been told that you are reported to be engaged to three different girls in this community, one in this village, another in East Mudville, and a third in Saugus. Of course, I know you have a way with the girls, but they have their way with you, too. Tell me, how in the world did you come to do such a thing?"

Wilfred grinned sheepishly. "Why, parson," he explained, "I've got a bicycle."

16. *Chain Stores.*

A man was standing at the ticket window of a railroad station. The agent appeared busy with something in the far corner. The

man reached into the window and helped himself to a ticket from the rack.

The agent turned and noticed this performance. "Hey, there, what are you up to?" he exclaimed.

"I want a ticket," said the stranger.

"Well, you can't go grabbing any ticket like that. What town do you want a ticket for?"

"What difference does it make? I own a store in every city."

#### 17. *Children.*

An old Negro mammy was greatly respected because her large family of boys were so well behaved. One day her mistress asked her how she raised her boys so well.

"I'll tell you, ma'am," was the reply. "I raise dem boys wid barrel staves, an' I raise 'em frequent."

#### 18. *Chiseling.*

The salesman in the clothing store was showing the stock to a customer. "Now there's a real suit of clothes, Abie! Just look at that material. You can't beat it. And a swell pattern. Try on the coat . . . Great! Fits you like nobody's business. An eighty-dollar suit of clothes, Abie, but I'm not charging you that; nor seventy dollars, nor even sixty. I'll tell you what I'll do, Abie. You're a friend of mine and I'm going to let you have it at fifty dollars flat!"

Two men brought up in the same technique know a cue when they hear it. Abe replied, "I'm liking the suit all right, Jake, but I'm not giving you fifty dollars for it; nor forty, either; not even thirty. I'm giving you twenty-five dollars for the suit, Jake, and you should take it or leave it."

"Sold! That's the way I like to do business, Abie; no chiseling."

#### 19. *Christmas.*

It's true, we mustn't put all our eggs in one basket and we mustn't put all our hopes and expectations in one event. We must be philosophers, at least to the extent that we can resign

ourselves to disappointment and discover new prospects and opportunities. It isn't easy, though.

Take the case of old Lem Bartlett. He'd got past the time when he could do active work and things were rather dull around the house. Once a year, however, things brightened for him. His son never failed to send him, just before Christmas, a quart of good Scotch whisky. Two days before this last Christmas Lem got impatient and thought he'd walk over to the express office to see if his package had come. Yes, it was there! The old man hugged it to him and walked out. He was so careful about the bottle that he didn't notice the slippery spot of ice near the steps.

Down he went, and in spite of all his maneuvering the bottle crashed. Lem sat and looked at that precious Scotch trickling along the pavement. Mrs. Collins, who was passing by, heard him sigh and mutter, "Another Christmas come and gone."

#### 20. *Clergymen.*

A minister from out of town had been invited to preach at the local Episcopal church, and the rector was courteously attending him.

"Do you wish to wear a surplice?" he inquired.

"Surplice!" exclaimed the visiting clergyman. "I'm a Methodist. What do I know about surplices? All I know about is a deficit."

21. Bill Nye was on friendly terms with the local clergyman but did not go to church very often. One wintry day they met on an icy stretch of the path. Bill slipped and fell. The minister helped him up and said, "Sinners stand on slippery ground, don't they, Bill?"

"That's right," Bill replied, "but I don't see how they do it."

22. Ministers eat as heartily as most of us, and parishioners who invite them to dinner see that there is plenty on the table. At a local celebration in a rural community the farmer's wife had cooked two chickens for the two ministers she was entertaining.



The clergymen complimented the cook by finishing them off, leaving nothing for the youngsters, who had been told they could eat after the distinguished guests had departed.

Later, the farmer was conducting other guests around the farm, and they were rather amused when an old rooster started crowing lustily at them. "Seems rather proud of himself," said one of the visitors.

"No wonder," grumbled the farmer, "he's got two sons in the ministry."

23. "Where did Cain get his wife?" is an old question which heretics have often tossed to the faithful. But a young wiseacre got a pretty convincing answer not long ago, when he tried to break up a revival meeting with this challenging remark.

The preacher was prepared for scoffers. He paused to get attention and then said impressively, "I should like to give this young man a word of advice, and it is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other men's wives."

24. Rastus couldn't stay indoors this fine Sunday morning. He grabbed his fishing gear and was off to his favorite spot, leaving his family to get ready for church.

After the services, the minister, on his way home, met Rastus returning with a pretty fine string of fish. "I missed you dis mawnin', Rastus," he said. "I'm afraid you is backslidin.'" He couldn't help sizing up the fish, however. "Dat's a nice catch you got dere."

"Yes, suh," Rastus replied meekly.

"What kind o' fish is dey?"

"Well, I dunno what white folks call 'em. I calls 'em Baptist fish."

"Baptist fish? Why?"

"Cause dey spoils so quick after comin' up out o' de water."

25. The Negro clergyman had written for help so often to his bishop that the bishop wrote him rather sharply and told him to

stop writing for a while. But necessity cannot defer to courtesy. In a few days the bishop received this letter, "This is not an appeal; it is a report. I have no pants."

26. The rector was dying, after a long, weary pastorate. His vestrymen had often appeared dull and stupid, and now, at the last, he called for a pad and a pencil and wrote them, with trembling hand, this message of farewell:

Go tell the vestry that I'm dead,  
But they need shed no tears:  
For though I'm dead I'm no more dead  
Than they have been for years.

27. "You will pay for your sins," roared the evangelist. "Remember the place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth!"

"Well, as to that," spoke up a horse-faced woman in the front row, "let them that has teeth gnash 'em—I ain't got any."

"Don't fool yourself, madam," shouted back the preacher. "Teeth will be provided!"

28. "Taking them one with another," said the Rev. Sydney Smith, "I believe my congregation to be the most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts, and the rich keep all the feasts."

29. Pat and his priest were having a jovial little chat.

"Ah, Father," said Pat, "I wish you had the key to heaven. Then when I approached the Pearly Gates, you could let me in."

"Well, it's a thought, Pat," said his genial confessor, "but I'd rather have the key to the other place. Then I could let you out."

30. The minister surprised—and pleased—his congregation with a very short sermon. He seemed to think, however, that he should apologize for his unusual performance. "I regret to say,"

were his closing remarks, "that my dog, who seems to like paper, chewed up the rest of my sermon. Let us pray."

After the service the pastor stood, as usual, at the door to greet his parishioners. A stranger, a man the clergyman had never seen before, took him by the hand. "Doctor," he said, "I should like to know whether that dog of yours has any pups. If so, I want to get one to give to my minister."

31. The pastor of the African Baptist Church was in the hospital and his pulpit was being filled by Brother Jones of the next county.

The substituting clergyman worked hard. He smote his breast, pounded on the pulpit, and denounced the sinners to an angry God for more than an hour.

He sat down with satisfaction and perspiration, while the choir sang and the head usher took the parson's hat and passed it round the congregation. In due time the usher brought back the hat and placed it on the floor beside the pulpit.

The preacher picked up the battered silk hat and shook it out over the pulpit cushion. Not a penny fell out. He glanced with sorrow and compassion over his niggardly listeners, then raised his eyes to Heaven and exclaimed, "I thanks de Lawd dat I got my hat back from dis congregation."

32. *Climate.*

"You say this is a healthy town?" asked the stranger somewhat dubiously.

"It sure is," was the reply. "When I came here I couldn't utter a word. I had scarcely a hair on my head. I hadn't the strength to walk across the room, and I had to be lifted from my bed."

"That's wonderful. How long have you been here?"

"I was born here."

33. *Coeducation.*

The country miss had been in the state university for some months but seemed depressed and discouraged.

Her roommate tried to cheer her up. "The first year is always the hardest. Remember you came here to get a college degree."

"Not altogether," was the reply. "I came to be went with, but I ain't yet."

34. *Cold.*

There was a young man of Quebec  
Who was frozen in snow to his neck.  
When asked, "Are you friz?"  
He replied, "Yes, I is,  
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

35. *Conciseness.*

He had opened a fish market and he ordered a new sign painted of which he was very proud. It read, "Fresh Fish for Sale Here."

"What did you put the word 'fresh' in for?" said his first customer. "You wouldn't sell them if they weren't fresh, would you?"

He painted out the word, leaving just "Fish for Sale Here."

"Why do you say 'here'?" asked his second customer. "You're not selling them anywhere else, are you?"

So he rubbed out the word "here."

"Why use 'for sale'?" asked the next customer. "You wouldn't have fish here unless they were for sale, would you?"

So he rubbed out everything but the word "Fish," remarking, "Well, nobody can find fault with that sign now, anyway."

A moment later another customer came in.

"I don't see what's the use of having that sign 'Fish' up there," said he, "when you can smell them a block away."

And that's why the fish market has no sign.

*Catholic Telegraph.*

36. *Conscience.*

"Here's dat five bucks I owe ya, Shorty," said Monk the Man-handler.

"Ya shure yo c'n spare it?" replied Shorty. "Dere's no hurry."

"Take it," insisted Monk. "You see, I got a tough job on fer tonight. I gotta contract to bump off a guy, an' I wanna go inter de job wit' a clear conscience."

### 37. *Country Place.*

Charles Dillingham, the theatrical producer, had a neat and sometimes caustic wit. You've heard about the letter he once wrote to a playwright who had sent him a manuscript, at the same time requesting the producer to give his opinion of it. Dillingham returned the manuscript with this letter:

Dear Sir:

Oh, my dear Sir!

I've just mentioned this to identify him. Marie Dressler once met him shortly after he had acquired a fine country place in Westchester.

"Hello, Charlie," she said. "They tell me you're quite a nabob in the country. I hear you have a place with a lake on it."

"Lake!" returned Charlie. "Sure I had one, Marie, but some sneak came along with a sponge and stole it."

### 38. *Courage.*

I like the story of the Spanish colonel who was waiting with a captain for the firing party. The executioners, being Spaniards, were late. The colonel turned to the captain with a smile, and said, "They have robbed us of half an hour of heaven."

ARNOLD LUNN.<sup>1</sup>

### 39. *Culture.*

They had plenty of money and were building a stunning new home. There was everything in the library but books. So Mrs. Gotrox called up the best bookstore in town and said, "Send me the complete works of Shakespeare, Emerson, Dickens, and Scott—and also something to read."

<sup>1</sup> *Come What May*, Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

40. *Defeatist.*

The weary travelers couldn't sleep. The country hotel was full of mosquitoes and more were coming through the window with the tattered screen.

The men stuck their heads under the sheets.

Suddenly one of them threw the sheet back with a disgusted air.

"What's the matter now?" said his companion.

The disgusted one pointed to a "lightning bug" that had flown into the room. "It's no use. Those damn mosquitoes are coming after us with lanterns."

41. *Dentists.*

Jasper had taken his boy to the painless dentist to have an aching tooth pulled. After the tooth was out, the dentist said, "I'm sorry, but I'll have to charge you five dollars."

"Five dollars!" exclaimed the old man. "Why, I understood you to say that you charged only one dollar for pulling out a tooth."

"That's right," said the dentist, "but this kid yelled so loud that he scared four other patients out of the office."

42. *Department Stores.*

"So you're getting married?"

"Yes, I met a very nice girl who works at Macy's. She's a great bargain."

After a few months the friends met again.

"Congratulations! How's married life?"

"Well, not quite as pleasant as I had expected," was the dubious reply. "Sometimes I can't help thinking I might have done better at Gimbel's."

43. The floorwalker got tired of his job. He gave it up and joined the police force. Several months later a friend asked him how he liked being a policeman.

"Fine," said the ex-floorwalker. "The pay is good and so are the hours, but what I like best of all is that the customer is always wrong."

44. *Deserter.*

"Sambo," said the magistrate reproachfully, "I cannot conceive of a meaner, more cowardly act than yours of deserting your wife. Do you realize you are a deserter?"

"If you knowed dat lady as I does," replied Sambo, "you wouldn't call me no deserter. Ah is a refugee—dat's what I is."

Lecturers eat better than they used to. Bill Nye liked to tell this one to his audiences:

45. *Dinner.*

"The train stopped at a railroad junction, and the conductor told us we could have a half an hour for dinner. As we got off the train and looked around the dingy spot, a tall, spare, gloomy-looking chap was ringing a dinner bell. Near by a hound dog lay sadly watching. As the bell rang, he rose up and started howling.

" 'Shut up, Tige,' said the emaciated one, 'You don't have to eat it.' "

46. You can't always tell why men act as they do. You may think it's ingratitude, indifference, laziness, or downright cussedness, but you may be wrong.

Take the case of the man who dined regularly at the same restaurant. He always ate at the same table, had the same colored waiter, and tipped him liberally.

One day this pleasant routine was completely upset. The customer was neglected. No one came to wait on him. What made it worse, his waiter was standing idly at the other side of the room and consciously ignoring him.

The man beckoned and got George's eye. George came to the table sheepishly. "What's the matter?" asked the customer. "Ye tired of waiting on me? Ain't I been treatin' ye right?"

"Deed you has, suh," exclaimed George. "But I done lose you to anudder waiter in a crap game las' night. He'll be along in a minute, suh."

47. The old colored mammy had been up North to work for a wealthy family in New York, but here she was back in New Orleans, much to the surprise of her acquaintances. One of her neighbors inquired, "Why you back home so soon, Jemima?"

"Ah done come back to rest up and git me sumpin' to eat."

"You mean dem swell folks you was wukkin' for didn't give you enough to eat?"

"Dey sho' starved me. An' work! You never seen so much shufflin' o' de dishes fo' de fewness ob de vittles!"

48. "Come home with me to dinner."

"Well, I'd like to, but perhaps your wife doesn't know about this, and I don't want to embarrass her."

"Oh, yes, she knows. We argued about it all last evening—and it's settled!"

49. Cook: Did the company say anything about the cooking?

MAID: No, but I noticed them pray before they started eating.

50. *Dirt.*

Whistler stopped one day, while walking with a companion, to buy a paper from a newsboy. In reply to a question the boy said, "Yes, sir, I've been selling papers for four years."

"How old are you?" asked Whistler.

"Seven, sir."

"Oh, you must be older than that!"

"No, sir, I ain't."

Whistler turned to his friend and said, "I don't think he could get that dirty in seven years, do you?"

51. *Disappointment.*

John Barrymore was passing the Lambs Club with a fellow actor. The flag was at half-mast. Barrymore's companion



turned to go into the Club. Barrymore pulled him back. "Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Going to find out who's dead."

"Don't trouble yourself," said Barrymore. "You'll only be disappointed; it's never the right one."

52. Disappointment and disillusion come to everyone pretty early in life. The secret of happiness, say Goethe and Carlyle, among others, is not to expect much.

The analogy of the motorist driving in strange country may serve to emphasize this commonplace but fundamental idea. He came to a fork while driving along a country road and stopped to consider his problem. No sign to guide him. On a fence near by sat a dour-looking fellow.

"Which way to East Weatherby?" asked the motorist.

A languid hand waved toward the right.

"Thanks," said the driver. "How far is it?"

"Not very far. When you get there, you'll wish it was a darn sight farther."

### 53. *Drama.*

On the first night that Goodwin was going to play Clyde Fitch's *Nathan Hale*, Hoyt (Charles Hoyt) had tickets for it, and there landed in on him some friend from New Hampshire. He had to entertain the man in some fashion, and he said he had two tickets for the theater.

The other man said, "What is it?"

Hoyt told him, "It is the opening of a new play, *Nathan Hale*, with Nat Goodwin."

The New Hampshire friend said, "I don't want to see Goodwin. I don't like him."

"You don't?" Hoyt asked.

"No, I don't. I don't like him. I don't like him as a man; I don't like him as an actor. I don't like him."

"But," Hoyt said, "you will like him in this play."

The other fellow said, "I won't like him."

Hoyt said, "Yes, you will; they hang him in the last act."

JOHN DREW.<sup>1</sup>

54. "What's the difference between a drama and a melodrama?"

"Well, in a drama the heroine merely throws the villain over. In a melodrama she throws him over a cliff."

Judge.

55. This was the period when Effie Ellsler was playing in *Hazel Kirke*. James O'Neill was beginning his years of *The Count of Monte-Cristo*. Father used to tell how Miss Ellsler in *Hazel Kirke* returned during the storm calling, "Father, Father," and how Couldock as her father, in a stage set which was strange to him, called back, "I'm coming! I'm coming, if I can ever find this damned door."

RODERICK PEATTIE.<sup>2</sup>

56. *Dullness.*

Some things are deader than others. The Union League Club of New York has been the butt of a good many stories. Here is one you might use if you wish to "damn with faint praise," or if you wish to show that things might be worse.

A distinguished member of the Club had died and the windows were hung with crepe. A passer-by looked up and remarked, "It does liven up the old place, doesn't it?"

57. *Essentials.*

The man was distinctly befuddled, not to say drunk. He was walking a wavering line down Main Street, stopping every little while and trying to guess where he was. At last he turned to a passer-by and said, "Mister, where am I?"

"You are at the corner of Main Street and Harrison Avenue."

"Never mind the details," exclaimed the bewildered one. "What city?"

<sup>1</sup> *My Years on the Stage*, E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York.

<sup>2</sup> *The Incurable Romantic*, The Macmillan Company, New York

58. *Ethics.*

Abe was struggling through an article that someone had left in the store. The article was on the subject of Ethics but it seemed to be a little over Abie's head.

"Moe," he said finally, "vat is dis 'Ethics' dey keep talkin' about in dis paper?"

"Vell," said Moe thoughtfully, "id's dis way. Suppose a customer comes in and spends fifty cents. She giffs me a bill and I give her change of a dollar and she walks out. But before she gets to de door I see it's a five dollar bill she gafe me by mistake.

"De Ethics is—should I tell my partner!"

59. *Eulogy.*

Husband mourning his dead wife, "She was a good woman. She always hit me with the soft end of the broom."

60. *Family Friction.*

Pride, stubbornness, the you'll-be-sorry attitude, cause a lot of grief in families.

A good-looking young fellow called on the manager of a touring theatrical company and applied for a job. "Are you an actor?" asked the manager.

"No," said the applicant.

"Stage hand?"

"No."

"Property man?"

"No," said the young man anxiously, "but I'm willing to work hard at anything you can find for me to do. I've just had a bad row with my folks and I want to go into the show business and disgrace them."

61. *Farming.*

An old Negro was driving his wagon along an Alabama road. As he was passing, a white planter called to him, "How'd your crop turn out, Uncle Zeb?"

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The old fellow shook his head sadly. "Boss, I plant my cotton, weed it, raise it, baled it, and den de ducks et it all up."

"The ducks ate it!"

"Yas, suh. It was dis way. I sent dem bales to Montgomery to be sold. Dey deducks sumpin' for de railroads, dey deducks sumpin' for handlin' it, dey deducks sumpin' for sendin' de money back—de ducks got all of it!"

62. "Nice rich soil out here," said the visitor.

"Wonderful," agreed the young farmer from the city. "Two days ago I stuck a scarecrow in the ground and now he looks better than I do."

63. The summer visitor leaned over the fence and chatted with the middle-aged farmer. "Yes," said the man with the hoe, "the outdoor life is pretty healthy. Take my father, for instance. He's ninety years old and still here on the farm where he was born."

"Ninety years old, eh?"

"That's right."

"Is his health still good?"

"Well, he ain't as spry as he used to be. For the last few months he's been complainin'!"

"What's the matter with him?"

"Can't say exactly. Sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him."

64. *Fishing.*

Jones had fished all day without any luck. On his way home he went into McMaster's fish market and said, "George, pick out five of your biggest trout and toss them to me."

"Throw them?"

"Yes, just toss them over here, one at a time, so I can tell the family I caught them. I may be a poor fisherman but I'm no liar."

65. *Football.*

"I will not permit 30 men to travel 400 miles merely to agitate a bag of wind," said President White of Cornell University, in 1873, when the University of Michigan challenged Cornell to a football game to be played at Cleveland, with 30 men on a side.

JOHN MCCARTHY.<sup>1</sup>

66. Fogarty was a bench warmer on a powerful Rockne squad. For four years he had hoped against hope to get into a real game. Now he sat there watching the last game of his college career. Something might still happen to let him get in there—an ankle sprained, a leg broken, or an arm pulled loose.

The gloom of the approaching end settled down upon Fogarty. Five minutes left in the fourth period and Rockne showed no signs of interest in him. Substitutes had gone in and out but no one noticed Fogarty. Four minutes. Three minutes. Two minutes. What's this? Somebody hurt? A group of Notre Dame warriors closed in over a comrade.

"Fogarty!" snapped the coach.

Fogarty leaped to his feet. The impossible had happened.

"Hustle in there," added Rockne, "a man out there's had his pants ripped off."

67. *Friendship.*

"I see your friend Angus has married for the third time," said one Scotchman to another.

"Don't remind me of it," grumbled the other. "He's been a very expensive friend. Two wreaths and three presents, and all in seventeen years."

68. The judge was a bit puzzled at McCarty's attitude. "You say this man was a stranger to you? You had no grievance against him? Then why did you deliberately pick a fight with him?"

"Well, your honor," replied McCarty a bit sheepishly, "it just happens that all me friends is away on their vacations!"

<sup>1</sup> *The Commentator.*

*69. Gambling.*

Bank clerks get small salaries and are expected to live Christian lives on them. They can't live anything else on them and are subject to suspicion if they give any hint of stepping into the primrose path.

One of these workers in other people's money was called into the manager's office. After some attempt at tactful questioning the manager came out with it bluntly enough. "See here," he said, "we can't help noticing that you're living pretty high for a chap that's getting thirty dollars a week. You have no other income, yet you live in a pretty swanky flat, drive an expensive car, and live in fancy style. You're no miracle man. Now, how do you do it?"

"Make your mind easy," laughed the clerk. "I'm just a good businessman. One day it occurred to me that there are about 300 employees in this building, and most of them tossing their money away on some raffle or other. So I raffle my salary among them every week. They pay 25 cents a ticket and the winner takes my thirty dollars. I average around 300 tickets a week. Figure it out for yourself."

*70. Gardening.*

"I can't get rid of the weeds. I've tried every kind of weed killer, and I've spent days trying to dig them out of the lawn. What should I do?"

"You must just learn to love them."

*71. Giving.*

It's easy to find excuses for not giving. In fact, people can often persuade themselves they are as hard up as the beggar who accosts them. Not long ago I saw a panhandler lurch up to a rather hard-boiled chap who was hustling along.

"Hey, buddy," said the bum, "have you got the price of a cup of coffee?"

"Not quite," said the impervious one, "but I'll get along all right."

72. *Going in Circles.*

Some people are always on the go, but don't seem to get anywhere. Johnny had the right idea. His teacher asked him for an answer to this one:

"Can you tell me the name of an animal that travels great distances?"

"Yes," said Johnnie, "a goldfish. It travels around the globe."

73. *Good in Everything.*

Yes, take things as they come, the bitter with the sweet, the blessing in disguise. It may take a little time to discover the good but it's often there.

Rastus had schooled himself in this philosophy. The colonel asked him playfully what breed of chickens he considered the best. Rastus deliberated for a moment and then delivered this homily: "De white ones is de easiest to find, Cuhnel, but de black ones is de easiest to hide after yo' gits 'em."

Fred Allen likes this one and patiently typewrote it for this book.

74. *Good Will Court.*

A man goes up to the good will court one Sunday night. When he is called to the microphone he says, "I am a millionaire. I have a fine home on Park Avenue. I have a wonderful son. He's an honor student at Harvard. When he comes out I'm making him a partner in my business. I have a lovely daughter. She is engaged to the richest bachelor in New York." The man continued, "My wife is a beautiful woman and we have been madly in love with one another for thirty years.

"Now, Mr. Anthony," said the man, "what is my problem?"

75. *Grace.*

The toastmaster discovered as he was about to call on a clergyman to say grace that the clergyman had not arrived. He looked over the guests and noticed an actor who could ad lib fluently. In desperation he called on the actor.



The actor calmly arose, bowed his head, waited for silence, and then said in his most resonant and impressive tones, "There being no clergyman present, let us thank God."

76. *Greetings.*

George Ade tells on himself the story of being very lonely in London and longing to see a familiar face. Suddenly he saw a man he knew—or thought he did. He rushed toward his friend (?) and gave him a resounding whack on the back. The blow knocked the man's glasses and hat off, his bundles fell to the street, and his walking stick clattered to the sidewalk. Mr. Ade, at closer view, saw that the man was a stranger.

While Mr. Ade helped the Englishman pick up his belongings, he kept repeating, "I'm so sorry. I thought you were a friend of mine."

The stranger, still trying to pull himself together, was very polite.

"Oh, that's quite all right," he said, "quite all right. But—er—tell me, does your friend care for this sort of thing?"

MARGERIE WILSON.<sup>1</sup>

77. *Grief.*

The old woman in indigent circumstances was explaining to a visitor, who found her at breakfast, a long category of trials and tribulations.

"And," she concluded, "this very morning I woke up at four o'clock, and cried and cried till breakfast time, and as soon as I finish my tea I'll begin again, and probably keep it up all day."

78. *Grouch.*

The whistle blew and the chronic grouch put down his tools.

"Twelve o'clock," he rasped. "I'm going home to dinner. If dinner ain't ready I'm going to raise hell, and if it is ready I ain't going to eat a damn bite."

<sup>1</sup> *Your Life*, magazine.

79. *Health.*

Edward Everett Hale once reproved Rufus Choate for not taking better care of his health. "If you are not more considerate of yourself," he said, "you will ruin your constitution."

"Oh," replied Choate, "the constitution was destroyed long ago. I'm now living on the bylaws."

80. "I wish you would look me over, doctor, and see what my prospects are for living a hundred years."

"Do you smoke?" questioned the doctor.

"No."

"Drink?"

"Not at all."

"Eat to excess?"

"Never."

"Stay up late nights?"

"No."

"Then," said the doctor, "what in thunder do you want to live to be a hundred for?"

81. *Hell.*

Some people take comfort out of the reflection that there probably is no hell, but there are Christians who for a quite different reason have no fear of hell.

The opera *Faust* was being given on a Dublin stage. Mephisto was leading Faust through a trap door, supposed to be the entrance to the nether regions. The devil had no trouble getting through—he knows his way below—but Faust was somewhat stout and got stuck. The devil tried to give him a helping hand. He tugged and twisted from below, but Faust got only halfway through and there, in spite of all his wiggling and squeezing, he had to stay.

An Irishman in the gallery had watched this struggle with great interest, and when he saw that Faust could get down no further, he cried out, devoutly, "Thank God! Hell is full!"

82. *Hockey.*

"We've done pretty well with football," said a student at Notre Dame to Father O'Donnell. "Why doesn't the University allow us to play hockey as an intercollegiate sport?"

"For a very good reason," replied Father O'Donnell. "Notre Dame will never make the mistake of indorsing any game that puts a cudgel in the hands of an Irishman."

83. *Hopeless.*

The refugee was a pianist of distinction in his own country but over here he was glad to get any employment available. He found work as an accompanist to a singer who had more ambition than ability. In fact, she was very distressing to the sensitive artist.

One day at a rehearsal she was worse than usual. She was off the key and flatted and shrilled until the pianist quit from fear of apoplexy. The singer also subsided.

After a moment of deadly silence, the pianist looked up and said with the desperate calm of one who knows the situation is hopeless, "Madam, I am sorry I must gif up der chob. You see for yourself it is no use. I play der black keys, I play der white keys—und always you sing in der cracks."

84. *Hospitality.*

Daniel Webster used to tell this one on himself. His favorite sport was to go shooting in Marshfield, Duxbury, and other places along the South Shore of Massachusetts Bay. One day darkness caught up with him while he was a long way from the inn where he intended to spend the night.

He walked for miles and seemed to be getting nowhere fast. At last he came to a farmhouse. As the night was raw and gusty, Webster decided to put up there if possible. He saw no lights about the place. The family had no doubt gone to bed. Webster pounded on the door. He kept it up until at last a window was raised.

"What do you want?" said a voice.

"I want to stay here tonight," boomed Webster's majestic voice.

"All right—stay there." And down went the window. Webster couldn't sleep on that speech, as he was said to have done in his famous Reply to Hayne.

Here is a story found in a speech by Eddie Cantor:

85. *Illusion.*

A visitor to an insane asylum was stopped by one of the inmates who seemed to be in a playful mood, for he cupped his hands as though he were holding something in them and challenged the visitor, "What do you think I've got here?"

"A million dollars?" guessed the visitor, eager to cooperate.

The inmate stole a look at the palms of his hands and answered triumphantly, "No, guess again."

"An airplane?"

"No," said the inmate after another peek.

"Is it a horse?" the guest finally ventured.

Furtively the inmate eyed his cupped hands again. Then he looked up coyly and asked, "What color?"

86. *Independence.*

Most of us hanker for the "luxury of integrity," as Stuart Chase calls it. We not only wish we could tell the truth to certain persons we know but we'd like to give them a piece of our mind for good measure.

Think of the boy who won \$25,000 in the Irish sweepstakes. Somebody asked him, "Are you going to quit your job now that you're rich?"

"No," he answered, "but I'm going to be awfully impertinent!"

87. McGEE: "So your new job makes you independent?"

FIBBER: "Absolutely. I get here any time I want before eight, and leave just when I please after five."

88. *Industry.*

There was a good deal of excitement in the English pub. What was the idea of trying to spoil the workingman's club? Who were these people who were urging the authorities to pass an earlier closing law? A man should have some rights, some place to go beside 'ome, sweet 'ome. But one little fellow, during a lull in the hubbub, got in a lick for the opposition, "Wat's all the gassin' about? 'Ow much time do ye want? All I've got to say is, if a bloke ain't drunk by 'alf past ten, he ain't tryin'!"

89. *Inside Information.*

Feingold was having trouble collecting his bill from Finkelbaum. Finkelbaum was cooperative but couldn't pay. After the tenth call he said, "Feingold, you know I mean well by you, and to prove it, I'll make you a preferred creditor."

Feingold went home somewhat relieved but during the night he got dubious again. The next morning he called up Finkelbaum and said, "Just what do you mean by making me a preferred creditor?"

"Well," replied Finkelbaum, "You now know that you won't get anything, while all the other creditors won't know it for sixty days."

90. *Insurance.*

A story is told of Dr. Barrows, at one time president of Oberlin College. He had carried insurance on his household goods for twenty years, then permitted it to lapse. One day an energetic agent persuaded him to take out a new policy. That very afternoon fire broke out and a whole closetful of Mrs. Barrows' best gowns was destroyed. The loss was promptly paid, but the good doctor was vastly amused to receive the following letter from the insurance company:

"Dear Sir: Enclosed find draft for \$500. We note that this policy went into effect at noon and fire did not occur until four o'clock. Why the delay?"

91. The colored boys had been playing poker a little while when Sam said, "See here, feller, what sort o' life you been livin'?"

"Oh, ordinary, jes' ordinary."

"Well, if you pulls any more aces out o' yo' shoe, yo' ordinary life is goin' to mature."

Charlie Ruggles is not only a well-known stage and screen comedian but he is also a popular after-dinner speaker. He has tested a good many jokes on the platform, and like all speakers who are called on frequently he has gradually acquired a valuable collection of "stories for all occasions." He has generously sent us two that he regards as sure-fire. As to the first, we quote from his letter:

92. *Jawbone.*

The following story, far from original with me, illustrates the truism that a person shouldn't talk too much, and is always good when the speaker is addressing a convention or any other special group and wants to explain that he is not too familiar with their subject.

The story concerns a young nephew who went to visit his uncle and aunt for a week end and stayed for six months. He didn't work or look for a job, and became quite a pest and expense. No amount of hinting by his host and hostess budged him.

Finally the uncle and aunt agreed that they would start a violent argument at the dinner table, then appeal to the nephew for a decision. Whoever the boy decided against was to feign anger and order him to leave the house.

At dinner the uncle complained about the soup, and they immediately got involved in a shouting argument. The nephew said nothing. Finally the couple turned to the boy and demanded, "All right, Joe, which one of us is right about this?"

"I don't know from nothin'," Joe said, "and I'm stayin' six months longer, too!"

Here is another excerpt from Charlie Ruggles' letter:

93. *Job Talks Back.*

Another story that listeners always seem to like tends to illustrate the speaker's contention that we shouldn't complain of bad luck, and that it's all in the way you look at things.

It seems that there was a very devout old man who continued to thank Heaven for its bounty no matter what happened to him. He had a wife and she ran away with the hired hand. He had a daughter and she was deceived by a villain. He had a son and the boy turned horse thief and was hung in the public square. Lightning burned the old man's barn to the ground, a cyclone leveled his house, and a drought ruined his crops. Through all this the old man continued to give thanks to Heaven.

Then he was penniless and they came and took him away to the poor farm, and a mean supervisor made this poor old man get out in the hot sun and plow a field that was full of rocks and stumps. A sudden storm blew up, and a bolt of lightning struck the man, burned off all his clothes and whiskers, melted his plow, and knocked him through a barbed-wire fence into a cactus bed. The old man staggered to his feet, clasped his hands, looked up and said, "Lord, now this is getting to be PLUMRIDICULOUS!"

94. *Job de Luxe.*

"So you got a job on the railroad? What do you do? Are you a conductor, or do you sell tickets?"

"No, I'm doing better than that."

"Is it something in the shipping department? Don't tell me you're handling baggage."

"No, I've got a swell job, something pretty special. You've noticed the man who goes along the side of the train and taps the wheels with a hammer to see if they're all right? Well, I help him listen."

95. *Labor.*

There will always be square pegs in round holes. But often a man will fit the job. Sometimes he's just too cautious.

The seasonal workers who come into the cities from the fields are often pretty naïve about the mechanical gadgets and processes of shops and factories.

A colored boy applied for a job at an employment agency. "You're just in time," said the clerk. "They want a husky lad like you over at the Eagle laundry."

Sam looked a bit dubious and shuffled irresolutely.

"Don't be bashful," said the clerk. "Hustle right over there and tell them I sent you."

"Yeah, I wants a job all right, boss, but I don't think they'll want me. You see, I ain't never had no experience in washing a eagle."

#### 96. *Language.*

Al Smith used to characterize big-sounding, multiple-syllable generalities in speeches as so much "language." But for many persons that sort of display is still the test of education.

The pants presser who became a movie producer wanted a young college graduate for his assistant director. He quizzed a candidate in his characteristic way.

"You been to college?"

"Yes."

"You got a diploma?"

"Yes."

"Lemme see it."

"Oh, it's lying at home somewhere in a drawer or a closet. You can't carry that sort of thing around with you."

But the big shot was suspicious and pursued his ruthless inquisition. "All right," he remarked grimly, boring the young fellow with his gimlet eye, "say me a big woid, then."

97. An American tourist in Mexico City went into a restaurant where it was advertised that English was spoken. He looked over the bill of fare and proceeded to order his meal. His faith in advertising rapidly waned, however, as he discovered that there



was little English and less food in the place. Everything he suggested from the menu was not to be had.

At last the waiter took the situation firmly in hand, and said, "The ham is not. The chicken never was. How will you have your eggs—tight or loose?"

98. The nineteenth century was the age of gentility. The cultured person was likely to think that common speech was too common. Even the schoolboy, in Boston, was reputed to have a remarkable facility for obfuscating the obvious.

I like an anecdote connected with William Cullen Bryant. Once a well-known Boston woman was visiting his family and was the only person in when a local carpenter brought back a chair that he had been repairing for Bryant.

When Bryant got home he noticed the chair and asked Miss Robbins if the carpenter had made any comments about it.

Miss Robbins did not look up from her book. "He said," she remarked casually, "that the equilibrium is now admirably adjusted."

"Fine fellow!" said Bryant, laughing. "I never heard him talk like that. Now what did he really say?"

Miss Robbins looked up with a slightly superior smile and replied. "He said, 'It joggles just right.'"

99. *Lawyers.*

The lawyer, unlike members of other professions, always seems sure of his fee. Whatever money is involved, he gets his first. Not even the butcher of Starkfield, good as his case was, could upset this tradition.

He had rushed into the office of the lawyer in the next building and asked, "If a dog steals a piece of meat from my shop, is the owner of the dog liable?"

"Of course," said the man of law behind the desk.

"That's all I want to know," shouted the butcher. "Your dog came into my store and grabbed a piece of steak worth a dollar."

"Well, now, that's a shame," said the lawyer, "and of course I'll pay you. My fee for the advice I've just given you is two dollars. Give me a dollar and we'll be quits."

100. "What is a lawyer, Pa?"

"A lawyer, my boy, is a man who induces two other men to strip for a fight, and then runs away with their clothes."

101. "And how is lawyer Bighby doing, doctor?"

"Not well. In fact, the poor fellow is lying at death's door."

"That's grit for you; at death's door and still lying."

102. The old colored fellow was philosophical about courtrooms. He was rather familiar with their practice. His easygoing ways and shuffling conduct had tempted the limbs of the law to take him several times before the judge. This time the charge was petty larceny.

There was no one to defend the old man, and the judge said, "Well, George, do you want me to appoint a lawyer to plead your case?"

"No, suh, your honor," was the reply, "Ah don't want no lawyer, but Ah suttenly would like a couple of good witnesses, if you got 'em."

103. Grover Cleveland got tired of giving information to a lazy lawyer. "There are my books," he said, "and you are welcome to use them. You can read up your own cases."

"See here, Grover," replied the acquaintance, "I want you to understand that I don't read law. I practice entirely by ear, and you and your books can go to thunder."

104. At a dinner of a legal association held in Chicago not long ago one of the speakers told of a farmer's son who thought he would like to be a lawyer. Accordingly he went to Springfield and got a job working, at pretty small pay, for an attorney.

At the end of three days he was back home.

"What's the matter, Joe?" asked his father. "Didn't you like the law?"

"It ain't what it's cracked up to be," replied Joe gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."

105. *Life.*

The news editor looked up. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," said the stranger. "I want to tell you about my uncle. He's been taking your paper for fifty-five years."

The editor was known to be a bit crusty, but no editor can afford to get fresh with a valuable subscriber. "I'm glad to hear it," he remarked genially. "I hope he'll continue to do so."

"He will," said the visitor. "I dropped in because I thought you might want to write him up. He has always been a model of propriety. He has never touched liquor or tobacco. He has never been involved in scandal. He indulges in no vices and no excesses. And tomorrow he'll celebrate his eightieth birthday."

"How?" asked the editor.

106. "What'll we do about the front page?" groaned the editor of the tabloid. "Nothing scandalous has happened in twenty-four hours."

"Cheer up, Bill," said the reporter. "Something's bound to happen. I've still got faith in human nature."

107. *Lodges.*

The newcomer had scarcely got settled in the town when the members of the several lodges tried to sign him up for membership. One man, using the "shame" technique, exclaimed, "What! Haven't you already become an Eagle?"

"Nope," said the stranger, unabashed, "I'm neither an Eagle, an Elk, or a Shriner. I'm just going to remain an ordinary drunkard."

108. *Lost?*

Daniel Boone, long before Greta Garbo, loved to be alone. Even when he was well past eighty he moved farther west to escape intruders when he discovered that a family was building a cabin only ten miles away.

The old man was once asked if he had ever been lost in the woods.

"No," he replied, "I never got lost." On reflection he added, "But I was bewildered once for three days."

109. *Liars.*

He (Mark Twain) made his appearance in a hall full of fog and half-full of audience. Advancing to the edge of the platform, he peered into the mist.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began in a sad, slow voice, "I don't know . . . if you can see me . . . but I'm here." The manner, more than the actual words, had an electrical effect. The audience roared, and the mental fog was dispelled.

Affecting great nervousness, he made several stammering attempts to begin his lecture, and then, with drawling solemnity, repeated the hoary anecdote of George Washington, the ax, and the cherry tree. Enjoying the astonished silence which followed the narration, after a pause he resumed.

"I give you this piece of history," he said slowly, "'cause history has a way of repeating itself, and a similar story is now going round about General Butler, perhaps, for various reasons, the most unpopular man in the United States of America. General Butler's son, seeing himself, perhaps, a future father of his country, imitated George Washington, and with his little ax cut down his own father's cherry tree."

"'Son,' said the General, 'did you cut down my cherry tree?'"

"'Father,' replied the son nobly, 'I cannot tell a lie. With my little ax I did cut down your cherry tree.'"

"And the General answered, 'Son, I'd sooner you told a thousand lies than cut down my cherry tree. Take down your pants!'"

J. B. BOOTH.<sup>1</sup>

110. The crowd around the post-office stove, after exhausting the possibilities of politics, local and national, had been discussing

<sup>1</sup> A "*Pink 'Un*" *Remembers*, T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.

the alleged lack of the truth-telling instinct in Old Man Perkins. Uncle Eph came in and Jim Wilkins said,

"How about it, Uncle Eph? Would you call Old Man Perkins a liar?"

"Well," answered Uncle Eph slowly, "I wouldn't go so far as to call the Old Man a liar, but I do know it to be a fact that when feedin' time comes he has to have somebody else call his hogs fur him."

111. A hunter in northern Michigan met a stranger on his way home from the woods and bragged that he had just killed a hundred deer.

"Do you know who I am?" inquired the stranger.

"Can't say that I do," replied the hunter.

"I'm the Game Warden of the state and I arrest you for violation of the law."

"You don't say," said the man with the gun. "Now, do you know who I am?"

"Haven't any idea," said the Game Warden.

"Well," said the other, "I'm the biggest liar in the state of Michigan."

112. *Married Life.*

"I want to bring young Simpkins home to dinner tonight," said Tompkins.

"What!" shrieked his wife, "tonight of all times! The maid has left, baby's cutting teeth, I'm almost sick abed with this cold, and the grocer says he won't let us have another thing until we pay the bill we owe him."

"Yes, I know all that," said Tompkins wearily, "that's why I want to bring him home. I like the poor simp and he's thinking of getting married."

113. The young bride was pleased with herself. She had baked what she regarded as a pretty fine batch of doughnuts. Her husband had just eaten one.

Harry had not praised her performance but that was just absent-mindedness. So she said, "How are the doughnuts, Harry? Can I do anything to improve them?"

Harry lifted one. He could do it easily with one hand. He reflected a bit. "Well," he remarked judiciously, "I think it might be better if you made the hole bigger."

114. Old Sol Haskins was like many of his Vermont breed, rather cautious with words. Said very little, and then rather grudgingly. He was sitting on the front steps with his wife. The long day's work and the good supper must have softened him up. He took his pipe out of his mouth and said, "When I think of what you've meant to me for all these years, Miranda, sometimes it's more than I can stand not to tell you."

115. "I have to make a storybook choice," said Oscar. "I can marry a rich girl for her money or marry the penniless girl I love. What shall I do?"

"Marry for love," counseled his friend. "It's the greatest thing in the world. Be happy and marry the poor girl. And by the way," he added, "you might give me the name and address of the other girl."

116. The little man had charged his big, determined-looking wife with cruel and abusive treatment. Even in the courtroom he seemed to shrink before her cold and threatening glance.

The judge heard the details and said meditatively, "This woman, according to your story, has treated you terribly." He pondered the unusual case for a moment and continued. "Where did you first meet your wife?"

Mr. Meek looked up to find his wife glaring at him ferociously, but he addressed the judge with newly discovered courage. "Your honor," he said, "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

117. *Memory.*

Memory plays queer tricks on us. Why is it we remember some things and forget others? At any rate Boreleigh forgot no

detail of his near drowning. "As I was going down for the third time," he said impressively to his listeners, "a hundred pictures of my past life raced before me."

"Is that so?" interrupted Sharpe. "Now, that's interesting. You didn't happen to notice a picture of me lending you ten bucks in the spring of 1938, did you?"

118. *Miracle.*

An old woman at the Ulster frontier was asked if she had anything to declare.

"No. Nothing at all."

"But what is in that bottle?"

"Oh, only holy water—holy water from Lourdes."

The customs officer pulled the cork, and smelled. "Whisky, it is."

"Glory be to God!" cried the offender. "A miracle!"

119. *Misunderstanding.*

Two somewhat elderly women who had taught school for years in a small town in the East had finally saved enough to make a tour of western Canada. By the middle of the summer they had got as far as Alberta. The hotel was small and old-fashioned, and one of the teachers got to worrying that it might be a firetrap. She couldn't relax until she had explored the corridors and located the fire escapes.

The first door she opened, however, turned out to be that of the public bath, occupied at the moment by a burly gentleman taking a shower.

"Oh, excuse me!" the flustered lady stammered. "I'm looking for the fire escape." She shut the door and ran. She hadn't gone far when she heard a shout behind her. To her dismay, the gentleman, wearing only a towel, was running after her. "Where's the fire?" he hollered.

120. *Names and Faces.*

Disraeli confessed that, although he was always forgetting their faces and never remembering their names, he had no difficulty in being pleasant to his followers in the House.

"When I meet anybody in the lobby whom I don't know from Adam, and I see he expects me to know who he is, I take him warmly by the hand, look straight into his eyes, and say, 'And how is the old complaint?' I have never known it to fail."

121. It was a rather tough neighborhood but the clergyman was conscientious in his calls. He came to the Smith home, and father and son were sitting on the steps. The little boy looked rather messy but cheerful. He seemed pretty intelligent for his five or six years.

The minister exchanged greetings with the father and then turned to the boy. "What's your name, sonny?"

"Reginald D'Arcey Smith," replied the kid with a grin.

"Was he named after some relatives, Mr. Smith?" inquired the surprised pastor.

"No," said Smith, "I gave him the fancy handle because I'm raisin' him to be a prizefighter. With a name like that he'll get plenty of practice at school."

### 122. *Nasality.*

A Scotchman visiting in America stood gazing at a fine statue of George Washington, when an American approached.

"That was a great and good man," explained the American; "a lie never passed his lips."

"I presume," said the Scot, "he talked through his nose, like the rest of you."

### 123. *Newspapers.*

The town would not support two newspapers. At any rate, the evening paper, for which Mark Twain was a reporter, was about to fold up.

A few days before the demise Mark and the editor heard a band playing a funeral march. They went to the window and watched the dismal procession go by. Suddenly Mark turned to the editor and whispered, "Can it be our subscriber?"



124. The city editor was still sprawled in a comfortable chair at home reading the Sunday newspapers when his little girl got back from Sunday School. "What have you got there, Nancy?" he asked, noticing a pamphlet in her hand.

"Oh," said Nancy, "just an ad about Heaven."

125. "I think there is some misapprehension about the freedom of the press," declared the editor of the *Plunkville Palladium*.

"In what way?"

"A lot of people seem to think they are not expected to pay for the paper."

*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

126. *Pessimism.*

The pessimist is dogmatic and comprehensive. Everything is bad. Yet it may be a simple misunderstanding that has brought him to this tragic pass.

Think of what happened to the man who lay in drunken slumber on the floor of the hotel lobby. It was early in the morning, and some other roisterer who was still on his feet decided that the fun wasn't over yet. He went out to an all-night delicatessen and bought a slice of limburger cheese. This he smeared on the sleeper's mustache. Then he woke up his inebriated playmate to get him to move on. The drunk got up with some difficulty, staggered a bit, and made for the door. He got to the street safely, tottered about in the fresh air for a moment, then came back to the lobby, and slumped into the nearest chair. He looked the picture of dejection and kept muttering, "Ain't it awful?"

Finally his companion said, "What's awful?"

And the stew replied with a mournful quaver, "Why, the whole world smells."

127. *Politeness.*

SHE: I met such a lovely polite man today.

HE: Where was that?

SHE: On the street. I must have been carrying my umbrella carelessly, for he bumped his eye into it. And I said, "Pardon me," and he said, "Don't mention it—I have another eye left."

128. *Politics.*

To condemn certain parties, politicians, or proposals you might use this one.

Terence was walking casually through the cemetery on Memorial Day, glancing here and there at a tombstone. At last he saw a rather large inscription that gave him a start. It said, "I still live."

Terence looked at these words in great awe for a moment and then muttered, "Can you beat it? Now, if I was dead, I'd be honest enough to own up to it."

129. During a presidential campaign some years ago a well-known resident of a small Vermont town came into the general store, coughing.

"Got a cold, Andy?" inquired the storekeeper.

"Yep. Caught cold at the Democratic flag raising last night in the rain."

"Why, Andy," said the merchant, "what business has a stanch Republican like you attending a Democratic flag raising?"

"Takes five men to raise a flag," said Andy. "Ain't but four Democrats in town."

*The Boston Globe.*

130. The man worked hard for his candidate during the election and was very much surprised to find himself brought into court.

"What have I been arrested for?" he inquired.

"You are charged with voting seven times."

"Charged!" exclaimed the defendant, "I thought I was getting paid."

131. "I tell you," cried the irate Republican, "the Democrats are a lot of horse thieves."

"Oh, come now," said his appeasing friend, "not all Democrats."

"No, that's so," said the Republican, a bit subdued, "there aren't enough horses to go round."

132. Some present-day politicians could profit by taking a cue in courtesy from Edward Campbell, the British statesman.

Thackeray and Campbell once opposed each other for a seat in Parliament. During their campaign they happened to meet and stopped for a friendly chat. As they parted, Thackeray smiled and said, "May the best man win!"

"Oh, no," replied Campbell. "I hope not; I want to win!"

133. President Roosevelt told this one as a bit of gentle rebuke for certain gossips and faultfinders among his political opponents.

Henry Maltby was getting deafer and deafer. His wife and his friends kept telling him to see a doctor but he didn't seem to worry much over his affliction and wouldn't do anything about it.

At last, just to avoid the importunities of his well-wishers, he did go to the doctor. The doctor verified the fact that Henry was pretty deaf. Otherwise the patient appeared to be in good health, so the doctor began his usual catechism.

"Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Drink?"

"Yes, a little."

"Well, you've got to stop it."

"Oh, I don't think I'll bother."

"I'm telling you, if you don't quit drinking, you'll get stone-deaf."

"You know, Doc," retorted Henry, "I like what I drink so much better'n what I hear I think I'll go on gettin' deaf."

134. John Morley, English writer and statesman, was cool enough before hecklers. Once when he finished a speech by

requesting his audience to vote for him, a man jumped up and shouted angrily, "I'd rather vote for the devil!"

"Quite so," returned the unruffled diplomat, "but in case your friend declines to run, may I not then count upon your support?"

135. Down Arkansas way they take their liquor and their party straight. Two farmers near Van Buren once found this simple formula a bit perplexing. They had quarreled and hadn't spoken to each other for twenty years.

One day they met on the road. Turner pulled up his horse, leaned over, and said, "Look here, Tom. I'm runnin' for Congress and I don't want you nor none o' your kin to vote for me."

"Is that so?" retorted Tom furiously. "Let me tell you something, Jesse. Me and mine has voted the Democratic ticket since Grampa came to these hills, and if you don't like it get off the ticket."

136. Not many good words are spoken of politicians, and they would be even fewer if the politicians lacked a sense of humor. They often tell the jokes on themselves to forestall the wrath of their constituents, but they can't take much more blame than this.

A surgeon, an architect, and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest.

"Eve was made from Adam's rib," said the surgeon, "and that certainly was a surgical operation."

"You may be right," replied the architect, "but before that order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job."

"Just a minute," interrupted the politician. "Remember that somebody created the chaos first!"

137. Placating both sides in a controversy without committing himself is one of the politician's greatest problems. Touring a section of the Northwest in his vice-presidential railroad special in 1892, Adlai E. Stevenson found that the paramount issue of the

campaign was whether the mountain peak which dominated the landscape should be named Tacoma or Rainier. At some stops the citizens were pro-Tacoma; at others pro-Rainier: it was impossible to avoid the issue.

With the assistance of the engineer, Stevenson arranged a showmanly device. In every speech he made his peroration on the beauty of the mountain, and referred to the controversy over its name. "This controversy," he continued, "must be settled and settled right by the national government. I pledge myself, here and now, that if elected I will not rest until this glorious mountain is properly named. There is only one appellation which is worthy of consideration and that . . ." Here he pulled a cord which the engineer had secretly installed; his voice was instantly drowned by the scream of the engine's whistle, whereupon the train pulled out of the station. The sentence was never completed and nobody ever learned where Stevenson stood on the Tacoma-Rainier controversy.

ALVA JOHNSTON.<sup>1</sup>

138. *Professors.*

A well-known professor of economics at Harvard tells this one on himself. A student who enrolled for one of his courses disappeared after the first lecture. At least he did not show up again until the final examination. The professor thought he was pretty brazen to think he could pass the course after attending only one lecture, but he said nothing and allowed him to take the examination.

On examining the paper he was amazed to discover how well the student had done. The paper was practically perfect but the professor, still galled at the boy's failure to attend his classes, gave him only 98%. He was still curious about the whole thing, however, and summoned the boy for an interview.

After praising him and telling him what a high grade he got in the examination, the professor said, "Now, I've never seen a

<sup>1</sup> *The Forum.*

student cut classes like that and pass the course. How did you do it?"

"Well," said the student apologetically, "I should have done better. I should have got 100%, but that first lecture of yours got me a bit confused."

139. Three men were standing on the station platform and engaged in deep conversation while they waited for the train to start. They were apparently professors lost in weighty abstractions, for when the conductor called to them that the train was about to start they looked surprised, as if they had forgotten what they were there for. Two of them clambered up the coach steps, however, and waved their friend good-by as the train pulled out of the station.

A porter coming along noticed that the lone professor looked puzzled as he gazed at the departing train. "What's the matter?" he said. "Miss your train?"

"There's something wrong," replied the professor. "My two friends came down to see me off."

140. *Public Speaking.*

Dr. Victor C. Heiser tells of a banquet once given in his honor by a native king of Samoa. When the time came to say the nice things about the doctor, His Majesty still remained squatted while a professional orator, brought in for the purpose, laid it on. After the long speech of fulsome praise, Heiser started to get up to express his thanks, but the king drew him back. "Don't get up," he said. "I have provided an orator for you. In Polynesia we don't believe public speaking should be engaged in by amateurs."

141. Many a speaker appears on a public platform against his better judgment. He knows he shouldn't be there, but he's been an easy mark for some persistent chairman. He may get a little understanding sympathy from his audience with this story.

A farmer happened to see a man swimming in his small private pond. He shouted at the man, who was splashing about, and

said, "Didn't you see the sign saying, 'No Swimming'? When you come out I'm going to fix you."

"Oh, no you won't," said the man in the water. "I ain't coming out. I'm committing suicide."

142. The Shah of Persia was attending his first big function in London. He naturally looked about him with great interest. At last he said, "Who are those men who look so gloomy? Are you going to cut their heads off after dinner?"

"No, your Highness," said the Chairman, "That is not why they look so sad, but it is true that these men have got to make speeches after dinner."

143. The chairman was introducing his speaker and telling the audience what a hard time he had had in getting him to come. The chairman said he couldn't help thinking of the colloquy between two of his acquaintances.

"Come over to the house and have dinner with us, Monday."

"Sorry, I can't. I have an engagement Monday."

"Well, make it Tuesday."

"I'm going out of town Tuesday."

"How about Wednesday?"

"Oh, damn it, I'll come Monday."

144. No, you should not eat too heartily just before making a speech, but don't take the matter too seriously. A friend had a speaking engagement in Worcester, about fifty miles from his home. An acquaintance in the town invited him to have dinner at his home before he went to the auditorium to make his speech.

Robinson would rather have gone to a restaurant and had his sandwich and a cup of coffee, but did not wish to offend, so he accepted the invitation. And what he was afraid would happen did happen. The wife had prepared a big dinner and insisted on stuffing him with all sorts of delicacies. He nibbled on a few things but tactfully declined many others on the ground that he was nervous before his speech, and so forth and so on.

After the dinner the husband went to the hall with Robinson and heard him speak. They returned after the meeting and chatted a while before the speaker left for his train. He finally thanked his host and hostess, said good-by, and started down the street. It was a warm summer evening and the windows were open. He could not help hearing the following bit of dialogue:

WIFE: "Did he really make a good speech?"

HUSBAND: "Oh, he might just as well have et!"

145. When I accepted the invitation to address this convention, I was placed in somewhat the same position as one of my fellows who came in all bandaged up the other day. I inquired, "John, what is the matter? Have you been in a fight?" He said that he had not been in a fight. He was rather evasive; he did not want to tell me. By pinning him down, I found out he had been pretty badly cut up. I asked him how he got so cut up, and he said he had jumped through a plate-glass window. When I asked him why he had done that, he said that it seemed to be the right thing to do at the time. That is the way I felt in accepting this invitation to address you—it seemed to be the right thing to do at the time, but I did not know that my subject was going to change so much in the period of time which elapsed between my acceptance of the invitation and today.

FREDERIC V. GARDNER.<sup>1</sup>

146. The new minister had already won favor by his short and interesting sermons, but on this Sunday he couldn't seem to stop. A number of the women had already gone home to make sure the roasts were not burning. The rest of the congregation glowered impatiently. The preacher had already spoken an hour and a half and was still going strong.

Finally a deacon tiptoed toward the pulpit. With some embarrassment he touched the minister's arm and whispered, "I'm sorry, Dr. Goodblow, but I'm afraid you haven't noticed that

<sup>1</sup> National Association of Accountants, *Yearbook*, 1935.



it's getting pretty late. You began your sermon at eleven o'clock and it is now ten minutes of one."

The minister seemed thunderstruck. Then he turned to the remainder of his congregation with an apologetic smile and said, "I hope you'll forgive me. You see, not long ago I had to have all my teeth pulled. I sent to Sears-Roebuck for some artificial teeth and they sent me women's teeth by mistake. Since then I haven't been able to stop talking."

147. Everything seemed in readiness and the chairman was about to open the meeting. Just then the speaker leaned over and said, "Will you get someone to put a glass of water on my table?"

The chairman, somewhat flustered by this unexpected question, asked, "To drink?"

"Oh, no," was the impatient reply, "when I've been speaking a half-hour, I do a high dive."

148. Orson Welles probably did not say it, but it is a good line if you are up against the same thing. One evening, before he was famous, he was scheduled to lecture in a small town in the West. He was embarrassed on stepping to the platform to see so few people and so many empty seats. He began his speech as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am an actor. I am an author. I am a producer. I am a musician. I am a playwright. I am an artist. It's too bad there are so many of me and so few of you."

149. The preacher's discourse was dry and long. The congregation gradually melted away. Finally the sexton tiptoed up to the pulpit and slipped a note under one corner of the Bible. It read,

"When you are through, will you please turn off the lights, lock the door, and put the key under the mat?"

150. Mark Twain was lecturing on the Chautauqua circuit. He got to the town in time to have his lunch and to stroll over to the drugstore to stock up with his favorite five-cent cigars. A customer was talking to the clerk and announced that he was

going over to the big tent to hear Mark Twain. He was the genial type and included Mark in the conversation.

"Ever hear Mark Twain?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Mark, "a number of times."

"Going to hear him today?"

"Yes, I'll be there. I never miss a chance to hear him."

This sort of thing continued until Mark thought he'd better stop the fooling. He grinned and said, "I happen to be Twain."

The stranger was naturally surprised. He looked rather glumly at Mark Twain for a moment and then said, "Well, I think I'll go anyway."

151. The chairman continued to ladle out the compliments, and the speaker blushed and uneasily awaited his cue to get up. He could hardly manage it under the weight of gush and goozle. But he came forward and said wearily, "Once in Virginia I passed a small church displaying a large sign. It read: 'Annual Strawberry Festival,' and below in small letters, 'On account of the depression, prunes will be served.'"

If you have been too handsomely complimented by your chairman, this may win back the audience's good will:

152. Perhaps you are reminded of the old lady who throughout a long life hoped that some day she might see a hippopotamus. It seemed unlikely but at last her wish came true. A traveling circus came to her town and advertised the hippo as a main feature. The old lady bought a ticket and went directly to the animal that had occupied so many of her daydreams. She gazed at him for a moment and then exclaimed, "My, ain't he plain!"

153. The chairman spent ten minutes in reciting the achievements of the speaker he was introducing. His list of superlatives seemed endless, and the noted clergyman did well to sit so coolly under the barrage of bouquets tossed his way.

At last he had his chance to speak. He got up calmly, looked about him, and began:

"In my congregation, at one time was a young man named Alfred. Alfred was a fine chap, God-fearing, and greatly interested in the church work. He told me he was going to be married, and I naturally felt it my duty as his pastor to ask him a few questions about the young woman of his choice.

" 'Tell me, Alfred,' I proceeded, 'is she religious?'

" 'Yes,' said Alfred. 'She is a serious girl who believes in God.'

" 'That's very encouraging,' I went on, 'and now for a somewhat frivolous question. Is she beautiful?'

" Alfred paused a moment and then said, 'Well, she is the Lord's handiwork, but I don't think she is his masterpiece.' "

If you can't think of anything specially neat to say in reply to your toastmaster's warm and witty remarks about you, you might say something like the following, which has been used effectively.

154. It must be lots of fun to have a gift like our toastmaster's. He can lay it on, thick or thin, rough or smooth, and always spread it with laughs and compliments. But it must have its drawbacks, too. Such men are in great demand and they have to spend a great many evenings at this sort of thing. I wonder if our genial toastmaster has ever had the experience of a friend of mine who also presides at dinners fairly often.

One night he gave his family a treat by coming home for dinner. When the family were seated for the meal his wife rose, rapped on a goblet with a teaspoon, and said with her sweetest smile:

"Children, we are fortunate in having with us this evening a guest of whom we have all heard, even if some of you do not know him personally. He has a reputation for eloquence and wit in every club and hotel in the city. This evening we are to have the honor and the pleasure of his company and his good talk. And I now have the great privilege of presenting to you—your father."

Does your appearance on the platform make you feel a bit uncertain? Here are some opening remarks that may steady you.

155. A neighbor of mine went to a party not long ago. He stayed pretty late and got more than a little drunk. When he left, he planned to take a streetcar home, but the car didn't appear and George kept walking. Presently he was crossing a bridge. Halfway across he met a policeman. He happened to know the policeman and stopped to chat a moment and to hang onto the rail so that his condition wouldn't be quite so noticeable.

Presently George leaned over and said, "What's that down there in the water?"

The cop laughed and said, "Take another look, Mr. Harrigan. That's the moon."

George took a long, serious look and shook his head. "Well," he said, "if that's the moon, how did I get up here?"

Here is something you might tell to disarm an audience if you feel that you may scare them with a few technicalities or lose them in the details of necessary explanation.

156. The college professor had gone to the campus pool for a swim. He was standing there, in his bathing suit, about to jump in, when a coed who had been toying with a camera accidentally dropped it into the pool. There were several young fellows in swimming, but she called on the elderly professor to retrieve it for her.

"I'll be glad to dive for it," he replied, "but why haven't you asked one of these young fellows who are so much quicker?"

The young lady looked at him coyly and said, "Professor, you don't remember me, but I'm in that large class of yours in statistics, and honestly, you can go down deeper, stay down longer, and come up drier than anyone I know."

157. A somewhat impudent toastmaster introduced a speaker by saying, "Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have an unusual specimen. You have only to put a dinner in his mouth, and out comes a speech!"

The gentleman thus called upon did not smile sheepishly and stammer into his speech. He wiped his lips delicately with his napkin, arose briskly, and said, "Before I go on, I should like first to call your attention to our genial toastmaster, who is also unusual. You have only to put a speech in his mouth, and out comes your dinner."

William Jennings Bryan used to tell a story on himself that will warn presiding officers not to be too complimentary or, on the other hand, too careless.

158. Bryan had stumped the state making speeches against the Republican candidate for Governor. That candidate won, however.

Months later Bryan found himself on the same platform with the newly elected Governor. Still more embarrassing, the Governor was to introduce him. Bryan wondered whether the Governor was still a bit resentful over those hostile campaign speeches.

The Governor stood at the front of the platform, prompted by another man, and said, "Now I will introduce that well-known figure in this state, W. J. Bryan." Then he turned to Bryan, grasped his hand warmly, pulled him close, and whispered, "Quick! Do you speak, sing, or dance?"

"He had never," concluded Bryan, "even heard of me."

159. *Prayer.*

The six-year-old was on her knees saying her little prayer before going to bed. She spoke carefully and industriously while an admiring family gathering looked in at the door.

Little Nancy dutifully finished her prayer, got up, and went over to her Aunt Julia for her good-night kiss. Aunt Julia gave

her a hug and said, "You say your prayer so well, Nancy. You are so serious and earnest, and mean what you say and try so hard."

"Oh, that's nothing," replied Nancy, "you should hear me gargle!"

160. *Quiz.*

Goldstein was crossing the street somewhat absent-mindedly and was struck by an automobile. He was knocked down and a crowd quickly gathered. Someone put in a call for an ambulance and others fussed around Goldstein trying to make him more comfortable.

A go-getting evangelist happened to be looking on and thought he might convert an unbeliever while he was waiting for the ambulance. He kneeled down beside the groaning victim and said, "My good man, do you know who died to save you?"

"Oi, yoi, minister," said Goldstein weakly, "iss dis a time fer riddles?"

161. He wanted to be a mail carrier and was told he would have to take an examination. So he got out the old school geography and renewed his acquaintance with the names of near and distant places.

In a few weeks he appeared before the examiners. He did very well in the test until he was asked, "What is the length of the Mississippi River?"

"I don't know," he answered, "but I'm telling you that if you're thinking of putting me on that route, I don't want the job."

162. *Quo Vadis?*

The superintendent was visiting the classes in adult education for Negroes. He stopped to talk with one white-haired uncle who appeared to be laboring with particular zeal

"How are you getting along?" asked the superintendent encouragingly.

"Well, Ah reckons Ah is doin' right pert," the old man replied with satisfaction. "Yes, sah, I'se comin' along! Now when Ah comes to a road sign Ah kin read how fer but not wheah to."

163. *Rain.*

If you think your neighborhood has had a pretty long dry spell, think of what happens in some really arid areas.

A tourist from the East was eating his lunch in the restaurant of a small Texas town. He engaged in small talk with the proprietor. As he got up to go, he said by way of saying good-by, "Looks as though we might have rain."

"Well, I hope so," remarked the owner as he stood in the doorway with his customer, "not so much for myself as for my boy here. I've seen it rain."

164. It certainly was raining when Smith got into the next city on his route, and it kept on raining. Smith had to be out a good deal, so he bought an umbrella and splashed about with the crowd on the streets. This kept up for the next four days but nobody seemed to regard it as unusual. During an especially wet gust of wind Smith turned to a passer-by and said, "This is the worst spell of weather I ever saw. How long has it been raining here?"

"Can't say exactly," replied the stranger, ducking his head, "You see, I've lived here only about a year."

165. *Rationing.*

"What? No liquor in this town?" asked the thirsty one.

"Driest place I ever saw," answered the traveling salesman.

"You mean to say you can't get any liquor at all here?"

"Not unless you've been bitten by a snake. They have only one snake in town, and when I got to it yesterday, after standing in line for half a day, it was too tired to bite."

166. Rationing implies that we are going to be short of the necessities while still perhaps long on the luxuries. At any rate, consider the plight of the mountaineers.

"It must be hard," said the traveler in the Ozarks to a native, "to get the necessities of life in this remote and inaccessible spot."

"That's right," said the hillbilly, "and half the time we do get it it ain't fit to drink."

167. Scottie had just put the load of coal into Mrs. MacPherson's cellar. It was a cold winter day and the old lady called him in and gave him a glass of whisky.

After Scottie had finished his glass he put it down and said, "Well, lady, there was no such thing in my young days."

"What," said the old lady in great surprise, "no whisky?"

"Plenty of whisky," explained Scottie, "but never such a small glass."

168. *Reactionaries.*

The Hollywood producer saw the picture finished and sent to the head of the publicity department. He was well satisfied.

"Now," he said, "we must get a lot of reactionaries to preview the picture."

The publicity man was puzzled. "Reactionaries?"

"Yes," said the former pants presser, "you know, people we can get good reactions out of."

169. *Reforestation.*

"Yes, it is true," said the senator, "we are all interested in preserving our forests."

"But some of the senators," said his friend, "display a great deal more zeal about the matter than the rest of you."

"Oh," replied the distinguished man, "they probably never know just when they may have to take to the woods."

170. *Refreshment.*

Munich was once a better and a happier place, and tourists went there in large numbers. A bus full of sight-seers was ambling along the picturesque streets. Presently the guide



called out, "We are now passing one of Germany's most famous breweries."

"Damned if I am!" yelled a Yankee as he climbed out of a window.

171. The tired businessman had worked hard for months, and when things slowed down a bit he decided to take a trip to Havana. He packed his tropical clothes and didn't forget a few quarts of rye to help him pass the time on the boat.

Being alone on the trip he drank rather heavily and spent most of the time in sleep. This went on for several days until he heard the clang of bells and the calls that the boat was approaching the dock. He hurriedly dressed in his white suit and rejoiced in his sport shirt and fancy tie. Heat would mean nothing to him.

As he stepped out on the gangplank he was struck by a chill wind that nearly froze him to the spot. He managed the walk to the dock, however, and through his chattering teeth said to a uniformed official, "Pretty cold for Havana, isn't it?"

"That's right," grinned the other, "but this happens to be New York."

#### 172. *Resignation.*

Is there ever a time when man should be resigned to his lot? When should the spirit of mortal say, "What's the use?"

An old Boston lawyer had got past the age of ambitious enterprise. At the age of ninety he had a serious illness but to the surprise of everybody recovered. His friends, coming to congratulate him, found him still in bed. At last one of them said, "Why don't you get up, John, and get out in the air a bit? It will do you good."

"Oh, why should I bother?" replied the old man with a grin. "It's hardly worth while to dress myself again."

#### 173. *Retiring at sixty-five.*

"So you have \$50,000 on which to retire," said the employer. "That shows character and industry."

"Yes," said his clerk, "I owe it in great part to my abstemious and thrifty habits. Even more I owe it to the carefulness and good management of my good wife. But still more I owe it to the fact that a month ago my aunt died and left me \$49,750."

174. *Right?*

Everybody knew that the taxi driver had a fixed fee for the trip from the hotel to the station. It was twenty cents, and that is what the customer gave him.

"That's correct, isn't it?" he asked as he saw the driver stare at the two dimes.

"It's correct," answered the cabby cryptically, "but it ain't right."

175. *Right of Way.*

Here lies the body of William Jay,  
Who died maintaining his right of way.  
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,  
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

176. *Right Set.*

"Yes," said Mrs. Gotrox, "I'm going to enter Fido in the dog show next month."

"That's interesting," said her friend, "do you expect him to win many prizes?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Gotrox, "but he'll meet some very nice dogs."

177. *Salesmanship.*

He was a very successful optician and was about to take his son into the business. "Of course," he explained, "you've got to know something about selling your customer as well as about making lenses. We're not here just for fun, even though we like the business."

"After you have fitted the glasses," he continued, "the customer will inquire about the charge. You should say, 'The charge will be \$10.' Then pause and wait to see if he flinches."

"If the customer doesn't flinch, you then say, 'For the frames. The lenses will be another \$10.'"

"Then you pause again, this time only slightly, and watch for the flinch. If the customer doesn't flinch this time, you say firmly, 'Each.'"

178. The automobile salesman (prewar) was enthusiastic as he set forth the good points of the Super-Six. "Now, Mr. Banks," he concluded, "I know you want one of these wonderful cars."

"Well, I'm sorry to have taken up so much of your valuable time," said Banks, "but, you see, I bought a Super-Six about a month ago and I'm so discouraged with it that I thought I'd like to hear that sales talk again."

179. The boss's son had to be taken care of. As a salesman he was so bad they had to call him in, and now he was just a pest around the office. To get rid of him the sales manager sent him to Tennessee to sell toothbrushes to hillbillies.

Presently, to everybody's amazement, he was sending in plenty of orders. And they kept coming in. When the boy had broken all existing and dreamed-of records for that territory, the firm could restrain its curiosity no longer, and called him back.

They gave him a big dinner, and the sales manager finally said, "Well, my boy, you're a wonder. Now tell us how you do it."

"It's simple," said the young marvel. He took a toothbrush out of his pocket and said, "Brush your teeth with that."

The sales manager did so and made a wry face.

"What does it taste like?" demanded the boss's son.

"Castor oil."

"Right. I tell 'em it's the film on their teeth."

180. Sam Levy is a good tailor but pants pressing takes so much of his time, he's rather slow in finishing any bit of fancy work.

Customers were always being put off and told to come back tomorrow or the next day. But Sam finally completed a swanky pair of trousers that a customer had been mad about for weeks.

"There you are," said Sam triumphantly. "Take a look."

"Yeah," said the surprised customer, and added grudgingly, "They're pretty nifty, but it took you so damn long. Why," he continued, "the Lord made the world in six days—and it took you a month to turn out a pair of pants."

Sam looked lovingly at his handiwork. "Vell, maybe dat's so," he replied, "but I'm telling you, Mister, take a look at the world—and then take another look at dem pants."

181. A real-estate man who was always talking of sales in terms of thousands of dollars was greeted one evening by his ten-year-old son, who announced,

"Well, Dad, I've sold the dog."

"You've sold the dog? What did you get for him?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"What are you talking about? Where is the money?"

"I didn't get any, Pa," explained the boy. "I got two \$2,500 cats for him."

182. Sam, the choreman, returned from the city with a scarf pin that contained a "diamond" of no usual size. It was the pride of his heart and the envy of his village companions. His employer, after a week of basking in its radiance, asked, "Is it a real diamond, Sam?"

"Well," said Sam, "if it ain't I've been skun out of a half dollar."

183. TERENCE: "'Tis a fine lad ye have there. A beautiful head and noble features. Could you lend me two dollars?"

PAT: "I could not. 'Tis my wife's child by her first husband."

184. *School.*

The young schoolteacher just couldn't stand the antics of the unruly boy any longer. "Theodore," she commanded, "come to the front of the room."

She took a piece of rattan from her desk. "Hold out your hand," she said to the culprit. "I must give you this warning that severer punishment will follow if you don't behave." And she administered two or three light taps to shame him and frighten him. The boy grinned sheepishly and took his seat.

But it was a sensation for the other children and they spread the news as soon as school was over. Theodore's mother heard of it and was indignant, and wrote a note at once to the teacher. It read as follows:

"Dear Teacher, Please don't whip Teddy any more. He is a very delicate child and we never hit him except in self-defense."

185. Johnny was late again and the teacher addressed him rather sharply.

"Why are you late?"

"Well, there's a sign down there . . ."

"Oh, come now, what has a sign got to do with it?"

"The sign said, 'School ahead; go slow.'"

186. A country school board was visiting one of its schools. The teacher was nervous and made her class nervous. She asked one boy, "Who signed the Magna Carta?"

The boy hesitated, looked at the solemn group before him, felt guilty, and said quaveringly, "I—I—didn't do it."

A member of the school board, an old, grizzled, tobacco-chewing backwoodsman, leaned forward and said to the teacher, "Wait a minute. Call that boy back, I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it!"

187. A woman took her son to school for the first time, and after impressing the schoolmaster with her ideas of a proper education, she finished by saying, "Be sure he learns Latin."

"Why not teach him something more practical, like French or German or Spanish? Latin is a dead language."

"So much the better," replied the firm mother. "You see, he's going to be an undertaker."

188 *Sinful Living.*

"It's terrible, the life I have with my man," said Bridget to Father Foley. "He runs around with other women, stays out all night, comes home drunk, and fights with me. Will you do me a favor, Father, and speak to him? I can't live with him much longer the way he's carrying on."

Father Foley tried to cheer her up and promised to speak to Pat. A day or two later he saw Pat on a streetcar and sat down beside him. Pat was engrossed in a newspaper. He looked up presently and Father Foley greeted him. Pat put down his paper and said, "Father, what is it that causes lumbago?"

The Father saw his chance to rebuke Pat and warn him about his riotous living. "Ah, Pat," he said, "suffering like that is the penalty a man pays for not behaving himself, for unfaithfulness to those that love him, for heavy drinking, for late hours. You know how it is, but why do you ask?"

"Well, Father, it says here in the paper that the Pope has it."

Bill Cunningham told this one in the *Boston Herald*:

189. *Sins Washed Away.*

They were telling me down on the Cape about old Jabez Jones—I'll make up the names. Seems Jabez was sitting out on his veranda late one Sunday morning somewhere in the vicinity of Falmouth when his friend, Jonathon Simpson, came along. "Mornin', Jonathon," said Jabez. "Mornin', Jabez," said Jonathon. "Where you been?" asked Jabez. "Been to services," said Jonathon, "we held a baptizin.'" "Who'd you baptize?" asked Jabez. "We baptized Sim Skidmore," said Jonathon, "over there in Buzzards Bay." "Must have been quite a ceremony," said Jabez. "It was," said Jonathon, "but we washed his sins away." "All of them?" asked Jabez. "Yes, all of 'em," said Jonathon. "Well," said Jabez, cocking an eye at the weather, "I'd say, with this wind and set of tide, they must be just about passing Quisset by now!"

Bob Burns can always draw a moral or a bit of philosophy from the goings-on of his relatives down in Van Buren.

Bob likes this one and kindly sent it along as his contribution to this volume.

190. *Skilled Labor.*

Success depends a whole lot on findin' what you're good at. No matter who you are, there's bound to be somethin' that you can do a little bit better than anybody else, if you'll stick to it. And sooner or later you'll be called on to do it, and you can name your own price.

Now you take the case of Grandpa Pelican Snelson. The only thing he knew anything about in this world was the river down at Van Buren, but he did know more about that than anybody else. He had studied it from its lowest stages to its floods for the past sixty-seven years. Finally, in his eighty-seventh year, he began to think maybe his life on the river had been wasted, but one day his big chance came.

A construction company was doin' some buildin' on the river bank, and they wanted to know how high the water came up. They sent for Grandpa and he drove a nail in the tree, and says, "It'll never come up no higher than that." That spring, they had the biggest flood in history. The water rose up within half an inch of the nail, and went down again. The company clerk asked Grandpa how much they owed him. Grandpa says, "Thirty-five dollars and fifty cents." The clerk says, "That's a lot of money for drivin' that nail. I'll have to have an itemized bill." So Grandpa wrote on a piece of paper, "Driving one nail—50¢; Knowing where to drive it—\$35."

191. *Small Town.*

The stranger was touring Vermont. He arrived at the village inn just in time for a good New England boiled dinner. Then he sat out on the verandah a little while to observe this pleasant, rather sleepy little place. Not much doing, so he took a stroll until he came to the village bar. There he paused for a glass of ale and a bit of a chat with the bartender.

"Not a very lively town," opined the stranger.

"You'd be surprised," said the boniface, "there's plenty going on around here."

Over in the corner a wizened little fellow of eighty or ninety blew off the foam and piped up with, "Don't lie so, Jim. You know the place is deader'n a doornail."

But the bartender was not licked. He offered proof of his contention. "Why, it was only the other day," he parried, "I saw three or four people on Main Street."

"Huh!" snorted the old codger, "Must'a been a parade."

192. *Speed.*

The ancient taxi took a long time to get to its destination. At last, after a jolting ride punctuated by a lot of stalling, the salesman got out and paid the driver.

"How do you manage," he said, "when your fare is in a great hurry?"

"Ah," said the driver confidentially, "I keeps on changing me gears and honking me horn."

193. It's hard to get some people to act with greater vigor than usual. No amount of talk about the war effort will stir them to more purposeful energy. They are waiting, apparently, to see the enemy at the gate before they get a move on.

Think of the preacher who fell down the manhole. Someone saw him and rushed to a house near by where there happened to live a man from the minister's own parish.

"Hurry up!" yelled the would-be rescuer. "The preacher's fell down the manhole. Help me pull him out!"

"What's your hurry?" was the leisurely reply. "We don't need him till Sunday."

194. *Spending.*

Extravagant spending must often be followed by drastic economy and retrenchment. We can sympathize with this case. The drunk lurched into the taxi.

"Where to?" said the driver.



The drunk looked owlsh. "What street you got?" he demanded.

"Plenty," said the driver, humoring him.

"Gimme them all."

After he had been driven round the city for three hours, the drunk woke up. He sized up the situation and asked, "How much do I owe you?"

"Eight-fifty."

"Turn around and drive back to forty-five cents."

195. *Spirits.*

MacGregor and MacPherson had sworn off, signed the pledge, and begun earnestly to live the life of teetotalers. They had put aside one bottle of whisky in a cupboard in case of sickness.

After three days of abstemious and rather empty living, MacGregor weakened. He went to his friend and said, "Mac, I'm not very well."

"Too late, MacGregor," was the reply. "I was very sick myself all day yesterday."

196. *Sports.*

Senator Plushbottom used to do a little hunting in a small way just to get a little exercise and to persuade the folks back home that he could still get around without his automobile and chauffeur.

The Senator was, of course, a very poor shot and he used to go hunting with a friend who was even worse. One day they tramped for hours. Plenty of shots but no luck. Sunset found them trudging up a hill, both of them pretty well fagged out. The Senator stopped to get his breath and said, "Tom, what d'ye say? Let's just miss two more rabbits and call it a day."

197. *Standard of Living.*

A mountaineer was visiting a friend in town and saw, for the first time, a bunch of bananas hanging up in the general store.

"They're bananas," said his friend. "Taste good. Want to try one?"

"No, I guess not," was the reply. "I've got so many tastes now I can't satisfy, I ain't aimin' to take on any more."

198. *State of Mind.*

Every state in the Union is the best state for most of its inhabitants but if you want to praise a state you might remark that the following couldn't happen there.

After a hot and dusty day on his tour of the Northwest, a traveler came to a small town. Hungry and tired, he went into a restaurant. "Watcha got?" he asked wearily.

"Sage hen," said the waiter.

"What else?"

"Nothing—just sage hen."

"What's sage hen?" continued the tourist.

"Oh, it's a bird that's fairly common in these parts."

"Has it got wings?"

"Of course it's got wings."

"Then I don't want any," said the exasperated sight-seer. "I don't want anything that has wings and still stays in Montana!"

199. *Suggestion.*

I was once marooned with a dozen other men on a small island. On the fourth day, when we had only dry bread, one man ate his crust with great gusto. "I pretend it's suckling pig," he explained and, sniffing the air, added, "Oh, it smells good!"

Daily he would enjoy his imagined roast pig, often sighing, "My wife will never cook it this well." When we were rescued he looked as robust as the day he was marooned, in striking contrast to the rest of us.

KONRAD BERCOVICI.<sup>1</sup>

Fred Allen tells this one to his studio audience just before his show goes on the air. He gives it with variations,

<sup>1</sup> *The American Magazine.*

additions, and "ad libbing," but he has boiled it down to this for the Notebook.

200. *Superstition.*

A man who plays horses is generally superstitious. A member of the horse-playing gentry slouched into Moskowitz's, a little delicatessen on 46th Street, one noon. He called the waiter over and said, "Bring me a herring."

The waiter hustled into the kitchen, returned, and set a greasy plate in front of the gambler. The horse player looked down and on the plate he saw a cross-eyed herring. He called the waiter back and said, "I can't eat a cross-eyed herring, it's bad luck. Take back the herring and bring me chopped liver." The waiter brought him the chopped liver, he finished his lunch, and left.

The next noon the horse player was in the neighborhood and went into Moskowitz's delicatessen again. He called the waiter and said, "Bring me a herring." The waiter brought out a plate, set it on the table, the horse player looked down. It was the same cross-eyed herring. Again he called the waiter back and said, "A cross-eyed herring is bad luck. Take it away and bring me some liverwurst."

This went on for two weeks. Every day the horse player went into Moskowitz's. Every day he ordered herring. Every day the waiter brought him the cross-eyed herring. Every day he sent it back.

One noon the horse player happened to be uptown, near Lindy's restaurant. He said to himself, "Today is the day I will get a herring." He went into Lindy's, called the waiter over, and ordered a herring. The waiter returned, the horse player looked down, and on the plate he saw the cross-eyed herring. The herring looked up and said, "What's the matter, you're not eating at Moskowitz's any more?"

201. In the garden of the palace of the Sultan in Constantinople there is a large swimming pool where the women of the harem used to bathe and play. A legend is attached to this swimming

pool. It says that if anyone, looking into the pool, makes a wish and then throws a coin into the water, his wish will come true. This legend was probably spread among tourists by the caretakers of the palace, who make a considerable profit for themselves when they empty the pool. However, you will always see some coins resting on the bottom of the pool, left there, no doubt, to lure new visitors.

For several weeks during which the great Turkish statesman and reformer Ataturk fought with the angel of Death, a virtual shower of coins rained into the water of the harem's pool. But these coins were not thrown there by tourists, for the citizens of Istanbul, young and old, had come to the pool during these weeks, their lips murmuring a unanimous wish that Ataturk might live.

SHELOMO BEN-ISRAEL.

## 202. *Sympathy.*

Johnnie's mother was showing him around the art gallery. They stopped at the familiar painting of the Christian martyrs and the devouring lions in the Roman arena. The mother paused for a moment as her little son showed signs of interest. She tried to explain briefly and hurriedly the horrid import of the scene.

She looked down and saw tears in the eyes of her young offspring.

"Come along, my dear," she said.

But the youngster held her back. "Look, mamma," he cried in quavering tones, as he pointed to the picture, "there's one poor little lion that ain't got no Christian!"

## 203. *Taxi.*

Taxi drivers squeeze all they can out of the fleeting moment, and they're skillful enough to get by with not much worse than a frown from the guardians of the law.

But one policeman caught a tough driver in the act. In his hurry the taxi driver had ignored the red light, dusted the police-

man's knees, almost swept two pedestrians off the safety island, and scraped a bus. He just had to stop.

The policeman walked slowly toward him. It was plain to see that he was cooking up something sarcastic. As he got to the culprit he pulled a big handkerchief out of his pocket and said ominously, "Listen, cowboy, on the way back I'll drop this and see if you can pick it up with your teeth."

204. *Thanks.*

We have to thank people for so many things we never wanted. If we could only express ourselves as ten-year-old Mary did in writing to her aunt:

"Dear Aunt: Thank you for your nice present. I have always wanted a pincushion, but not very much."

205. *Time and a Half?*

The plumber worked and the helper stood helplessly looking on. He was learning the business, and this was his first day.

"Say," he inquired timidly, "do you charge for my time?"

"Of course," said the plumber. "Somebody's got to pay for your learning your trade."

"But I haven't done anything."

The plumber, to fill in the hour, had been looking at the finished job with a lighted candle. Handing the two inches that were still unburned to the helper, he said witheringly,

"Here, if you gotta be so darned honest, blow that out!"

Lowell Thomas helped us out with a typical piece of western humor, something that reminds us of those gorgeous exaggerations of Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, and Mark Twain. Mr. Thomas writes as follows:

206. *Top This One!*

I like Tall Stories provided they have an unexpected kicker at the end. For instance, some years ago in Alaska there was a prospector working on one of the creeks near Fairbanks. He lived

in a log cabin several miles away from where, at that particular time, he was panning for gold.

Usually he took his rifle with him because you never can tell when a prowling grizzly will drop in and pay you a call. One day he forgot his rifle, and late that afternoon after he had put down his gold pan, he started for his cabin. After a short distance, he noticed that a grizzly was following him. The section he was in was virtually treeless. But, running as fast as he could, he at last saw a tree a half mile or so ahead.

In the meantime, the grizzly was gaining on him. And he could almost feel the bear's hot breath on his neck. At last he got to the tree, but he found that the lowest limb was about twenty feet off the ground.

He said he made a jump for it. And I asked, "Did you catch it?"

To which he replied, "I didn't catch it going up, but I caught it coming down "

The following story might be told in connection with name-calling politicians or to illustrate Shakespeare's "A plague o' both your houses!"

207. *Two of a Kind.*

George IV, often called "the first gentleman of Europe" was notorious, however, for his profligacy and his rude manners. One day at a seaside resort he met another loose-liver, whom he didn't like, and said to him harshly, "I hear you are the greatest blackguard in the place."

His subject bowed and replied, "I trust Your Majesty has not come here to take away my reputation."

208. *Understanding.*

Among the Sioux Indians there prevailed in the days of the frontier a strange custom. If one of the tribe determined to travel for a little while in areas guarded by other tribes, always on the night before he left his camp the traveler would be required to

sit with the chiefs of the Sioux tribe around a campfire and then before it fell back into gray ash he would be asked to arise and, silhouetted against the flames, would lift this prayer, "Great Spirit, help me to never judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins." If only now and again we could walk in another's shoes, how much better life would be and how much more hopeful our tomorrow! The business of education is to create understanding.

JOSEPH R. SIZOO.<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps this story should be labeled "Caution," but it has a quality of understatement that might apply in a variety of situations.

209. *Understatement.*

The man from Maine was crossing a busy street in the big city. He was no expert in dodging traffic and was bowled over by the fender of a truck. The city isn't altogether callous and people did stop to pick him up. They got him on his feet, brushed off some of the mud and dust that he had collected, and made sympathetic remarks. A ministerial-looking person asked, "Are you hurt, my friend?"

"Well," replied the down-Easter with noncommittal brevity, "it ain't done me no good."

210. *Verbiage.*

An author who inveighed against the practice of lawyers drawing long deed and settlements, thus satirized it:

"If a man were to give another an orange he would merely say, 'I give you this orange'; but when the transaction is entrusted to the hands of a lawyer to put it in writing, he adopts this form: 'I hereby give, grant, and convey to you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, claim, and advantage of and in the said orange, together with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips,

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings of the National Education Association*, 1938.

and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument, or instruments, of what nature or kind soever to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding.' ”

CROAKE JAMES.<sup>1</sup>

211. *Wages.*

George Cohan used to tell of his experiences as a kid performer in vaudeville. Once he was billed as “Master Georgie—Violin Tricks and Tinkling Tunes.”

He finished the week and on Saturday night excitedly opened his pay envelope. He didn’t always know what the management was going to pay him. He discovered just six dollars.

“Look at this,” he shouted to the little tenor singer who was sharing his dressing room. “It’s a raw deal. Albee said he’d give me what I was worth and he hands me six dollars.”

The other lad wasn’t very sympathetic. “What’s the extra dollar for?” he asked.

212. *War Stories.*

Four marines were playing bridge in a hut on a small Pacific island. Suddenly someone shouted in at their door, “The Japs are landing a force of about 200 men on the beach.” The four players looked at each other, and finally one of them rose casually to his feet and said, “I’ll go, I’m dummy this hand.”

213. “I hear you is de proud father of a ten-pound baby boy,” said one Charleston Negro to his neighbor.

“Dat’s right,” replied the other with a grin.

“What you gonna name him?”

“Weatherstrip.”

“Weatherstrip? What kind o’ foolishness you makin’?”

“Dat ain’t no joke. I calls him Weatherstrip because he sho’ done keep me outa de draft.”

<sup>1</sup> *Curiosities of Law and Lawyers*, Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.



214. The soldier from South Dakota was getting his first boat ride. He was crossing the ocean on a transport vessel. It was a long trip and he was so seasick that no submarine could have made him feel worse.

A sympathetic pal hovered over him. "How do you feel today, Jack?"

"Thanks for asking, but if you know anybody that wants the freedom of the seas, tell him he can have it."

215. You have to expect the big winds in the wide-open spaces. In Texas, during Army maneuvers, a boy came floating into camp, near the Davis Mountains. He was rather badly bruised but didn't get much sympathy. One of the officers said, "What do you mean by coming down in a parachute with this hundred-mile wind blowing? It's a wonder you weren't killed."

When the private had pulled himself together enough to speak, he replied weakly, "I'd like to explain, sir. I didn't come down in a parachute. I went up in a tent."

216. William S. Knudsen made his statement to the House Committee and listened patiently to charges that he was not making reasonably rapid progress in production for national defense. This was slow and that was slow, and the whole business could be geared up faster.

Knudsen is said to have waited until the excited Congressmen stopped for breath, and then spoke quietly as follows, "You see, gentlemen, it's like this. Despite your modern hospitals and anesthetics, despite your obstetricians, your psychiatrists, despite all your advances in research, medicine, and science—it still takes nine months!"

217. The professor had just finished his lecture on "How to Win the War." A friend came up to congratulate him. "You did a good job," he said. "Everything went well and you came through nicely. There was only a minute or two that I got a bit worried."

"Thanks," said the professor modestly, "but what were you worrying about? What mistake was I making?"

"Well," replied the friend, "it wasn't much, but a rumor did go round the room that the war would be over before your lecture."

218. The bread was not so good and the orderly officer received a complaint. He brushed it aside. "Some soldiers!" he snorted, "making a fuss over trifles. If Napoleon had had that bread when he was crossing the Alps he'd have thought it was great."

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, "but it was fresh then."

219. The young Negro rookie had got very suspicious of human nature. So many practical jokes had been played on him that he began to doubt all men and forgot that the army was really a serious matter.

One night while he was on guard, the figure of one of the officers appeared in the darkness.

"Who goes dere?" Sam challenged.

"Major Moses," said the officer. "Another joke," thought Sam.

"Glad to meet yuh, Moses," said Sam briskly. "Advance and give de ten commandments."

220. A woman was refused passage over a bridge in the war-game area of Carolina. "Sorry," said the sentry, "this bridge has been bombed."

The woman was furious and crossed the street to where some soldiers were standing. "Can you give me any valid reason," she demanded, "why I shouldn't cross that bridge?"

"Don't ask us, lady," came the reply, "we've been dead for three days."

221. The Irishman had enlisted with the British forces and was detailed to fly as a parachutist. He was given the general instructions. The parachute was explained to him. "When you jump," said the officer, "count ten and then pull the first ring. If

the parachute doesn't open, pull the second. You won't have anything to worry about but if the second ring doesn't do the trick, pull on the third ring. When you land you'll find a truck waiting to take you to your next position."

It sounded simple enough. The plane took off and Tim waited for the signal. Finally, with the others, he baled out. He counted fervently and pulled the first ring. No action from the parachute. He pulled the second. Nothing slowed his fearful drop. He pulled desperately at the third ring. Nothing happened.

"Well," concluded Tim with some irritation, "if that ain't like them dumb Englishmen. The parachute's no good, and when I land I'll bet that damn truck won't be there, either."

222. During a recent lesson, in which the care and cleaning of a rifle were stressed, the sergeant instructor, at the conclusion of the discourse, decided he'd ask a few questions. Calling on one young chap who seemed to be dozing, he asked, "What is the first thing you do when cleaning your rifle?"

"The first thing I would do," the private cannily replied, "is to look at the serial number and make sure the rifle was mine!"

The sergeant is still speechless.

223. The mongrel was hard to identify. "What is he?" inquired the curious stroller.

"A police dog," said the boy.

"A police dog? He doesn't look like one."

"Oh, I know, but you see, sir," replied the lad, "he's in the secret service."

224. In the First World War it was said that the plutocrats in overalls spent their big pay on silk shirts but in England they are now buying, of all things, pianos! The story is told of a laborer who had bought a piano. Several weeks later this same man appeared again and wanted to buy another.

"Didn't we sell you one a few weeks ago?" the department manager asked.

"Aye, that you did," the workman replied, "but I want one for the other side of my fireplace."

When the manager assured him that people didn't ordinarily buy more than one piano, the man replied, "You're wrong there, lad. My neighbor, Jeb Tompkins, has just bought his third."

225. The veteran of the First World War had the floor. "Yes, sir," he said, "we had plenty of excitement on the way over. A sub was sighted and we were all pushed down stairs and the doors were shut on us. We didn't know what was going on above us and we spent the night in a perfect bedlam. You couldn't rest or sleep for the racket. Some sat round in corners with their heads in their hands, some sang old-fashioned church tunes, others were so scared they were yelling most of the time, and a lot of the men just prayed and pestered God all night."

226. This story was popular after the First World War: There was a colonel in the English Army in France, and he was rather unpopular. One day, while he was sitting in front of his dugout reading an old newspaper, a sniper's bullet passed quite close, and buried itself in the bank behind him. He paid no attention, for that was only in the day's work. But when another shot came he thought the civility had gone too far. So he called a Scotsman to him and said, "Go out, Jock, and nail that beggar."

Jock crawled out, glad of the diversion, stalked the enemy, "winged" him, and was running up to finish him, when the German held up his hands and cried, "Mercy, Englishman!" But Jock replied, "Mercy? Ye dinna deserve nae mercy. Ye've missed our colonel twice!"

227. *Waves.*

Mrs Evans was sitting before the mirror, busily arranging her hair in beautiful waves. Her little six-year-old daughter Mollie, cuddled in her father's lap, was watching the operation with much

interest. Once in a while the child's hand would slide over her father's smooth bald head. Finally she remarked,

"No waves for you, Daddy. You're all beach."

228. *Who Did It?*

Max Baer staggered to his chair at the end of the round. Joe Louis had hit him with everything but the water buckets. Jack Dempsey was in Max's corner and was feverishly trying to get him in condition to stand up for the next round. He also tried to cheer him up.

"You're going great, Max," he said. "You've taken all he's got, and he hasn't landed a decent punch on you yet. He can't hurt you."

"Think so," mumbled the sore and weary defender. "Keep your eye on the referee, Jack. Somebody's knocking hell out of me."

229. *Wisdom for Sale.*

"How is it, Moses," said Mike, "that you Jews are so wise?"

"We eat a certain kind of fish," said Moses, and he offered to sell Mike one for ten dollars.

After paying the money Mike received a small dried fish. He bit into it and then exclaimed, "Why, this is only a smoked herring."

"See," answered Moses, "you are getting wise already."

230. *Work.*

"Hullo, Charlie, what's the matter? You look sick."

"Who wouldn't be? Work! Nothing but work from morning till night."

"Well, well! I don't wonder you look a little tired. How long have you had this job?"

"I start tomorrow."

231. *Worry.*

The bishop took the war very hard. So many young people of his acquaintance were in the service. So many of the older ones

were sacrificing themselves until it hurt. He wished that he could give more of himself.

The bishop got to worrying. He lay awake nights tossing on his pillow and trying to unfathom the unfathomable. This continued until one night, after the same sleepless round of worry, the bishop heard a voice. It was the voice of God. It said, "Go to sleep, Bishop. I'll sit up the rest of the night."

The divine humor restored him to sanity.

232. *You've Got Something There!*

During the film called *Monkey Business*, Zeppo Marx had broached some idea to which Groucho listened intently, nodding approvingly as the thought expanded.

"And what do you think of that!" remarked Zeppo triumphantly in conclusion.

Groucho nodded sagely. "You've got something there," he said seriously, then turned to leave. He stopped for a moment, as if pondering the matter further, and added, "I'll wait outside while you clean it up."

GOODMAN AND RICE.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *I Wish Pd Said That!* By permission of Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York.

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You will, from time to time, wish to add other stories to this collection. Here are several blank pages for your convenience.













## CHAPTER XV

### Epigrams and Aphorisms



Wise sayings, dark sentences, and parables.

ECCLESIASTICUS.



#### *Action.*

We are not put into this world to sit still and know; we are put into it to act.

WOODROW WILSON.

#### *Books.*

He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter.

ISAAC BARROW.

Every man who knows how to read has it in his power to magnify himself, to multiply the ways in which he exists, to make his life full, significant and interesting.

ALDOUS HUXLEY.

#### *Change.*

"Bury me on my face," said Diogenes; and when he was asked why, he replied, "Because in a little while everything will be turned upside down."

LAERTIUS.

The universe is change: our life is what our thoughts make it.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

*Chinese Proverbs.*

Get the coffin ready and the man won't die.

He who sits with his back to a draught looks straight into his coffin.

To be an official for one lifetime means seven rebirths as a beggar.

The autumn cloud is thin, but the well-wishing of man is thinner.

A single kind word keeps one warm for three winters.

There are only two good men—one dead, the other unborn.

Never take away a man's face (*i.e.*, never correct a man in public).

The rich add riches to riches, the poor add years to years.

Friends should have a high wall between them.

The first time it is a favor; the second, a rule.

Feast, and your halls are crowded; fast, and the world goes by.

The conquerors are kings; the defeated are bandits.

Without error there can be no truth.

Don't climb a tree to look for fish.

A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings and can fly far and wide.

*Company.*

Take the tone of the company you are in.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

*Country.*

I have no relish for the country; it is a kind of healthy grave.

SYDNEY SMITH.

*Crisis.*

The Chinese write the word *crisis* with two characters, one of which means "danger" and the other "opportunity."

MILO PERKINS.

*Death*

Be still prepared for death: and death or life shall thereby be the sweeter.

SHAKESPEARE.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream; it may be so the moment after death.

HAWTHORNE.

Be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death.

SOCRATES.

*Discontent.*

The world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits.

HAWTHORNE.

*Education.*

That which discloses to the wise and disguises from the foolish their lack of understanding.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

*Energy.*

Energy will do anything that can be done in the world: and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without it.

GOETHE.

*Faith.*

It is hard to see how a great man can be an atheist. . . . We need to feel that behind us is intelligence and love. Doubters do not achieve; skeptics do not contribute; cynics do not create. Faith is the great motive power, and no man realizes his full possibilities unless he has the deep conviction that life is eternally important, and that his work, well done, is part of an unending plan.

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

*Fate.*

What must be shall be; and that which is a necessity to him that struggles, is little more than choice to him that is willing.

SENECA.

A strict belief in fate is the worst kind of slavery; on the other hand, there is comfort in the thought that God will be moved by our prayers.

EPICURUS.

*Fear.*

He who fears being conquered is sure of defeat.

NAPOLEON.

*Genius.*

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

LONGFELLOW.

*Go West.*

The farther I go west, the more convinced I am that the Wise Men came from the East.

JOSEPH JEKYLL.

*God.*

I sometimes wish that God were back  
In this dark world and wide,  
For though some virtues he might lack,  
He had his pleasant side.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

*Government.*

All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter.

EDMUND BURKE.

*Happiness.*

A lifetime of happiness: no man alive could bear it; it would be hell on earth.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

*Liberty.*

They that give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



Christianity is the companion of liberty in all its conflicts, the cradle of its infancy, and the divine source of its claims.

DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man; without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society.

BOLINGBROKE.

Safe popular freedom consists of four things, the diffusion of liberty, of intelligence, of property, and of conscientiousness, and cannot be compounded of any three out of the four.

JOSEPH COOKE.

Man's liberty ends, and it ought to end, when that liberty becomes the curse of his neighbors.

FARRAR.

The true danger is, when liberty is nibbled away for expedients, and by parts.

EDMUND BURKE.

*Life.*

We never live; we are always in the expectation of living.

VOLTAIRE.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

I am convinced that there is no man that knows life well, and remembers all the incidents of his past existence, who would accept it again.

CAMPBELL.

Life is composed of two parts: that which is past—a dream; and that which is to come—a wish.

Arab Proverb.

*Man.*

Man alone is born crying, lives complaining, and dies disappointed.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

*Medicine.*

The best of all medicines are rest and fasting.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

*Opinions.*

Men are tormented by their own opinions of things, not by the things themselves.

Greek Proverb.

As our inclinations, so our opinions.

GOETHE.

Predominant opinions are generally the opinions of the generation that is vanishing.

DISRAELI.

The opinions of men who think are always growing and changing, like living children.

HAMERTON.

*Orators.*

Fire in each eye and papers in each hand,  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

ALEXANDER POPE.

*Patience.*

A minor form of despair disguised as a virtue.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

*Patriotism.*

Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike,—I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Pedigree.*

They who derive their worth from their ancestors resemble potatoes, the most valuable part of which is underground.

FRANCIS BACON.

*Philosophy.*

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain."

EPICTETUS.

*Politicians.*

An honest politician is one who when he is bought will stay bought.

SIMON CAMERON.

Mark Twain once refused to attend a noted politician's funeral. But he wrote a very nice letter explaining that he approved of it.

*Judge.*

Get thee glass eyes,  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Preview.*

God will not suffer man to have knowledge of things to come; for if he had prescience of his prosperity, he would be careless; and understanding of his adversity, he would be senseless.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

*Progress.*

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" This is always the question of the wiseacres and the knowing ones. But the good, the new, comes from exactly that quarter whence it is not looked for, and is always something different from what was expected. Everything new is received with contempt—for it begins in obscurity. It becomes a power unobserved.

FEUERBACH.

Nothing in progression can rest on its original plan. We might as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant.

EDMUND BURKE.

*Revolution.*

In politics, an abrupt change in the form of misgovernment.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

*Russian Proverbs.*

Hang a German even if he is a good man.

Habit is a shirt that we wear till death.

It is better to be the hammer than the anvil.

Buy not the house; buy the neighbor.

Love your neighbor but put up a fence.

Go Godward: thou wilt find a good road.

Why should two bald men fight over a comb?

The bear dances, but the gypsy takes the money.

*Shame.*

The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

*Tact.*

If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you already know.

TALLEYRAND.

*Temptation.*

I can resist everything except temptation.

OSCAR WILDE.

*Thanksgiving.*

And though I ebb in worth, I'll flow in thanks.

JOHN TAYLOR.

*Thought.*

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force—that thoughts rule the world.

EMERSON.

All truly wise thoughts have been thought already thousands of times; but to make them truly ours, we must think them over again honestly, till they take root in our personal experience.

GOETHE.

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.

CONFUCIUS.

*Time.*

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity!

THOREAU.

Pastime is a word that should never be used but in a bad sense; it is vile to say a thing is agreeable because it helps to pass the time away.

SHENSTONE.

*Truth.*

Too much dispute puts the truth to flight.

Italian Proverb.

Truth lives in the cellar, error on the doorstep.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

Without seeking, truth cannot be known at all. It can neither be declared from pulpits, nor set down in articles, nor in any wise prepared and sold in packages ready for use. Truth must be ground for every man by himself out of its husk, with such help as he can get, indeed, but not without stern labor of his own.

RUSKIN.

There are three parts in truth: first, the inquiry, which is the wooing of it; secondly, the knowledge of it, which is the presence of it; and thirdly, the belief, which is the enjoyment of it.

BACON.

*Understanding.*

Set the mind to work, and apply the thoughts vigorously to the business, for it holds in the struggles of the mind, as in those of war, that to think we shall conquer is to conquer.

LOCKE.

*Vegetarianism.*

Vegetarianism is harmless enough, although it is apt to fill a man with wind and self-righteousness.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS.

*Wants.*

Wants awaken intellect. To gratify them disciplines intellect. The keener the want, the lustier the growth.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

SWIFT.

*War.*

War is not at all such a difficult art as people think. . . . In reality it would seem that he is vanquished who is afraid of his adversary and that the whole secret lies in that.

NAPOLEON.

*Washington.*

Posterity will talk of Washington as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolution.

NAPOLEON.

The prevailing weakness of most public men is to Slop Over!  
G. Washington never slopt over.

ARTEMUS WARD.

*Wisdom.*

The wise man does not lay up treasure.

LAO-TSE.

The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the common.

EMERSON.

Wisdom cometh by suffering.

AESCHYLUS.

*Words.*

It is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

SOUTHEY.

When you doubt between words, use the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would the native roses on your cheek.

LAVATER.

Aristocracy and exclusiveness tend to final overthrow, in language as in politics.

W. D. WHITNEY.

*Work.*

A man is a worker. If he is not that he is nothing.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

Work is the best of all psychotherapy, in my opinion. . . . As well might we expect a patient to recover without food as to recover without work.

RICHARD C. CABOT.

*Youth.*

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.

GOETHE.

Over the trackless past, somewhere, lie the lost days of our tropic youth.

BRET HARTE.

## Additional epigrams and aphorisms















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